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VOL. XI.

MEMOIR OF ANDREW FULLER.





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A MEMOIR
OF THE
LIFE AND WRITINGS
OF
ANDREW FULLER.

BY HIS GRANDSON,
THOMAS EKINS FULLER.

LONDON:
J. HEATON & SON, 21, WARWICK LANE,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

1863.

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PREFACE.

IT may seem an unnecessary task to write a new Memoir of ANDREW FULLER when three have already appeared, each possessing great excellence, written by men who had the best of all qualifications for a biographer,—a personal knowledge of the life they pourtrayed. Besides these more lengthy memoirs, there have appeared lighter sketches, from the pen of familiar friends and warm admirers; so that, long ere this, the public has had ample means of forming its judgment on his character.

A new book, however, is sure to find new readers, and the life of such a man as Andrew Fuller is not one to pass away lightly from us. Anything that will revive the fellowship of old friends, and introduce new ones to a knowledge of his history, can scarcely be unwelcome.

I have tried to keep in view the supposition that many of my readers have only the most general notion of what Mr. Fuller said and did; and that some, at least, are scarcely likely to be tempted to a closer acquaintance by the uninviting folio of small print which contains his works. I have, therefore, endeavoured to give a careful summary of his labours and writings, and to define his position in reference to his various antagonists. Above all, I have been concerned

to point out how his life, previous to the year 1792, was one solemn preparation for his great missionary work. .

Many readers will find much in this volume with which they are already familiar: a life cannot be re-made, even if it be re-written. They may, however, possibly find old material so re-arranged as to enable them to trace clearly the growth of Mr. Fuller's mind and the progress of his labours. A good part will certainly be new to almost all; and I can but hope, that for the sake of this, Mr. Fuller's friends will pardon the repetition of what is already known to them. As in the history of a country, old buried material will turn up to refresh the page of the historian, so is the biographer gladdened with memoranda which a loving friendship has kept to itself as a sacred treasure, or which circumstances of an accidental kind have brought to his hand. Of such a character are the Letters to the Serampore brethren, and some unpublished parts of the Diary, with other lighter gleanings.

The book has been written under circumstances anything but calculated to insure its accuracy and interest. It has, however, been compiled with a warm interest in the theme; and I can only hope it may be as pleasant and refreshing to the reader to peruse these memorials as it has been to me to collect them.

T. E. F.

LUTON,

August, 1863.

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ANDREW FULLER.



ANDREW FULLER:

A MEMOIR.

THE PORTRAIT.

MOST men have a desire to know something of the outward appearance of those whom they have known only through books or public fame. They are curious to see how far the qualities they have learnt to love and appreciate will find their way into the face, or express themselves in the gait and form of the "whole man." Though sometimes the personal appearance of one whom our affection has exalted into a hero, is a little disappointing, more frequently it revives our old acquaintance, and deepens the impressions we have received of his character from other sources.

Andrew Fuller cannot now be seen in the flesh, for nearly half a century has passed away since he died. Now and then an "old disciple" may be met with having recollections of personal communion, but the number of those thus privileged is fast lessening. The reader may, nevertheless, be introduced to what can be told here of "his bodily presence." As form helps to realize life, he may find, as he tracks the pilgrimage of this strong and holy man, the glimpse he has caught of the outward man, even by description, may be of some service.

The writer may perhaps be tempted to this course, since, long before he knew anything about the life and writings of Andrew Fuller, he was familiar with a portrait of him,

painted with no common power; which portrait, hanging over the mantelpiece, seemed to cast a solemn shadow over the room, imparting its grave and serious look to the very furniture. It was hard, indeed, to believe it was not alive, so searching was the deep and tender glance with which it chased the observer into every corner. It looked down on us like a silent judge, deciding our childish quarrels, and frightening back the angry word from the lip, with an expression of mute yet pleading sternness it would be hard to find on any other canvas. Nor was it in the room alone its power was felt. It seemed to haunt the house. Many and many a time it has been near in childish watchings in the night, as if conscience had taken bodily shape in the abiding presence of so stern a monitor.

This was the writer's first acquaintance with Andrew Fuller; yet now that years have passed away, and another, and, it may be presumed, more matured estimate of him, has been formed from the perusal of his life and writings, all the old child feeling comes back again. The two impressions, though received under such different circumstances, are much the same. Moreover, the remembrance of that picture has been like an interpreting companion in the study of his life. He has seemed ever at our side as we followed him in his stern, unbending way. Not only can we "well believe" all that we read of his loyal fidelity to conscience, his calm confidence in battle, and his unswerving constancy to his chosen toil, as he holds the home-link of the chain that bound the brethren in England to their messengers across the seas, but a glance at the picture tells us it *must* have been so.

The portrait thus referred to is that of a man, tall, broad-chested, and firmly-set, the whole figure well harmonizing with the expression of the face. Ponderous, and perhaps a little heavy, but surely not ungainly, for "not giants but monsters are ill-proportioned." The hair is parted in the middle, the brow square and of fair height, the eyes deeply set, overhung with large bushy eyebrows, not giving you the

idea of seeing quickly the surface of things, but of slowly penetrating to their depths. The whole face has a massive Johnsonian expression, which the accomplished author of "Rab and his Friends" characterizes as "sleeping thunder," and to quote an expression from the same author, in describing his humbler hero, having about it the "marks of many battle-fields." Shining through these sterner features there is a look of great tenderness, but not of tenderness weakly exercised—very jealous for the "Lord God of hosts," yet full of pity for the erring and the lost.

It would not be difficult, with the picture as our guide, to conjecture the mental and moral features of the man whom it portrays. We should surmise that he had made his own way in the world, through much toil and many sorrows. If we wished to add to it an illustration of his life, we should put an axe in his hand, and the clearings of a forest in the background, as representing one who had settled in strange lands and broken up virgin soil. We should further conclude, that he would be ruled by intense convictions, and, fearless of danger, would follow wherever they led him, and he would leave his mark on whatever he undertook. The lower part of the face looks as if his speech would faithfully interpret the meanings we have read elsewhere. There will be, we should say, neither eagerness nor haste in his words, but they will be few and weighty, and their utterance slow and pausing.

Such, indeed, were the features of the life which this picture realizes so faithfully. In its first stage we have the history of one *slowly growing up* to the great truth expounded in "The Gospel worthy of all Acceptation;" and in its second, impelled by the principle he had reached, seeking the salvation of the world in the great missionary enterprise, in the service of which he lived and died. The church reveres his memory, and would fain perpetuate it, because he made a *great outline of truth and filled it up with his life*.

It behoves the artist to spend his main skill on the *face* of the sitter, that the beholder may carry away that which it is most desirable he should remember. The biographer has the same task, filling up the happy outline which has been given him, once for all, by the author of the "Worthies of England," when he declares his aim and task to be, (1) Giving some glory to God; (2) Preserving the memory of the dead; (3) Holding forth examples to the living; (4) The entertainment of the reader.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY DAYS.

ANDREW FULLER was born in the little village of Wicken, in Cambridgeshire, about eight miles from the town of Ely. His parents, Robert and Philippa Fuller, occupied a small farm, which they and their ancestors had tilled since the days of the Stuarts. They had but three children, of whom Andrew was the youngest. The other two kept to the occupation of their youth, and though they have not inherited the fame of their youngest brother, their names are remembered as associated with much usefulness and devotion to the cause of Christ.

If a "noble ancestry" be any advantage to those who can claim the inheritance, then, bearing in mind Andrew Fuller's work in the world, he was not born without this advantage. In the days of Charles the Second, the woods of Cambridgeshire were the refuge and the sanctuary of many of the faithful. Two of the ejected ministers, Holcroft and Oddy, preached in their solitudes to the scattered brethren, and avoiding the larger towns, planted churches in the little villages, more hidden from the world. From one of them, it is said, an ancestor of Robert's received the "words of eternal life." Like the freedom for which they struggled, their simple piety was handed down from "sire to son," and for two or three centuries, in the quiet homestead at Wicken, the same generation had served the "God of their fathers."

The early life of great men always brings into more or less prominence those scenes and events which have influenced their training. We follow Robert Hall into the

graveyard with his nurse, learning his first lessons from the tombstones, or lying on the grass between the graves on a hot summer day, surrounded by his books, studying Edwards on "The Will," while yet under nine years of age, and conversing with the "metaphysical tailor" with startling and premature eagerness. These circumstances in the early history of Andrew Fuller are of the simplest kind. The village school and chapel-house, the group around the blazing village forge, the annual feast, shunned so stedfastly in after days, are the only things left in the memory after reading it. Though there was no such surprising development of genius as in his great contemporary, there seems to have been a presence and power about him even then. He tells us afterwards, when he settled at Soham (to which place he removed when he was six years of age), that he scarcely expected "to be much respected by the inhabitants," since he had been among them from a child; but he had not much to complain of, and this was partly owing to the prevalence of an opinion of him when he was at school, that "he was more learned than his master;" "an opinion," he says, "which I am certain was far from being true; but it indicated a partiality in my favour which was of some use in leading people to hear the word." The picture helping us, we can easily understand how the flavour of a little learning in young Fuller would carry more weight to the rustic judges than the wider culture of the Soham schoolmaster.

His early habits and occupation continually remind us of John Bunyan's life at Elstow. The reader will remember how section twelve of the "Grace Abounding" opens up Bunyan's boyhood; and how among the list of mercies recorded in his youth, are such deliverances as "falling into a creek of the sea and hardly escaping drowning;" "falling out of a boat in the Bedford river, yet mercifully escaping;" "stunning an adder and plucking out her sting;" yet by God's mercy preserved from bringing himself to an end by his desperateness.

In like manner Andrew Fuller tells us that, "being of an athletic frame and of a daring spirit, I was often engaged in such exercises and exploits as might have issued in death, if the good hand of God had not preserved me. I also frequently engaged in games of hazard, which, though not to any great amount, were very bewitching to me, and tended greatly to corrupt my mind."

While leading this bold, lawless life, he was guilty of "lying, cursing, and swearing." Like Bunyan, however, he left those habits off, long before he had any conscious interest in spiritual truth. There was a certain rough sense of true honour, not inconsistent with such a bold, free course, that made him cast away these things. He left off swearing, at ten years of age, because it was "an effort to appear manly without the reality;" and lying, some years afterwards, "except in pressing cases," because it was a "mean vice."

The first awakenings of his soul were in singular harmony with its workings in after days. When he was about fourteen years of age, "there was nothing," he tells us, "in the preaching upon which I attended, adapted to awaken my conscience, as the minister had seldom anything to say except to believers, and what believing was I neither knew nor was I greatly concerned to know." "I remember about this time," he adds further, "as I was walking alone, I put to myself this question, What is faith? There is much made of it,—what is it? I could not tell, but satisfied myself in thinking it was not of immediate concern, but that I should know as I grew older." *That* was the solemn question, which, to the profit and consolation of so many, he answered in later days—and it was the inquiry which, through the grace of God, led onwards to his conversion.

John Bunyan began his spiritual experiences by *dreams* of eternal things, and dreamed on until he was lost in the long unbroken vision of the "Pilgrim's Progress" from the "City of Destruction" to the eternal gates. Andrew Fuller commenced them by a solemn and soul-searching inquiry into

those problems with which he grappled afterwards with the full power of his manhood.

In this fourteenth year of his age, there came into his hands the book already mentioned, Bunyan's "Grace Abounding," together with the "Pilgrim's Progress," and Ralph Erskine's "Gospel Sonnets." "These," he says, "I read, and as I read, I wept. Indeed, I was almost overcome with weeping, so interesting did the doctrine of eternal salvation appear to me." If he had not told us that the former of these books had "come into his hands," we should have assuredly surmised it. Not that there is anything like copying in his Diary, but there are indications of a very tender communion with the spirit of the great dreamer.

No biographer of Andrew Fuller would be pardoned who omitted the accounts which he gives of his spiritual exercises, before he sought the fellowship of the church. There is a rich vein of enlightened judgment, a depth and tenderness of feeling, and a hallowed humility in these self-communings, which it would be hard indeed to read without profit. Closely following the reflections just described, he continues: "One morning about the year 1767" (that would be when he was about thirteen years of age), "as I was walking alone, I began to think seriously what would become of my poor soul, and was deeply affected in thinking of my condition. I felt that I was the slave of sin, and that it had such power over me that it was in vain for me to think of extricating myself from its thralldom. Till now, I did not know but that I could repent at any time; but now I perceived that my heart was wicked, and that it was not in me to turn to God, or to break off my sins by righteousness. *I saw that if God would forgive me all the past, and offer me the kingdom of heaven on condition of my giving up my wicked pursuits, I should not accept it.* This conviction was accompanied with deep depression of heart. I walked sorrowfully along, repeating these words, 'Iniquity will be my

ruin ! Iniquity will be my ruin !' While poring over my unhappy case, those words of the apostle suddenly occurred to my mind : 'Sin shall not have dominion over you ; for ye are not under the law, but under grace.' Now the suggestion of a text of Scripture to the mind, especially if it came with power, was generally considered by the religious people with whom I occasionally associated, as a promise coming immediately from God. I therefore so understood it, and thought that God had thus revealed to me that I was in a state of salvation, and, therefore, that iniquity should not, as I had feared, be my ruin. The effect was, I was overcome with joy and transport. I shed, I suppose, thousands of tears, as I walked along, and seemed to feel myself, as it were, in a new world. It appeared to me that I hated my sins, and was resolved to forsake them. Thinking on my wicked courses, I remember using those words of Paul : 'Shall I continue in sin that grace may abound ? God forbid !' I felt, or seemed to feel, the greatest indignation at the thought. But strange as it may appear, though my face that morning was, I believe, swollen with weeping, yet before night all was gone and forgotten, and before night I had returned to my former vices with as eager a gust as ever. Nor do I remember that for more than half-a-year afterwards I had any serious thoughts about the salvation of my soul."

Two years more of this hard strife, the spirit and flesh in warfare, but the flesh left conqueror ; convictions seemed to deepen, and yet strangely deeper draughts of sin were taken all the while ; at every fresh season of emotion the heart was submitted to the inexorable test of its being willing to leave the sins that pierced it, and was as often found wanting.

At length, in the autumn of 1769, he continues : "My convictions revisited me, and brought on such a concern about my everlasting welfare, as issued, I trust, in real conversion. It was my common practice, after the business of the day was over, to get into bad company in the evening,

and when there, I indulged in sin without restraint. But after persisting in this course for some time, I began to be very uneasy, particularly in a morning when I first awoke. It was almost as common for me to be seized with keen remorse at this hour as it was to go into vain company in the evening. At first, I began to make vows of reformation, and this for the moment would afford a little ease; but, as the temptations returned, my vows were of no account. It was an enlightened conscience only that was on the side of God; my heart was still averse to everything that was spiritual or holy. For several weeks I went on in this way, vowing and breaking my vows, reflecting on myself for my evil conduct, and yet continually repeating it.

“It was not, however, as heretofore; my convictions followed me up closely. I could not, as formerly, forget these things, and was, therefore, a poor, miserable creature; like a drunkard, who carouses in the evening, but mopes about the next day like one half dead.

“One morning, I think in November, 1769, I walked out by myself with an unusual load of guilt upon my conscience. The remembrance of my sin, not only on the past evening, but for a long time back,—the breach of my vows, and the shocking termination of my former hopes and affections, all uniting together, formed a burden which I knew not how to bear. The reproaches of a guilty conscience seemed like the gnawing worm of hell. I thought surely that must be an earnest of hell itself. The fire and brimstone of the bottomless pit seemed to burn within my bosom. I do not write in the language of exaggeration. I now know that the sense which I then had of the evil of sin and the wrath of God was very far short of the truth; but yet it seemed more than I was able to sustain. In reflecting upon my broken vows, I saw that there was no truth in me. I felt that, if God were to forgive all my past sins, I should again destroy my soul, and *that* in a day's time. I never before knew what it was to feel myself an odious, lost sinner,

standing in need of both pardon and purification. Yet, though I needed these blessings, it seemed presumption to ask for them after what I had done. What have I done? What must I do? These were my inquiries perhaps ten times over. Indeed, I knew not what to do. I durst not promise amendment, for I saw that such promises were self-deception. To hope for forgiveness in the course that I was in was the height of presumption; and to think of Christ, after having so basely abused His grace, seemed too much. So I had no refuge. At one moment I thought of giving myself up to despair. 'I may,' said I within myself, 'even return and take my fill of sin. I can but be lost.' This thought made me shudder at myself: my heart revolted. What, thought I, give up Christ, and hope, and heaven! Those lines of Ralph Erskine's then occurred to my mind—

'But say, if all the gusts and grains of love be spent,—
Say farewell Christ, and welcome lusts.
Stop, stop! I melt, I faint.' "

There is an air of loneliness about these reflections, full of sadness, revealing what bitter strife any poor soul had to go through, in those days, who felt himself an outcast from his God. No word of encouragement, no ray of hope, from friend or minister, to lead him to the infinite love of the Father in Christ. True it is that in such sore travail the soul must be the more with its God; but how full of help are the "wise and winning" words of a friend who has trodden the same lonely track! There was, however, no such friend at hand: and perhaps the victory was greater, and the sense of rest sweeter, when they came, since none but unseen ministers had helped him in the struggle. That he felt this himself is clear from the manner in which he describes the happy days of peace and freedom which followed, and from an incident which he relates of his running miles to overtake a poor thresher, who came to the village meeting, though when he was with him he had nothing to

say. Sometimes he would visit him in the barn, and try to make him talk, making up his lost time afterwards by threshing for him an hour or two.

“I was not then aware,” he says, “that *any* poor sinner had a warrant to believe in Christ for the salvation of his soul, but supposed there must be some kind of qualification to entitle him to do it; yet I was aware I had no qualification. On a review of my resolution at that time, it seems to resemble that of Esther, who went into the king’s presence *contrary to the law*, and at the hazard of her life. Like her, I seemed reduced to extremities, impelled by dire necessity to run all hazards, even though I should perish in the attempt. Yet it was not altogether from a dread of wrath that I fled to this refuge; for I well remember that I felt something attracting in the Saviour. I must, I will—yes, I will trust my soul, my sinful, lost soul, in His hands. If I perish, I perish. However it was, I was determined to cast myself upon Christ, thinking, peradventure, He would save my soul; and, if not, I could but be lost. In this way I continued above an hour, weeping and supplicating mercy for the Saviour’s sake (my soul hath it still in remembrance, and is humbled in me); and as the eye of the mind was more and more fixed upon Him, my guilt and fears were gradually and insensibly removed.

“I now found rest for my troubled soul; and I reckon that I should have found it sooner if I had not entertained the notion of my having no warrant to come to Christ without some previous qualification. This notion was a bar that kept me back for a time, though through Divine drawings I was enabled to overleap it. As near as I can remember in the early part of these exercises, when I subscribed to the justice of God in my condemnation, and thought of the Saviour of sinners, I had then relinquished every false confidence, believed my help to be only in Him, and approved of salvation by grace alone through His death; and if at that time I had known that any poor sinner might warrant-

ably have trusted in Him for salvation, I conceive I should have done so, and have found rest to my soul sooner than I did. I mention this, because it may be the case with others, who may be kept in darkness and despondency by erroneous views of the Gospel much longer than I was.

“I think also I did repent of my sins in the early part of these exercises, and before I thought that Christ would accept and save my soul. I conceive that justifying God in my condemnation, and approving the way of salvation by Jesus Christ, necessarily included it; but yet I did not think at the time that this was repentance, or anything truly good. Indeed, I thought nothing about the exercises of my own mind, but merely of my guilty and lost condition, and whether there were any hope of escape for me. But, having found rest for my soul in the cross of Christ, I was now conscious of my being the subject of repentance, faith, and love. When I thought of my past life, I abhorred myself, and repented as in dust and ashes; and when I thought of the Gospel way of salvation, I drank it in, as cold water is imbibed by a thirsty soul. My heart felt one with Christ, and dead to every other object around me. I had thought I had found the joys of salvation heretofore; but now I *knew* I had found them, and was conscious that I had ‘passed from death unto life.’ Yet even now my mind was not so engaged in reflecting upon my own feelings as upon the objects which occasioned them.

“From this time, my former wicked courses were forsaken. I had no manner of desire after them. They lost their influence upon me. To those evils, a glance at which before would have set my passions in a flame, I now felt no inclination. ‘My soul,’ said I, with joy and triumph, ‘is as a weaned child!’ I now knew experimentally what it was to be dead to the world by the cross of Christ, and to feel an habitual determination to devote my future life to God my Saviour, and from this time considered the vows of God as upon me.”

Most characteristically, in reviewing these "early exercises" of mind, he draws a distinction between *respect* and *love* in his intercourse with good men. "I never knew the time," he says, "when I did not respect good men; but I *did not always* love them for Christ's sake."

In the March of 1770 he witnessed with solemn interest the baptism of two young persons on profession of their faith, and about a month afterwards was himself baptized, "being then just turned sixteen years of age." Most interesting is it to mark how, one after another, the practices of the church engaged his earnest and sustained attention, always leading to some action, yet always action slowly taken. Truly are the words illustrated in his history—"He that believeth shall not make haste." Yet it cannot be said that he either lost time or missed opportunities. His decisions, slowly taken, though they led to wider and greater ones, were never reversed; and perhaps it would be difficult to find one serious step in his life that he wished to retrace.

Soon after he had joined the "company of the faithful," he had troubles from two sources—his old habits and the scorn of old companions. The Shrovetide shouts, and the merry sound of the village athletes, night after night on the summer evenings, struggling for victory, reached his quiet home, and "threw him into agitations" which made him "very unhappy." His strong muscles yearned for a throw in the village ring; and even in after life, when in the agonies of diviner struggles, he could scarcely resist mentally measuring his strength with any stout and comely figure that seemed worthy to enter the lists with him. The religious teaching of that day, and, indeed, the grave and solemn character of his own reflections, utterly forbid, even to one so young, the thought of recreation without vice. All such things were included in that "world" with which the inheritor of the kingdom of heaven was to have no communion. As the spring-time came round, bringing the feasts and holidays, he was wont to go away to a neighbouring village

to see some Christian friends, "returning when all was over." Thus, he says, by this step I was delivered from those mental participations in folly which had given me so much uneasiness; and these "seasons of temptation" became to me "times of refreshing from the Lord." Yet so strong were these yearnings, that he had to continue this practice for several years before he felt safe from the temptation.

The other trouble he refers to in words never to be forgotten for their calm strength and tender beauty. Of help they may be to the young, and full of refreshment to those who have borne the "burden and heat of the day;" shewing, as they do, how that One presence by which we hold the shield for the first dart, still shelters us when the "much tribulation" rains its "fire and hail" upon the heavy-laden pilgrim. "Within a day or two," he says, "after I had been baptized, as I was riding through the fields, I met a company of young men. One of them, especially, on my having passed them, called after me in very abusive language, and cursed me for having been 'dipped.' My heart instantly rose in a way of resentment; but, though the fire burned, I held my peace; for before I uttered a word, I was checked with this passage, which occurred to my mind: 'In the world ye shall have tribulation.' I wept and entreated the Lord to pardon me; feeling quite willing to bear the ridicule of the wicked, and to go even through great tribulation if, at last, I might but enter the kingdom. In this tender frame of mind I rode some miles, thinking of the temptations I might have to encounter. Amongst others, I was aware of the danger of being drawn into any acquaintance with the other sex which might prove injurious to my spiritual welfare. While poring over these things, and fearful of falling into the snares of youth, I was led to think of that passage: 'In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.' This made me weep for joy; and for forty-five years I have scarcely entered on any serious engagement without thinking of these words, and entreating

the Divine direction. I have been twice married, and twice settled as the pastor of a church; which were some of the leading ways in which I had to acknowledge the Lord, and in each, when over, I could say: 'My ways have I declared, and Thou heardest me.' "

CHAPTER II.

SEARCHING FOR TRUTH.

AMONG those who were baptized with Andrew Fuller, was one Mr. Joseph Diver, a middle-aged man of about forty years of age. He appears to have been a quiet, retiring man, fond of reading, and "not less devoted to universal practical godliness." He had, moreover, not only a great delight in reading the thoughts of others, but in comparing them with his own, and seeking for fresh light on old problems. With this man, Andrew Fuller formed an intimate friendship, which was interrupted only by death. It was just such a companionship as he needed. For what intercourse is more blessed than that of two souls knit together in seeking for more knowledge and light, and rejoicing in each new discovery? Andrew Fuller, at least, accounted it "one of the greatest blessings of his life." One can imagine these two friends slowly searching for the hidden pearls, the unusual gravity of the youth at seventeen not ill assorting with the habits of the staid recluse of forty. Notwithstanding their disparity of years, they loved each other "like David and Jonathan;" and concerning one summer of happy communion, Andrew Fuller quotes Dr. Watts's lines—

"The day glides swiftly o'er their head,
Made up of innocence and love,
And soft and silent as the shade
Their nightly minutes gently move."

But what was there in the quiet life at Soham to stimulate the discussions of these two searchers? Their libraries were but scantily supplied with books; lectures were scarcely known at that time; nor did they come into contact with other minds likely to aid them in their inquiries or suggest new themes of thought. There were none of these things to help them; yet in that out-of-the-world place there were two things about which all the solemn problems gather, over which aching heads have bent,—sin, with its sad courses; Divine grace, with its heavenly visitations.

It happened in the autumn of 1770 that one of the members of the church was guilty of drinking to excess, and that this was first known to Andrew Fuller. Accordingly, in obedience to what he deemed the Divine will, he went and remonstrated with him on his sin. Whatever he might have learned from the pulpit on the inability of man, he was startled with the reception he encountered. The man declared "it was not his fault that he could not save himself from sin, and that, though his accuser bore so hard upon him, he was not his own keeper." "At this," says Andrew Fuller, "I was indignant, considering it as a base excuse. I therefore told him that he could keep himself from such sins as these, and that his way of talking was to excuse what was inexcusable." Acting thus on the practical instinct of the moment, he had righteously rebuked the man for charging God with his sin; but he went home burdened with a strange sorrow. A new problem had to be solved, which, though it cost him years of toil to master, even then began to exercise his mind; and, ere he reached his home, the sin of one man had widened into the mighty question of "the power of sinful man to do the will of God."

It is surely worthy of note, that in this long and earnest course of inquiry he started from the "living subject." It was no mere love of metaphysical speculation, but the dread realities of sin and responsibility, that forced such themes upon his attention. Those who are familiar with his life

and writings will call to mind how thoroughly this same spirit appears in them both. He ever brought truth to the living test, casting aside *a priori* schemes of reasoning as out of his ken, and judging of the life from the fruit.

In this sore perplexity he had recourse to three councillors,—his minister, Mr. Eve; his friend, Mr. Joseph Diver; and the writings of Dr. Gill. Added to this, but scarcely sought, was the discipline of the church in conclave upon the sin of the offender. The question, opening, as the reader will easily perceive, into a much wider one, was, whether the culprit had the power to have abstained from the guilty act; and, if so, where this power was to be found, and whether it was within his reach? His pastor highly commended him for the rebuke he had administered, and suggested the following solution of the perplexity:—"We certainly could," he said, "keep ourselves from *open* sins. We had no power to do things *spiritually* good; but, as to outward acts, we had the power both to obey the will of God and to disobey it."

Of Dr. Gill's solution he shall give his own account:—"I met with a passage," he says, "in Dr. Gill's 'Cause of God and Truth,' in which he distinguishes between a thing being in 'the power of our hand, and in the power of our heart.' This, thought I, is the clue to our dispute. Every man has it in the power of his own hand to do good, and to abstain from evil; and this it is which makes us accountable beings. We can do, or forbear to do, this and that, if we have a mind; but many have not a mind, and none would have such a mind but for the constraining grace of God. We have it in the power of our *hands* to do good; but we are disposed to do evil, and so to do good is not naturally in the power of our *hearts*."

It will be seen that this explanation was kindred in some particulars with that offered by Mr. Eve; both involving a suspicious distinction between things external and spiritual, which may catch the ear, but cannot satisfy the judgment.

In the first case it had respect to the sort of act; and in the second, to the instrument and power by which it was performed.

Mr. Joseph Diver's comments, though scarcely touching the metaphysics of the matter, were, as a practical direction, just what was wanted. "We ought," he says, "to hate evil and love the Lord; but it is the grace of God alone that can make us what we ought to be." He would often speak of the equity of the Divine requirements in the words of David: "I esteem all Thy precepts in all things to be right; and I hate every false way." And, again, "Thou hast commanded us that we should keep Thy precepts diligently. O that my ways were directed to keep Thy statutes!" "Thus it is," said Mr. Diver, "that we should turn every precept into a prayer, instead of inferring from it a sufficiency in ourselves to conform to it. All our conformity to the Divine precepts is of grace: it will never do to argue from our obligations against our dependence, nor from our dependence on grace against our obligations to duty. If it were not for the restraining goodness and persevering love of God, we should be a kind of devil, and earth would resemble hell."

The majority of the church strongly censured their young member's remonstrance, and even more severely their pastor's defence of it. They excused the former, as being "a babe" in religion, but could not forgive the heresy of their teacher. He accordingly resigned, and left the church so divided into parties, that it was thought it would be dissolved.

In these disputes, Andrew Fuller at first took the same view as his pastor; but the more he considered the matter, the more unsatisfactory his explanation appeared, and the difficulties of the subject made him "more and more unhappy." "I perceived," he says, "that some kind of power was necessary to render us accountable beings. If we were like stocks and stones, or literally dead, like men in a burying-ground, we could with no more propriety than they be

commanded to perform a duty; if we were mere machines, there could be no sin chargeable upon us. Yet, on the other hand, the Scriptures expressly affirm that 'the way of a man is not in himself,' and represent the godly as crying to heaven for preservation from evil, ascribing all the good that was in them 'to Him who worketh in us to will and to do of His own good pleasure.'"

The question still remains unsettled; but he has found some help in the practical wisdom of his chosen friend. He has at least fixed the attitude of the tempted saint,—seeking help of God, while he has accepted his full accountability. It is indeed to be doubted whether he ever got any nearer the truth than this, after examining the elaborate subtleties of Jonathan Edwards. Though the range of his practical duties widened as he more clearly comprehended the genius of the Gospel, at present his thinkings were narrowed to the question of man's accountability and power, in his conflict with sin, without touching what afterwards became his favourite theme—"the duty of sinners to believe in Jesus Christ." They proved a help, however, in leading him onwards.

"These pursuits," he tells us, "though they were the 'gall and wormwood' of my youth, yet were the occasion of my turning my thoughts to most of the subjects on which I have since written, and so were the occasion of my engaging in the Christian ministry."

The history of these inquiries must for a time be interrupted to narrate engagements which ended in his becoming "an able minister of Jesus Christ." Never did a life seem led on more naturally to its true work and mission. There were no startling changes, no freaks of fortune; but he was as one waiting patiently for a guidance which never failed him, and which responded to his desires with a precision which sets us wondering how far our way is hindered, and our trust in those unseen agencies which gird and guide us enfeebled, by our feverish haste and impatience.

Never was more distinctly set forth the difference between morbid speculation and an earnest pursuit of truth. The mere speculator loses relish for all practical work, leaves the sin and sorrow which surround him, untouched, because he cannot solve Divine equations or pierce fully the mysteries of faith and providence; courts the miseries of a shattered faith, or else, if his hold in first principles mercifully abides, amuses himself "in cracking the nuts, which spoil the children's teeth," while the bread of heaven awaits the lips of the perishing,—like an emperor of notorious memory, scraping the well-worn strings while the city is burning.

"In reviewing some of these questions which occupied my attention," says Andrew Fuller, "at an early period, I have seen reason to bless God for preserving me at a time when my judgment was so immature. When I have seen the zeal which has been expended on maintaining some such peculiarities, I have thought it a pity. They have appeared to me as a sort of spiritual narcotics, which, when a man once gets a taste for them, he will prefer to the most wholesome food. A man who chews opium or tobacco may prefer it to the most wholesome food, and may derive from it pleasure and even vigour for a time; but his pale countenance and debilitated constitution will soon bear witness to the folly of spending his money for that which is not bread."

With Andrew Fuller, a doctrine was not a curiosity to be left to rust on the highway, but a weapon to be sharpened for battle; hence we must not be surprised that what little he knew soon found its way into practical discourse. The members who yet held together in the scattered church having no minister, met for singing and prayer, and the expounding of the Scriptures. Mr. Joseph Diver having the greatest reputation of the little band for "the gift of utterance," "took up part of every Lord's day in public exercises."

How Andrew Fuller rejected a tempting offer to leave Soham and seek his own fortune in the world, and how he

came to share the Sabbath exercises with Mr. Diver, may be given in his own words.

“In November, 1771, as I was riding out on business, my mind fell into a train of interesting and affecting thoughts upon that passage of Scripture, ‘Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.’ I never had felt such freedom of mind in thinking on a Divine subject before; nor do I recollect ever having had a thought of the ministry; but I then felt as if I could preach, in a manner, as I rode along. I thought no more of it, however, but returned home when I had done my business. In the afternoon of the same day I went to meet my mother, who had been to London to see *her* mother, who was then very unwell. As we rode a few miles together, she told me she had been thinking much about me while in town, and added: ‘My dear,—you have often expressed your wish for a trade. I have talked with your uncle, at Kensington, about it, and he has procured a good place in the city, where, instead of paying a premium, you may in a little while, if you give satisfaction, receive wages and learn the business. I thought,’ continued she, ‘that as we have lost the Gospel, and perhaps shall never have it again, you could have no reason for wishing to continue here.’ That which my mother suggested was very true. I had always been inclined for trade; but how was it?—I cannot tell,—my heart revolted at the proposal at this time. It was not from any desire or thought of the ministry, nor anything else in particular, unless it were a feeling toward the little, scattered society of which I was a member;—*a kind of lingering to see what would become of the city.* I said but little to my mother, but wished for a time to consider it. This was Saturday evening.

“The next morning, as I was walking by myself to meeting, expecting to hear the brethren pray, and my friend Joseph Diver expound the Scriptures, I was met by one of the members, who said: ‘Brother Diver has, by accident, sprained his

ankle and cannot be at meeting to-day, and he wishes me to say to you, that he hopes the Lord will be with you.' The Lord be with *me*, I thought; what does Brother Diver mean? He cannot suppose that I can take his place, seeing I have never attempted anything of the kind, nor have been asked to do so. It then occurred, however, that I had had an interesting train of thought the day before, and had imagined at the time I could speak it, if called to it. But though I had repeatedly engaged in prayer publicly, yet I had never been requested to anything further, and therefore thought no more of it.

"We walked on to the meeting and took our places, when, after singing, one of the brethren went to prayer. After which the eldest deacon asked me if I would read some part of the Scriptures, and if I found liberty, drop any remarks as I went on which might occur. At first I was startled, but conscious of what had passed in my own mind the day before, I thought, as Brother Diver was absent, it might be my duty to try; and, therefore, making no objections, which, as it appeared to me, would have been mere affectation, I rose and spoke from Ps. xxx. 5, for about half an hour, with considerable freedom."

Shortly after this he was again invited by Mr. Diver to speak on the Lord's day. But this time his "liberty of speech" forsook him, and he returned home sorely discouraged.

Consistently with the pausing habits of his life, he could not be persuaded to speak again for more than a year. Fortunately, however, his lay-brother was again absent through affliction, and he was induced to renew the attempt. He spoke from the words: "The Son of Man came to seek and to save that which was lost." On this occasion the question of his engaging in the ministry was settled once for all, for there "fell upon him," as Bunyan has it, "the blessing of him that was ready to perish." Several young persons of the congregation were so impressed by the earnestness of the

preacher that they were constrained to cast in their lot with the little band. From that time forward the labours of the Sabbath day were divided between the two friends. In January, 1774, an elderly member of the church died, leaving a request, if the church did not think it disorderly, that Andrew Fuller should preach the funeral sermon. This dying wish seemed to lead the minds of the people to him, as one fitted to be their pastor.

A whole day previous to the funeral solemnities was set apart for fasting and prayer, after which they unanimously called him to the ministry, and from that time he "exercised from the pulpit."

His settlement as a pastor, with all its new responsibilities and duties, gave a new impulse to his inquiries. The question, "What is truth?" widened to his view as he became a teacher of the "oracles of God," and had the care of other souls in his keeping. In simple, manly language, he speaks of the new work before him: "Being now settled as a minister, I took a view of the doctrine I should preach, and spent pretty much of my time in making up my mind as to the various things relative to the Gospel. Impressed with the importance of the connexions I should probably form, both as a man and a minister, I earnestly besought the Lord to be my guide." Once more the old words were very helpful to him: "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths." He thought of them not in vain, as "one would think of a friendly hint given in early life."

He turned his attention first of all to the great questions involved in the Calvinistic controversy. Hitherto they had only occupied his thoughts as they affected the power of a saint to keep himself from sin, but now he began to wonder whether the doctrine in which he had been trained, "that nothing was to be addressed to the unregenerate but exhortations to external obedience, was a correct one," and in some such way as this the subject reopened to his mind. Outward services might, according to his old teachers, be re-

quested of all, such as attendance on the means of grace, and abstinence from gross evil might be enforced, but nothing was said to sinful men about Christ's salvation, or fleeing from the wrath to come. Was not this distinction between external and internal actions most suspicious and untrustworthy? Was not one but the fruit of the other? Did not the will of God necessarily go beyond mere outward action, and extend to the inmost thoughts and intents of the heart? He had already recognised the utter blame-worthiness of the drinking professor's sin, and his accountability to God for his transgression,—would not that principle lead him further? If accountable for a sinful act, why not for many? for a sinful state? But this reasoning, if correct, would affect the whole tenor of his preaching, therefore he moved with slow and trembling steps, "as one feeling his way out of a labyrinth," so that for some years he did not address invitations to *sinner*s as *such*.

While this solemn matter was slowly moving to its true solution, his mind was directed to other subjects of inquiry. Men were writing pamphlets in those days on such subjects as "The Pre-existence of the Human Soul of Christ," "The Eternal Worship of Christ," "The Permission of Evil," &c. One after another these subjects engaged his attention. On one of them—"The Pre-existence of the Soul of Christ"—the young Soham minister met some of his brethren in solemn conclave, one of them defending the dogma. Here is the "volunteer" whetting his sword for future battle, and obtaining an easy victory over the assembled polemical wisdom. "I offered," he says, "to prove that it led to Atheism, or relinquish the argument. They accepted my offer. I began by saying, 'You suppose the human soul of Christ to be a party in the everlasting counsels of God. Yet God could not counsel with Himself, for a counsel implies more than one; but God is one. Yet you do not suppose the soul of Christ to have always existed? No; it was created, and therefore could not be eternal. Then you must suppose

that until the great God had a creature to take counsel with He had no plan; prior to the act of creation He was without counsel, without plan, without design. But a being without plan, purpose, or design, is not God!! Then you are landed on Atheism.’”

Slowly move the events which bring the fulness of that work which he performed in the world. A whole year of probation was passed at Soham before he is formally ordained as pastor of the church. Those were not the days when men took churches by storm after a couple of Sabbath services. Andrew Fuller at least felt his way to see if he could do his work truly for his people, as well as to submit himself to their approval. There was much fasting and prayer before the union of pastor and people was fairly formed; but when once they were united, events proved how hard it was to separate.

In the spring of 1775 his ordination took place. Among the ministers present was one Mr. Robert Hall, of Arnsby, already known among the churches as breaking away from the narrow boundaries of an ultra-Calvinistic creed, and rejoicing in the freedom of a better faith. Concerning him, another of his name has written: “He appeared to the greatest advantage upon subjects where the faculties of most men fail them—for the natural element of his mind was greatness.” Between this minister and the chosen pastor of Soham a discussion took place on the controversy which had divided the church. It ended in Mr. Hall expressing his pleasure at the course of events, and recommending to Andrew Fuller “Edwards on the Will,” as the most able performance on the power of man to do the will of God. So little, however, was he acquainted with books at that time, that he confounded the work of Dr. John Edwards, of Cambridge, an Episcopalian Calvinist, with that of Jonathan Edwards, of New England. Though he liked the book, it did not seem to answer to Mr. Hall’s recommendation. In time, however, he lighted on the real Jonathan, and was

much confirmed in his views by its contents. It is only fair to say that he had written out the substance of those views, which he permanently adopted, *before this book came into his possession*; and indeed, any one that has studied both the character and workings of his mind, must have thought this likely. It was not so much through metaphysical research that he reached the position afterwards defined in "The Gospel worthy of all Acceptation." The value of these inquiries will be referred to when we come to speak of his controversial writings. It may suffice now to say that they have been, certainly, over-estimated.

Four things contributed to his hearty reception of those views of the full accountability of man, and the obligation to preach the Gospel to all men, from the adoption of which his life receives a new impulse, and takes a new direction:—

First, the examination of books unfolding the argument from Scripture.

Secondly, the persevering examination of the Scriptures themselves.

Thirdly, the success attending the preaching of the Gospel, in the missionary labours of Brainerd and Elliott.

Fourthly, the companionship of Sutcliffe and Ryland, men who became his co-workers in after days, and whose inquiries were then tending in the same direction as his own.

Two books he especially mentions as contributing to the settlement of his views in the way indicated. The one, a pamphlet by Dr. Abraham Taylor, which was called "The Modern Question." There was little in the reasoning which attracted his attention, until he lighted on his reference to the preaching of John the Baptist, our Lord, and the apostles. That strange crowd on the banks of the Jordan seemed a fair representation of an ungodly world. To the tax-gatherer, in his injustice; to the soldier, in his rude violence; to the Pharisee, in his hypocrisy, the words came with smiting power: "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." The Saviour himself came to seek and to save

the lost; the "children's bread" was given to the ignorant and out of the way; and publicans and sinners pressed to hear the message of salvation. The preaching of the apostles completed the argument. With the dying commission of their Lord, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," they went to the very centre of the world's busiest activity; they selected no chosen company, but wherever the people gathered, there they preached. So strikingly did Providence work with them, that the very persecutions of their enemies were but as rough winds which scattered the seeds they went forth to sow.

About the same time he met with a pamphlet on "The Causes and Consequences of not Submitting to the Righteousness of God." The design of the discourse was to show that the rejection of the Gospel was not owing to the will of God, but to the "wilful ignorance, pride, prejudice, and unbelief" of man. He was equally unable to answer the argument; and to charge God with the guilt of the world seemed too awful a thing to contemplate. "I began to think," he says, "on perusing these two books, that my views were unscriptural; I read, thought, and prayed. Sometimes I conversed with my friend Joseph Diver, and sometimes he was nearly as much at a loss as myself."

The diligent examination of the Scriptures with the commentaries of these pamphlets led to the same conclusion.

Most interesting is it to find a powerful influence in a like direction exerted by the simple and beautiful narratives of Elliott and Brainerd. Precisely the same result, he reasoned, which flowed from the apostolic labours, followed from the preaching of those who had been bold enough to be their successors. The embracing of those views which he afterwards so ably expounded, compelled him to his missionary labours; and those very labours, already commenced in scattered places in the field, contributed to the formation of his opinions! Thus it is that work and thought act and react upon each other. The influence of one of these books is

thus referred to in his Diary : "I found my soul drawn out in love to poor souls, while reading Millar's account of Elliott's labours among the North American Indians, and their effect upon these poor barbarous savages. I found also a suspicion that we shackle ourselves too much in our addresses; that we have bewildered and lost ourselves in taking the decrees of God as the rules of action. Surely, Peter and Paul never felt such scruples in their addresses as we do. They addressed their hearers as *men*—fallen men; as we should warn and admonish persons who were blind and on the brink of some dreadful precipice. Their work seemed plain before them. O that mine might be so before me !"

Finally, help came in the "familiar and faithful" intercourse of men who, partly "by reading and partly by reflection," had begun to doubt the system of false Calvinism to which they had been inclined when they first entered the ministry. As he then lived sixty or seventy miles from these brethren, and in those days such a distance was a serious obstacle to intercourse, he saw them but seldom. These are the men, Ryland, Sutcliffe, and Carey, with whom he stood shoulder to shoulder in the strife of after years. Good is it to know that they were a help to each other while yet struggling for more light. Such occasional glimpses as were permitted to them must have relieved their loneliness and stimulated their researches.

Moved by all these influences, yet toiling much in solitude, he wrote, in 1776, the substance of what he afterwards published under the title of "The Gospel worthy of all Acceptation; or the Obligations of man cordially to believe whatever God makes known." He has now arrived at the turning point of his life. We have reached the position where we can survey and understand it, with all its varying incidents and chequered scenes. A great life, like a great work of art, has some grand yet simple principle underlying it. Whatever variety there may be in the building, the bend-

ing of its arches, the tracery of its windows, the wreathing of its columns, are all the following up of *one* thought of beauty. There is just such a oneness in the details of the life before us. It was a moving forward to grasp the infinite love of the Father in a Gospel of salvation to be preached in the name of the Redeemer to all men; thereafter it was a carrying out of that truth to its utmost consequences. As the fulness of the views were slowly wrought out and realised, so slowly are the full consequences they involved reached! But from the moment Andrew Fuller had fairly adopted them, his life and work began to widen, as a bank widens with the flow of a river. At first, the effect of the change is only seen in the fretting of the little church over which he presided, and in his removal to Kettering; then again afterwards when his heavy metal broke upon the Antinomian entrenchments at home; and finally, in the great missionary labours he sustained until his death.

In reading the history of these changes of opinion, how little can we enter into the solemn heart-searchings and mental sufferings they involved! So single was he in his desire to know the will of God, so mistrustful of himself, so eagerly seeking for more "light, and fuller," yet so careful not to break carelessly away from old paths, and adopt opinions because they were new, we are often reminded of the "song from the higher choir:" "Behold, as the eyes of servants look to the hand of their masters, and as the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her mistress, so our eyes wait upon the Lord our God." A few glimpses of these spiritual exercises are given in his *Diary*:—

"*Jan.* 10. A solemn vow or renewal of covenant with God. O my God (let not the Lord be angry with His servant for thus speaking), Thou knowest I have heretofore sought for Thy truth; I have earnestly entreated Thee that Thou would'st lead me unto it, that I might be rooted, established, and built up in it, as it is in Jesus. I have seen the truth of that saying: 'It is a good thing to have the

heart established with grace;' and now I would thus solemnly renew my prayer to Thee, and also enter a fresh covenant with Thee."

"O Lord God! I find myself in a world where thousands profess Thy name; some are preaching, some writing, some talking about religion. All profess to be searching after truth; to have Christ and the inspired writers on their side. I am afraid lest I should be turned aside from the simplicity of the Gospel. I feel my understanding full of darkness, my reason exceedingly imperfect, my will ready to start aside, and my passions strangely volatile. Oh! illumine mine understanding; teach my reason, reason; my will, rectitude; and let every faculty of which I am possessed be kept within the bounds of Thy service."

"Oh! let not the sleight of wicked men lie in wait to deceive, nor even the pious character of good men (who yet may be under great mistakes) draw me easily aside, nor do Thou suffer my own fancy to misguide me, Lord; Thou *hast given me a determination to take up no principle at second-hand*, but to search for everything at the fountain of Thy Word. Yet, Lord, I am afraid, seeing I am as liable to err as other men, lest I should be led aside from truth by mine own imagination. Hast Thou not promised, 'The meek Thou wilt guide in judgment, and the meek Thou wilt teach Thy way'? Lord, Thou knowest at this time my heart is not haughty, nor are mine eyes lofty; 'guide me by Thy counsel, and afterwards receive me into glory.'

"One thing in particular I would pray for, namely, that I may not only be kept from erroneous principles, but may so love the truth as never to keep it back. O Lord, let me never, under the specious pretence of preaching holiness, neglect to promulgate the truths of Thy word; for this day I see, and have all along found, that holy practice has a necessary dependence on sacred principle. O Lord, if Thou wilt open mine eye to behold the wonders of Thy Word, and give me to feel their transforming tendency, then

shall the Lord be my God ; then let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I shun to declare, to the best of my knowledge, the whole counsel of God."

Would that all had waited at the "Temple Gate" with a spirit such as this ! Such words are the solemn litany of a reverent inquirer who enters to be taught of God. Not to the shallow empirics, with their affectation of originality, is the Divine will made known, but to those who wait, like the priest in the holiest of all, with the seeking breastplate, until the answering oracle kindles the gems with strange unearthly radiance !

With affectionate devotion, Mr. Fuller laboured for the little flock at Soham. His power out of the pulpit was felt by all his hearers, and sustained as only life can sustain, Sabbath ministrations. It was not his habit to pay a number of formal and meaningless visits, but to render real help when his sympathy was needed. Very few are the direct references made in his Diary to his work, but such as they are, they plainly reveal its character : "*June 14.* Went out to see some fallen brethren ; convinced that there is no art necessary in religion, resolved to proceed with all plainness and openness : did so, and hope for good effects. I left each party with weeping eyes. But oh, how liable to sin myself ! Surely, I do not study the cases of the people enough in my preaching. I find, by conversation to-day with one seemingly in dying circumstances, that but little of my preaching has been suited to her case. Visiting the sick, and conversing with the unconverted portion of my hearers about their souls, more especially with the godly, would have a tendency to make my preaching more experimental."

The reader cannot but observe how near was the pastor's communion with God, and how well balanced was his devotional and active life. All his motives were subject to the severest scrutiny, and carried into the solitude of prayer and meditation, to be judged by another standard than that which prevailed among men. He saw clearly enough that

in judging of our own actions, we are too ready to take the verdict of admiring and attached friends, rather than to carry them to a truer but severer tribunal. His judgments on his labours and preaching are full of fidelity and thoroughness. Indeed, his desire to keep a diary seems to have been prompted by the wish to write the "whole truth" about himself, so that he might not be led astray by conventional criticism. After he has written thus faithfully about himself and his doings, he exclaims with deep earnestness: "What a difference between the book which *I keep* and the book which *God keeps*! Oh! what an awful black diary could He produce against me in judgment." One extract will illustrate the searching character of these meditations. He is speaking of his temptations when in company with others: "Surely," he exclaims, "I am unfit for any company. If I am with a *superior*, how will my heart court his praise, by speaking diminutively of myself, not forgetting to urge the disadvantages under which I have laboured, to excuse my inferiority; and here is a large vacancy, left in hope he will fill it up with something like this,—Well, you must have made good improvement of what advantages you have enjoyed. On the other hand, when in company with an inferior, how full of self am I, while I seem to be instructing him, by communicating my observations. How apt to lose sight of his edification, and everything but my own self-importance, aiming more to discover my own knowledge than to increase his!"

But even this fiery test does not satisfy the analyst. The crucible must be put to the fire once more. "While I make these observations," he continues, "I feel the truth of them. *A thought has been suggested to me, to write them not as having been working in my heart to-day, but only as discovered to-day.* Oh! horridly deceitful and desperately wicked heart! If I am saved, what must the Son of Man have endured!" In the light of such inward wrestlings, we can understand that singular conscientiousness, that stern

and unbending integrity, which frowned away all that was unreal and mean, and drew towards it all who had need of deeper wisdom and maturer judgment.

Meanwhile we are able to gather from a few scattered references, that he is possessing himself of such books as his scanty means will furnish, and perusing them eagerly. "Edwards on the Affections" follows "Edwards on the Will," and after that is finished he goes through "Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History." His short, pithy comments on the latter work are very characteristic. "Really," he says, "I am sick of reading so much about monks, mendicant friars, &c. I could have wished the history had more answered to its title, a history of the Church, but it seems little more than a history of locusts." The next day he comments in a somewhat happier mood: "Some sacred delight to-day, in reading more of Mosheim on the coming forth of the champions of the Reformation, — Luther, Melancthon, Zwingle, Calvin, &c., into the field; I think I feel their generous fervour in the cause of God and Truth. How were the arms of their hands made strong by the mighty God of Jacob!" He is not satisfied, however, when he reads a later chapter of the Reformation. "I was occupied to-day with Mosheim, whose partial account of the English Baptists would lead me to indulge a better opinion of various sects who have been deemed heretics." The reader has found a flavour in these short criticisms with which he will grow more familiar.

In tracing the progress of this inquiry, we can see how this one belief in the Gospel as "worthy of all acceptance," began to affect his reception of doctrinal truth generally. A very slight acquaintance with the theology of ultra-Calvinism will have taught the reader how all doctrines are cramped to its narrow issues. There is no sacrifice for the sins of the world; the justification of the believer is lost sight of in its aspect to the great redemption, and referred *alone* to the eternal counsels of the Almighty; its realisation being but

the transient passage of the blessing from the Almighty to His child. The following criticism on a passage of Dr. Gill's, will show how he was laying broader and deeper the foundations of his faith :—

“When I first set out in the ministry I had no other ideas of justification than those which are stated by Dr. Gill. ‘Justification,’ he says, ‘may be distinguished into *active* and *passive*. Active justification is the act of God. *It is God that justifieth*. Passive justification is the act of God terminating on the conscience of a believer, commonly called a transient act passing upon an external object. The former is an act internal and eternal, taken up in the Divine mind from eternity, and is an imminent, abiding one in it. It is, as Dr. Ames expresses it, a sentence conceived in the Divine mind by the decree of justifying.’

“In his Bod. Div. vol. ii., p. 797, the doctor speaks of justification as it ‘terminates in the conscience of a believer, and which (he says) the Scriptures style justification *by faith*.’

“These, till within a few years, were my views. But, thinking over these subjects, I felt dissatisfied; I felt that my views did not quadrate with the Scriptures; I endeavoured, therefore, to examine the matter closely. It occurred to me that, whatever disputes had arisen on this subject, all parties that I had read were agreed in considering justification as *the opposite of condemnation*. I found this idea also plentifully supported by the Scriptures, Deut. xxv. 1; 1 Kings viii. 32; Rom. viii. 33, 34. I therefore set myself to examine—What is *condemnation*? Is it, said I, the decree of God finally to condemn a sinner? No; for every unbeliever, elect or non-elect, is under condemnation, John iii. 18, 36, ‘the wrath of God abideth on him.’ Believers ‘were by nature children of wrath, even as others;’ Saul, therefore, while a persecutor, was a child of wrath, or was under condemnation; yet God ‘had not appointed him to wrath, but to obtain salvation by Jesus Christ.’

“Hence, I concluded, if condemnation be not the decree of God finally to condemn, justification is not the decree of God finally to acquit. It also appeared to me inconsistent with the nature of things to conceive of justification as Dr. Ames expresses it, namely, as ‘a sentence conceived in the Divine mind;’ for, whatever purpose may be conceived in a judge’s mind in favour of a prisoner, it is not justification till it is *declared* in open court.

“Further, Does condemnation, said I, consist in any *sense* or *persuasion* which a sinner possesses that he shall be condemned? No; for many who are under condemnation according to the Scriptures have no such persuasion, but the reverse, as was the case with the Jews, who were persuaded that God was their Father, while in fact they were of their father the devil; and others, who are not under condemnation according to the Scriptures, are yet at times under apprehension that they are so. But if condemnation, continued I, consists not in a sense or persuasion that we are or shall be condemned, justification consists not in a sense or persuasion that we are or shall be justified.

“On the whole, it seemed evident that the sentence of justification was neither a purpose in the Divine mind, nor a sense or persuasion in the human mind. The question then returned, What is it? Still keeping hold of my clue, I proceeded to inquire, Is not condemnation that *state* or *condition* of a sinner in which, according to the revealed will of God in His holy law, all the threatenings and curses stand against him? Is it not the same thing as a being *under the curse*, which all are who are *of the works of the law*, whether they be elect or non-elect? And, if so, is not justification that *state* or *condition* of a sinner believing in Jesus, in which, according to the revealed will of God in the Gospel, all the promises and blessings of the new covenant belong to him? Is it not the same thing as a being *under grace* (Rom. vi. 14), and which is true only of believers? The *sentence* of justification is not a revelation or manifesta-

tion of something to the mind which was true before, though unknown to the party; but consists of the voice of God, *in the Gospel*, declaring that whosoever believeth shall be saved. In this court, believers in Jesus stand acquitted from all things from which they could not have been acquitted by the law of Moses."

In the month of July, 1780, it pleased God to remove his beloved friend, Mr. Joseph Diver. The loss was a severe one to Andrew Fuller. Not only had he been his companion in all his mental perplexities, helping him with many a clear and forcible exposition of truth, but he had stood by him in all his church troubles. Mr. Fuller's altered mode of preaching had alienated several of his hearers, whose conduct was most trying, not only in their personal antagonism to their pastor, but in their lax regard for the obligations of morality. Under date of July 17th he bitterly bewails his loss:—"Oh! my brother Diver, when shall we recover our loss in losing you? What disorders have we now in the church! Our hands, heads, and hearts, how full! Oh! my father, my father, the chariots of^t Israel, and the horsemen thereof! Methinks I shall go all my days in the bitterness of my soul. Ah! we took sweet counsel together, and walked together to the house of God; but all is over; as he said on his dying bed, 'I have done with that life.' Alas! he has done with all of us." Very often is it that God in His providence sends us a trouble that is as a shadow of many more to come, shewing us in what direction our lot is to be cast. Andrew Fuller's pilgrimage was full of solitude. Perhaps the severance of this first companionship prepared him thus early for the loss of many more.

To understand aright the hopes and fears of the last two years of his stay at Soham, we must bear in mind that he had received an invitation to become the pastor of the church at Kettering, in Northamptonshire. During this time he was perpetually agitated by conflicting convictions on the question of his removal, and yet there was never a case in

which immediate compliance with such a request would have been more justifiable. The history of these two years gives us an insight into his character we cannot spare. It does not differ from that which we may find at any period of his life; but the desire to know and to do the will of God,—to act for the good of men, and for His glory,—is so utter, the sacrifice of his own interests so entire, that it is impossible to withhold a feeling of the deepest reverence. Let it be remembered, that he never had more than fifteen pounds per annum while he was at Soham, and that this scanty pittance necessitated inroads upon his little property, not yielding enough to save him from poverty, most ruinous to the prospects of his family. Yet so careful was he lest any ambitious motives should move him, that he repeatedly and absolutely refused this invitation; and but for the fact that the church at Kettering waited with unexampled patience, he would never have been their pastor. Well may Dr. Ryland declare that “men who fear not God would risk the welfare of a nation with fewer searchings of heart than it cost him to determine whether he should leave a little dissenting church scarcely containing forty members besides himself and his wife.” The fact of his poverty, and the wearying anxieties thereby occasioned, are alluded to more than once in his Diary,—not, indeed, with any murmuring, but with an undertone of sadness, revealing with what determination it was borne, though its pressure was so heavily felt. “I have found my heart,” he writes, “tenderly afflicted several times, especially to-night, in prayer respecting my critical situation. Oh, Providence! how intricate! If rough roads are marked out for me, may my shoes be iron and brass. I found a peculiar sympathy towards poor people under trying providences, thinking I may have to go that road.” He continues in the same strain, only a few days later:—“Dejected through worldly and church concerns, but had some relief to-night in casting all my care upon the Lord, hoping that He careth for me. The Lord undertake for

me! Oh, Thou that managest worlds unknown without one disappointment, take my case into Thy hands, and fit me for Thy pleasure. If poverty must be Thy pleasure, add thereto contentment!" Yet while he was writing such words he was refusing an invitation to a larger sphere, the acceptance of which would have relieved him of his perplexities!

To add to his scanty means, he attempted to keep a school, and then a shop, but both enterprises failed. We can all imagine that one who gave his "absorbed" attention to higher problems, would find a continued mechanical employment most irksome. We who know him only through the distance of years can scarcely picture the grave divine, with his serious presence and his sombre look, dealing out articles over the counter, or plodding through the elements of knowledge with the youth of Soham.

Meanwhile the church at Kettering was patiently, yet importunately, renewing its invitation. The temper of his own mind in regard to it, is indicated in more than one passage, full of true and earnest feeling. "The thought of my situation now returns and overpowers me! To-night I was exceedingly affected in prayer, earnestly longing that I might know the will of God. I have entered to-night into a solemn vow, which I desire it may please God to accept at my worthless hands. With all the powers of my soul, with the utmost effusion of feelings, I have vowed to this effect before the Lord. Oh! Lord, if Thou wilt give me so much light as plainly to see in this case what is my duty, then, if I do not obey the dictates of conscience, let my tongue for ever cleave to the roof of my mouth; let my ministry be at an end; *let me be made an example of Thy displeasure against falsehood.* The case of those who asked counsel of Jeremiah seemed to excite in me a jealousy of my own heart; but so far as I know anything of myself, I am resolved to stay or to go, as it should please God, did I but know His will." In order to assist his own judgment, and

to satisfy the church at Kettering, he sought the counsel of several brethren in the same Association. After being supplied with all particulars, they unanimously urged his removal to Kettering. This advice, however, he could not be prevailed on to adopt, and the matter was once more referred to the judgment of Mr. Robinson, of Cambridge, who advised him to try a year longer at Soham, the church being enjoined to raise his salary another ten pounds per annum.

The correspondence was conducted on behalf of the church at Kettering by a Mr. Beeby Wallis, who was afterwards one of Mr. Fuller's most attached and valued friends. In one of his letters, urging the acceptance of the invitation, Mr. Wallis ventured on a little speculative argument. Was it likely, he asked, that God would have excited the desires of the church at Kettering only to be disappointed? Was not the fact that these longings were excited within their breasts a proof that they were meant to be realised? This was entering upon Mr. Fuller's chosen field of inquiry, viz., the relation of man's power to the will of God. He took up the question with eager yet affectionate interest. We are quite sure that Mr. Wallis never conceived that his reasoning would draw upon him such heavy artillery. Yet we are equally certain he would welcome his defeat, under the hope that he might see the same metal shiver stronger and more dangerous positions. Let the reader say whether there is any escape from the reply, and admire the simple yet effective generalisation with which it concludes.

"You ask in yours, 'Will the Lord raise desires in His own people merely to disappoint them?' You think not, seeing that God hath said, *The desires of the righteous shall be granted*. Certainly if God doth excite desires, and then disappoint them, it is for some higher end than *merely* their disappointment. You will not think, dear sir, that I mean to discourage you, if I should say the above explanation of the text in Proverbs is inconsistent with truth. I once

heard a sermon * from Psal. cxlv. 19. The minister proposed first to *explain* his subject, and in so doing he delivered something like this:—‘God will not grant us every desire. That is our mercy; for, (1) Some of them are *sinful*. David desired to be revenged on Nabal and his *innocent* family. Jonah desired Nineveh’s ruin. (2) Others would not be for our *good*. David desired the life of the child he had by Bathsheba; David also desired the life of Jonathan; neither of which would have been for his good. (3) Nay, not every *righteous* desire. It is a righteous desire for a minister to desire the salvation of those that hear him. So Paul declared, I would to God that all present were altogether such as I am (Acts xxvi. 29). So, again, *I could wish myself accursed from Christ, for my brethren’s sake, my kinsmen according to the flesh* (Rom. ii. 1). David desired to build a house for God, and it was a righteous desire, for God took it well at his hands; yet He did not grant it. Kings and prophets desired to see the Lord Messiah, and yet did not see Him. How, then, are we to understand it? Answer: The sum or substance of their desires shall be fulfilled. What is the main desire of a seaman? That he may arrive at the haven. So saints will be brought to their desired haven. What of a pilgrim? see Heb. ii. 16. So all the desires of a Christian are summed up in this—*That he may eternally enjoy God and be like Him*; see 2 Sam. xxiii. 2.’ Doubtless there is great mystery in these things. However, I think it certain that when God raises a spiritual desire in a person, it is *often*, though not *always*, with an intention to bestow the object desired.”

At length, after much importunity from the friends at Kettering, and much sorrow on the part of those at Soham, he removed to the former place in the October of 1782. During the latter part of his stay at Soham he had been much more comfortable and had enjoyed very tender inter-

* Since ascertained to have been his own.

course with his church, and the removal was always referred to as one of the bitterest trials of his life. The cost to him, and to them, and, at the same time, his earnest desires towards the brethren at Kettering, appear in the following extracts from his letters, and his ordination address at Kettering:—On the 20th of August, 1782, after a visit from Mr. Wallis, he thus addresses him: “Since I saw you, though it is but a little time, yet I have had great exercises. The day I parted with you, calling in the evening on one of my friends, my feelings were tried by what you know is the most effectual battery on my heart of anything,—I mean *bitter weeping*. The Lord’s day following, the meeting, to say all in one word, was a *Bochim*.” The whole matter is summed up with much feeling at the close of his ordination address:—

“I imagine it will not be expected that I should enter upon a vindication of my conduct in that affair. I only say this: several things concurred to make me, first, *hesitate* whether it was my duty to abide where I was; and, afterwards, to *think* it was not. Desirous, however, of doing nothing rashly, I was determined to wait a considerable time before I did anything. My chief desire, I think, was to preserve a conscience void of offence towards God and towards man. I had, all along, much jealousy of my own heart, and many fears. I frequently laid my case before God in prayer, with much more importunity than I usually feel. I sometimes devoted days on purpose for fasting and prayer, on the occasion. On some of those days, partly for the church at Soham, and partly for myself, I had, I think, the most earnest outgoings of heart to the Lord that ever I felt in my life. I consulted many friends, ministers upon the spot (who knew the case) and ministers at a distance. I think to nine of them, some of whom are here present, I told the case as impartially as I was able, and asked their advice. Still my heart felt reluctant at the thoughts of a removal. I submitted the case to three or four different

persons, who heard the particulars on both sides. The issue was, I stayed another year. At that time, it was my purpose to remain for life. I told the church at Kettering, in a letter, to that effect. But I soon found that reproach—reproach unlamented—had broken my heart! The bond of my affection was dissolved. I could not feel a union of spirit, without which I could not continue. In proportion as I despaired of this, I felt my heart incline towards the church at Kettering. At length, impelled by several motives (of some of which, especially, I think I shall not be ashamed at the day of judgment), I removed!—a painful event to me. I have, however, one consolation remaining—that, as far as I know, I acted herein to the best of my judgment and conscience. Yet, after all, I have had many relentings, and many reflections upon some parts of my conduct; as well as fears lest the Lord should blast me in the future part of my life: for though I have never, to this day, thought *the thing itself* to be wrong, yet I have, upon review, seen a great deal of vanity mixing itself in my motives, and a great deal of folly in some parts of my conduct, for all which I desire to be ashamed.

“Since my removal hither, I have found much outgoing of heart for the welfare of Christ’s kingdom, particularly in this part of Zion. When repeatedly requested to take this office upon me, I have not been without my fears; and, might I have indulged that sort of feeling, I suppose I should not have accepted their invitation for the present. But I wish to attend to the voice of *duty*. Duty seemed to call for my compliance. I therefore applied for, and received, a dismissal from the church at Soham to the church at Kettering; and have resigned myself up, to serve them in the Lord. I wish it may be for the glory of Christ and their good; though, I must own, the pleasure of this day is marred to me, because a union with the one church cannot be effected but by a disunion of the other.”

In another letter he says: “How deep are the designs of

Providence! 'Too deep to sound with mortal line.' Since I have been here, I have had various exercises of mind; but the state of the church at Soham has lain nearest of anything. Such has been the union of affection between them and me, that I suppose no events in time, and I hope none in eternity, will ever dissolve it. This, I know, some would think to be scarcely reconcilable with my conduct in leaving them; but, however it may appear, so it is. I can truly say, 'Who among them is afflicted, and I burn not?' My earnest prayers have been in their calamity. I have not yet seen any reason to repent of what I have done. The Lord, I think, has been with me hitherto, in my work and in my private retirements. But alas! poor people, they are destitute! This, after all, wounds me. Oh may He whose name is Jehovah-jireh see and provide for them! I trust in God they will be provided for. I hear that they keep together, and are in a good spirit. The Lord, who loves His cause better than we can, will not suffer, I think, people of such a spirit to fall to the ground. I have many other things to say to you; but I trust shortly to see you. Meanwhile, farewell. The Lord be with you!"

These are the first extracts from Mr. Fuller's letters, though many more will be given before the Memoir closes. The reader will not fail to notice how fully they reveal the character of the writer. Perhaps it would be difficult in any remains to find letters more worthy of perusal. There is no great brilliance in them,—no sparkling points or laboured antithesis,—no effort at letter-writing; but they possess a fulness of feeling, a wisdom and a strength, and sometimes even a power of humour, that, no matter how incidental the occasion which called them forth, seldom fails to communicate itself to the reader. If ever they should be collected in a volume, they will do more to bring Mr. Fuller's true character into prominence than the most carefully written memoir.

The year before he left Soham, Mr. Fuller had married

Sarah Gardiner, a member of the church at Soham. She appears to have had a meek and gentle temper, and while she lived, quietly but worthily filled up her place, a solace to her husband in his many sorrows, and a helpmeet in his work. Her mind, so peaceful in its short activity, was tormented at its close by a fearful visitation.

The sad eclipse cast a shadow on her husband's life, which well-nigh overwhelmed it.

Mr. Fuller left Soham with his mind calmly and firmly established in those truths with which his name is associated. His time of apprenticeship may be said to have been over; for though things both old and new were still drawn from the treasury, his opinions did not materially alter. He went to a wider sphere with a soul in full sympathy with the great message of salvation to a guilty world, and doctrinal views slowly harmonising with it;—a sympathy that ere long extended beyond the boundaries even of his “wider sphere,” and is felt even now “far over land and sea.”



CHAPTER III.

REMOVAL TO KETTERING.

DURING the first two years of Mr. Fuller's residence at Kettering, his time was taken up in the usual engagements of ministerial life. There was the same tender interest in the affairs of his flock that we have already found at Soham, and the same earnest desire to serve his Master.

Yet even during these two years of quiet labour there are incidents and reflections that point onwards to the great labour of his life. We must remember, in looking at them, that he was unconscious that any such enterprise would be committed to his care. So much so, that when, afterwards,

his help was challenged by the eager earnestness of Mr. Carey, he at first kept back from hearty co-operation. Yet from the time he had made up his mind to the one great truth, that salvation was to be preached to all men, how clear is the preparation that was going on ! A more wonderful chapter in the history of Providence it would be hard to read ;—not wonderful in startling events, but in the way in which everything contributed to open up the channel along which his life and work was to flow. His new associations at Kettering, his course of reading, the directions of his secret meditations,—all move forward to the gathering at Kettering, when the Baptist Missionary Society was formed.

The Association of Baptist churches to which Kettering belonged at that time, spread over several neighbouring counties, so that Mr. Fuller's removal brought him into contact with many brethren and churches. If ever the value of what amount of collective life we have as a denomination has been shown, it was at that time in our history. The most marked results followed the collision of thought and feeling which it produced. We may depend upon it, it will be a bad day for us when we find out that all Associations are useless, and settle down into cold isolation. The immediate practical good may be difficult to realize, but when many pages of their history are written, and read in the broad light of contemporary events, we shall find they have not been without rich results.

Some of the brethren in this Association had been reading a pamphlet of President Edwards's on the importance of general union in prayer for the revival of true religion. "Read to our friends," says Andrew Fuller, in a portion of his Diary, "a part of Mr. Edwards's attempt to promote prayer for the revival of true religion, to excite them to a like practice. Felt my heart profited and much solemnized by what I read." It does not appear whether he introduced this matter to the Association ; but it seems to have been discussed at a meeting at Nottingham, and that he had appended

an exhortation to the same effect to a sermon which he had published on "Walking by Faith." A resolution was passed recommending the setting apart of the first Monday evening in every month for prayer for the extension of the Gospel. These services were the commencement of the well-known missionary prayer-meetings of modern days. They met, then, when the stillness of death rested upon the churches, and no voice was heard crying in the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord," but now a thousand labourers in all parts of the earth are commended to the keeping of the "King of kings." These gatherings may very often be found profitless and formal, but let it be remembered that from that day their succession has been unbroken. The voice of prayer awoke the zeal it still feeds!

We must not omit to mention that the ministerial communion of these two years brought Mr. Fuller into contact with a young man whose brilliant powers and commanding genius were already making themselves known to the world. The staid divine and grave thinker, whose training had been kept within the boundary marked by his religious career, was not a little startled, perhaps a little alarmed, at the eloquent young preacher drawing his illustrations from every realm of knowledge, and asserting a fellowship of faith and philosophy that had little place in the pulpit instruction of that day. A mark of his impression is found in his Diary, under date May 7th, 1784: "Heard Mr. Robert Hall, jun., from 'He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow.' Felt very solemn in hearing parts of it. The Lord keep that young man." The next day: "Conversation with Robert Hall on various subjects. Some tenderness and earnestness in prayer after his departure." And so the prayers of the grave, tender-hearted servant of Christ, followed the young preacher in the fulness of his power, as he traversed paths unknown to the petitioner; paths full of danger, yet full also of possible triumph. Those prayers were answered! No cloud save that of bodily pain dimmed

the splendour of those powers, mellowing with advancing years. The homage of statesmen and philosophers never marred that humility that shone with meek peacefulness, in one who lived as if he were "less than the least of all saints," while the eyes of many lands were turned upon him.

Meanwhile his reading and meditation are also preparing the way for "The Gospel worthy of all Acceptation." Two months after the last extract, he writes : "Read a poem by John Scott, Esq., on the cruelties of the English at the East Indies, causing artificial famine, &c. My heart felt most earnest desires that Christ's kingdom might come, when all these cruelties shall cease. Oh for the time when neither the sceptre of oppression nor the heathen superstition shall have any sway over them ! Lord Jesus, set up Thy glorious and peaceful kingdom all over the world. Found earnest desires this morning in prayer that God would hear the right as to them, and hear our prayers, in which the churches agree to unite *for the spread of Christ's kingdom*. On the 15th, wrote a few thoughts on the desirableness of the coming of Christ's kingdom."

At one of the Association meetings already alluded to, Mr. Fuller preached a sermon which produced a remarkable effect, and was afterwards published. This sermon has some remarkable passages in it, revealing the working of the preacher's mind at the time. The reader's attention is the more earnestly directed to it, because in a "History of the Baptist Missionary Society," by the late excellent Dr. Cox, these workings in the mind of Mr. Fuller are utterly ignored. He is represented as almost dragged into the matter by the persuasions of Mr. Carey. It is true, indeed, that in bringing the matter to a direct issue, Carey was first and foremost, yet it will be hereafter shewn that Carey himself was strongly influenced by the spirit of Mr. Fuller's sermon and another publication to be referred to directly. The writer of this Memoir has adopted no theory for the sake of giving unity to his work, but after examining carefully Mr. Fuller's

writings he is forced to the conclusion that his early life was one solemn preparation for the missionary work. You cannot open a page of his Diary without finding some anxious aspiration after it. Let the reader peruse the following extract from the sermon just mentioned, and remember that it was preached *eight years* before the establishment of the mission. Some of these lines burn with the promise of the work which was so soon to be undertaken. When we further call to mind that all this time the writer was unconscious "whereunto the matter would grow," the hand of Almighty God becomes more clearly visible. After giving some illustrations of the power of faith, as exercised in prayer, when the church was low in estate, he goes on to say :—

"This may encourage and direct us in larger concerns ; concerns which respect the *whole interest of Christ* in the world. If we compare the present state of things, or even the past, with the glorious prophecies of the Word of God, we cannot think, surely, that all is yet accomplished. By these prophecies the Christian church is encouraged to look for great things at some period or other of her existence. She is taught to look for a time when 'the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea;' when 'a nation shall be born at once;' when 'the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of His Christ;' and He 'shall reign from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth.' But surely, for the present, though great things, upon the whole, have been done in the world, yet nothing like this has ever come to pass. Instead of the world being conquered, what a great part yet continues to stand out against Him ! Heathenism, Mahomedism, popery, and infidelity,—how extensive still their influence ! In all probability not a single country, city, town, village, or congregation has ever yet been brought wholly to submit to Christ ! Nay, is it not very rare to find, in any one of these, so many real friends as to make even a

majority in His favour? May not the Christian church then, for the present, adopt that language, 'We have been with child; we have, as it were, brought forth wind, we have not wrought any deliverance in the earth, neither have the inhabitants of the world fallen'? What, then, shall we despair? God forbid! 'The vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak, and not lie: though it tarry, wait for it, because it will surely come, it will not tarry;' and, meanwhile, 'the just shall live by faith.'

"Let us take encouragement, in the present day of small things, by looking forward, and hoping for better days. Let this be attended with *earnest* and *united prayer* to Him by whom Jacob must rise. A life of faith will ever be a life of prayer. O brethren, let us pray much for an outpouring of God's Spirit upon our ministers and churches, and not upon those only of our own connexion and denomination, but upon 'all that in every place call upon the name of Jesus Christ our Lord, both theirs and ours.' Could we but heartily unite to make a real earnest effort, there is reason to hope that great good might follow. Whenever those glorious outpourings of God's Spirit shall come all over the whole world, no doubt it will be in answer to the prayers of His people. But suppose we should never live to see those days, still our labour shall not have been vain in the Lord. To say the least of it, God would have been glorified, and that would be no small matter. It would at least convey this piece of intelligence to the world, that God had yet some hearty friends in it, who continued to pray to Him in the darkest times. And if, as in the case of David's building the house, He is not pleased to grant our requests, yet He will take it well at our hands; and who can be said to have lost his labour, who obtains the approbation of his God?

"*But this is not all; our petitions may prove like seed in the earth, that shall not perish, though it may not spring up in our days.* The prophets laboured, and the apostles entered into their labours; and what, if we should be the sowers and

our posterity the reapers; shall we think much of this? Perhaps as great an honour, at the last day, may attend Isaiah, who hardly knew who had believed his report, as Peter, by whose sermons thousands were converted in an hour. Neither is this all: there are different degrees of prosperity bestowed upon different parts of Zion, and these favours are often granted to those particular communities where ardent prayer, love, and holiness most prevail. Add to this, the prosperity of our own souls is generally connected with an earnest pursuit of God's glory and Christ's kingdom. Consolation, like reputation, will not do to be sought directly for its own sake. In that case it will flee from us. But let us first seek the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things will be added unto us. One great reason, perhaps, why so many Christians go destitute of comfort is, because they care so little about anything else; God, therefore, justly withholds it from them. *If they were more to seek His glory, and the extending of His kingdom in the world, they would find consolation come of its own accord.* He that cannot lie, when speaking of His own church, hath said, '*They shall prosper that love thee.*'"

The publication of this sermon, and the gatherings for prayer, did much to unite the hearts of the ministers, and fit them to share still greater labours. "The Gospel worthy of all Acceptation," which was published soon afterwards, did just the same for the world at large. By this eminently pointed and practical treatise, the minds of men were directed just at the right time to the theme of which it treated. True, many were unconvinced, and it gave occasion to much controversy, but the agitation of thought was the beginning of truth.

The treatise set forth the duty of all men cordially to receive the message of the Gospel. It may be said to have been built on a double foundation. First and foremost, it set forth the plain declarations of the Divine word, referred to before, in describing the *formation* of his views on

these subjects. Then, secondly, it was shown that the nature of man, as it stood in relation to these obligations, was not out of harmony with a full responsibility for his belief. In answer to the objection that, apart from the grace of God bestowed upon him, man was *unable* to receive the Saviour, Mr. Fuller maintained "that his inability was moral, and not actual or physical; in other words, that the inability ascribed to man with respect to believing arose from the aversion of the heart,—in a sense he *can*, but *will not come to Christ*. 'Ye will not come unto me, that ye may have life.' This admitted, the obligation to believe remains in full force, but if the inability had been natural and physical, it was clearly swept away. As, for instance, if we should say of a *dumb* man, he would not speak, no obligation to utter sound could rest upon him; but if such silence were the result of any powerful passion, we should describe his inability as moral, and so hold him accountable."

If it were objected that this universal obligation to receive the Gospel was inconsistent with the doctrine that believers are made such by the power of the Spirit, and that this Spirit was narrowed in its effectual operations to those who are predestinated by His grace, Mr. Fuller replies: "There is no dispute about the doctrine of election, or any of the discriminating doctrines of grace. They are allowed on both sides; and it is granted that none ever did or ever will believe in Christ but those who are chosen of God from eternity. The question does not turn upon what are the causes of damnation. No man is an unbeliever, but because he will be so; and every man *is not* an unbeliever, because the grace of God conquers some, changeth their hearts, and leads them to Christ. God's Word, and not His secret purpose, is the rule of our conduct."

These positions are maintained in three parts. The first explains the subject; the second argues it; and the third anticipates objections. The treatise is distinguished by a calm, full, and clear statement of the whole question. Per-

haps the most noticeable feature of the book is its patience. There is none of the heat which so often distinguishes polemical writing; the arguments are slowly and quietly advanced, and the conclusions drawn with great fairness. The controversial aspects of the subject are little cared for *as such*, but there is a deep concern to impress soul-saving truths upon the reader. The style conveys admirably the meaning of the writer. Though severely simple, the point and vigour always save it from dulness. The illustrations, not unfrequently used, although not brilliant pictures, are so easily and naturally employed as greatly to help the elucidation of the subject. If it be a correct definition of true teaching that it is the conveyance of a thought from one mind to another, so that it may *grow* there, Andrew Fuller's writings certainly deserve that description, for they ever suggest more than they state.

It will be readily imagined that such views, enforced at such a time, would provoke discussion and controversy; accordingly four or five champions quickly entered the lists. Controversy was, however, never desired by the author. "O peace!" he exclaims, "thou most valuable jewel. The Lord grant I may never enter the polemical lists!" "Many misgivings of heart," he says humbly, "about engaging in defence of what I esteem truth, lest the cause of Christ should be injured through me. Surely, if I did not believe that, in defence of which I write, important truth, I would hide my head in obscurity all my life."

The views of Mr. Fuller were opposed in two opposite directions. The ultra-Calvinists, with Mr. Button as their champion, assailed his position as incompatible with the doctrine of predestination; while the Arminians, led by Philanthropos (Mr. Dan Taylor), agreeing with the greater portion of the treatise, declared its moderate Calvinism to be fatal to the main argument. A third antagonist appeared in Scotland, in the person of Mr. Mc Lean, whose keen and ingenious criticisms proceeded on the assumption that

faith in the Saviour was a purely intellectual exercise,—an opinion zealously and ably propagated in the North by Mr. Sandeman.

If the original treatise calls forth our admiration for its simplicity and clearness, these replies have a piquancy and power scarcely excelled in controversial writing. With calm strength, fallacy after fallacy is exposed, with sharp home-thrusts at manifold inconsistencies and misrepresentations. The eager attacks of his opponents, while they called for a watchful and prompt defence, enabled him more clearly to set forth the points of agreement and difference with both their systems. While, however, it had this advantage, it was not without its drawbacks. It is impossible not to admire the quick-witted writing on the Arminian side, which in spirit and clearness far exceeded that of Mr. Button, yet it is hard to give it any higher praise than that of great ingenuity. Consequently it scarcely needed any other quality to follow it. Mr. Fuller's metaphysical reading was almost confined to the writings of Jonathan Edwards, whose works are characterised by great yet most unsatisfying subtlety. It appears to the writer, and he offers his judgment with sincere diffidence, that the metaphysical part of these controversies, or the reasonings from the nature of things, are the least conclusive. While nothing can exceed the manly candour and strength with which Mr. Fuller maintains his belief, on the one side, in the full accountability of man; and on the other, in the sovereign grace of God; the clearness with which he marshals his texts from Scripture, and the wisdom and fairness with which he generalises; yet, when he is following his opponents into their metaphysical subtleties, the limited range of his reading is constantly apparent.

The position maintained by Mr. Button, on the Calvinistic side, is not difficult to describe. He did not deny that God claimed obedience of all men, but this was an obedience of an external kind. All matters that belonged to "spiritual

illumination," and the exercise of faith in Christ, could not, he maintained, be classed under the category of duty or obligation. The reader will scarcely be prepared to learn the extent to which this view was carried. Such passages as, "Put your trust in the Lord," are explained as a "natural duty," having no concern with "evangelical trust." When Mr. Fuller quotes the second Psalm, "Kiss the Son, lest He be angry," Mr. Button replies, that kissing is not a spiritual act, but is nothing more than a token of allegiance. He even admitted that everything "*that man was, in a state of innocence, might be required of him,*" and, therefore, was within his power, and yet all of it have nothing to do with salvation. Such obligations might rest on a doomed man: he might toil his way back to the gates of Paradise, and yet have no power whatever even to breathe the prayer for salvation through Christ!

This, Mr. Button truly declared, was placing man lower in the scale of being than Mr. Fuller's system. On which Mr. Fuller remarks, with caustic power: "It is true Mr. B. does lay man lower than we do; but it is observable that, so far as this is the case, it is not in the character of a *sinner*, but of a *creature of God*, and not on account of what God has made him; and if this is the way in which we are to be humbled, it might be done still more effectually if we were reduced to the condition of a stock or a stone."

All the invitations addressed by the Saviour to sinful man, Mr. Button limits according to the system of his school, referring them to what are called "sensible sinners." Mr. Fuller thus describes and ably refutes his position:—

"Mr. B. thinks, it seems, that the declaration, 'Whosoever will, let him come,' is not indefinite, but limited, and so is not a warrant for any sinner to come to Jesus Christ. 'All,' says he, 'have not a *will*; therefore it is not a warrant for every man,'—p. 46. That multitudes of men are unwilling to forego self-will, self-conceit, and self-righteousness, and to venture their souls wholly upon the Lord Jesus, is a melan-

choly fact; but to conclude *thence* that they have no warrant so to do is a very extraordinary species of reasoning. If 'whosoever will, let him come' be not an indefinite mode of expression, Mr. B. should have pointed out what sort of language should have been used for such a purpose.

"A generous benefactor, in the hard season of the year, procures a quantity of provisions to be distributed amongst the poor of a country village. He orders public notice to be given that EVERY POOR MAN WHO IS WILLING TO RECEIVE IT SHALL IN NO WISE MEET WITH A REFUSAL. A number of the inhabitants, however, are not only poor, but proud, and *cannot* find in their hearts to unite with the miserable throng in receiving an alms. Query, Would it be just for such inhabitants to allege that they had no *warrant* to apply, or that the declaration was limited, seeing it extended only to such as were *willing*; and, for their parts, they were *unwilling*? If it were expedient to give such objectors a serious answer, they might be asked, In what language could the donor have expressed himself to have rendered his declaration more indefinite?"

On the Arminian side, Philanthropos maintained that the distinction made by Edwards and Mr. Fuller between moral and natural inability would not bear the weight of his argument. The strain of his reasoning was somewhat as follows:—"Whatever you call the inability, it is inability still: your 'will not' amounts to a 'cannot;' for you admit it is total and invincible, except by 'the grace of God,' which grace is only given to a few. If, therefore, you desire by it to make man accountable for his rejection of the Gospel, although he may receive no spiritual illumination, you do not give him enough. You but give him a power which is only a name; you bring him into the world with palsied faculties, which nothing has been ever known to remedy, but that which he cannot possess." That Mr. Fuller at least did not shirk these difficulties, but looked them fairly in the face, will be seen from the following extract:—

“ ‘According to my principles,’ I am told, ‘men’s moral inability is *invincible*,’—p. 68. If I have used that term in the former treatise or the present, it is for want of a better. It is easy to see that my principles do not so much maintain that the moral inability of men is such as to render all their attempts to overcome it vain, as that sin hath such a dominion in their heart as to *prevent any real attempts* of that nature being made. If a whole country were possessed by a foreign enemy, and all its posts and avenues occupied by his forces, and all the inhabitants dead that so much as wished to oppose him; in that case, to say his power was become invincible by any opposition *from that country* would hardly be proper, seeing all opposition *there* is subdued, and all the country are of one side. *Invincible* is a relative term, and supposes an opposition made, though made in vain. But moral inability is of such a nature, where it *totally* prevails, as to prevent all real and direct opposition being made. It is the same thing as for the ‘hearts of the sons of men’ to be ‘*fully* set in them to do evil’—to be ‘*full of evil* while they live;’ for ‘every imagination of the heart’ to be ‘*only evil*, and that continually.’ Now if we say this moral indisposition is invincible, it is for the want of a better term. What we affirm is this, rather: that, suppose it very conquerable, there is nothing of real good in the sinner’s heart to conquer it. If sin is conquered by any efforts of ours, it must be by such as are *voluntary*. It is not enough that we be ‘rational beings,’ and that conscience suggests to us what we ought to be (p. 66); we must *choose* to go about it, and that in good earnest, or we shall never effect it. But where the thoughts of the *heart* are only evil, and that continually, it is supposing a plain contradiction to suppose ourselves the subjects of any such volition or desire.”

Philanthropos declared that all men are enlightened by the Spirit, and that the difference between the saint and sinner is made by the one receiving, and the other rejecting, the mercy of Christ. So that the ultimate decision was

referred to the will of the recipient. If it were objected that this made his salvation his own act, it was replied: "There is no self-righteousness implied in *receiving a gift* of free grace; that such a charge might be correct, if it had been procured; and, further, that the guilt of rejection, which all admit, virtually refers the choice, one way or other, to the will." On this matter, Mr. Fuller writes, not without a generous feeling, to his opponent:—

"That there is a *difference* between believers and unbelievers all will allow; but if the question be asked, '*Who maketh thee to differ?*' what must be the answer? If the scheme of P. be true, I should think it must be a person's *own self*, and *not God*. If he reply, 'No, I do not maintain that man *of himself* can do anything spiritually good; it is all by the *grace* of God.' Be it so: this grace is supposed to be given indiscriminately to mankind in general. This, therefore, does not in the least alter the case. However the grace of God may be a *remote* cause of the good that is in me, yet it is easy to see that, upon this supposition, it is no cause whatever of the *difference* between me and another. My unbelieving neighbour had, or might have had, as much grace given him as I, but either he did not ask it, or did not improve the stock imparted to him which I did. He resisted the Holy Spirit; but I was of a pliable temper, and yielded to His persuasions. I have, therefore, by a good improvement of the grace given or offered to me in common with my neighbour, to all intents and purposes made myself to differ. But who am I personating?—Philanthropos?—No, surely! It is the language of his creed, not of him: no, no, whatever may escape from the lip or the pen, his *heart* must unite with ours, 'NOT UNTO US, O LORD, NOT UNTO US, BUT TO THY NAME GIVE GLORY!'"

The reader will remember how Jonathan Edwards attempts to show that the will itself is moved by a chain of causes in the shape of prevailing motives, and, by arguing from the nature of things, seeks to rob the will of all independent

power. Like many philosophers, however, he is more formidable in attacking the freedom of the will than in building up his own theory of its impotence; for if his reasoning be correct, there must be an infinite series of motives, which is in itself a contradiction; or else, where this set of influences from without have their rise, there must be some independent *power of choice to give them their bias*. So that, if we refer back to that which influences the will, we after all must find its action somewhere, in making these influences what they are. It may be conceded, on the other hand, that a difficulty equally formidable encounters the philosopher who attempts to reason out the full liberty of man. For on that side man is lost in the mystery of "absolute commencement;" while, on the other, he has proved an "infinitely dependent succession."

The discussion on either side has at least shewn the problem to be insoluble. It is, at least, one of the great uses of all such investigations, that they have done much to fix what is comprehensible by the exercise of the reasoning powers. It has been well said that there are two conceivable ways in which philosophic research may help us in our attempts to understand God's sovereignty and man's freedom: either, first, through a comprehensible resolution of their apparent contradictions; or, second, through a demonstration that the apparent contradictions result from the very finitude of human knowledge, and that a finite intelligence must be content to live for ever satisfied with this incomprehensible and merely negative solution. The profound and interesting discussions of the last few years, in which Sir William Hamilton, his accomplished successor, and Mr. Mosley, have taken part, have led most men to be content with the latter alternative.

A third opponent to Mr. Fuller appeared in one Dr. Withers, who announced his approach with a flourish of trumpets. "Some exercise of mind this week through an advertisement of Dr. Withers's, in which he threatens to

reduce my late publication to dust. I wish I may be kept in a right spirit. I find myself, in seeing what I have hitherto seen, much subject to a spirit of contempt; but I wish not to indulge too much of that temper. Doubtless I am wrong in some things. I wish I may be all along open to conviction. I found some desires go up to heaven for such a spirit as this. Some tremor of mind in hearing that Dr. Withers's book is in the press." When the book appeared, Mr. Fuller took no notice of it, except in a raking foot-note in another edition of his treatise.

Besides these *public* opponents, he was regarded by many of his brethren as a sad heretic. A neighbouring minister, after having begged a sight of his manuscript, returned it with a most abusive letter, concluding with the following complimentary sentence:—" *Time was when no such calf would ever have been suffered to be born or nourished at the little meeting at Kettering.*" The reader may smile at this style of controversy, but it was a decided step in advance of the Reformation and Puritan discussions. Luther called Calvin a pig; and even John Milton thus writes to Salmasius: "Have you the impudence, you rogue, to talk at this rate of the acts and decrees of the chief magistrates of a nation?" John Bunyan, the divine dreamer, boldly advanced his creed on the matter of strong English. Writing to the Bishop of Gloucester, he says: "It cannot be worth our while to lay out any considerable matter of our heat, either for or against doubtful opinions, alterable modes, rites and circumstances of religion. It would be like apes blowing at a glow-worm, which affords neither light nor warmth." Yet the moderate supply of heat he brought to bear upon the bishop, involved such appellations as a "brutish man;" a "clambering thief;" an "eel at an angle."

Classing all such opponents with the one just noticed, Mr. Fuller writes: "Should any number of persons, instead of seriously attending to reason, take fire, call names, and set their churches in a flame; and should they after this upbraid

me with having stirred up division in the churches,—for all, or any of this, I hope I shall never be thought accountable.”

In this place may be noticed the strictures on Sandemanianism, in twelve letters to a friend. Though these letters were not published till some years afterwards, the reader will perceive their relation to “The Gospel worthy of all Acceptation.” At the same time, he will readily see that any immediate reply to his brother critics was a matter of small importance. They could not be regarded as seriously affecting the real purpose of his book or interfering with its true work.

Mr. Sandeman and Mr. McLean maintained the opinion that faith in Christ was a mere intellectual exercise—the “bare belief in the bare truth.” “Every one,” says Mr. Sandeman, “who obtains a just notion of the person and work of Christ, or whose notion corresponds to what is testified of Him, is justified, and finds peace with God simply through that notion.” Mr. Sandeman further maintained that the mind was utterly passive in its belief: it was simply the subject of irresistible evidence. He therefore set himself against all exhortations, warnings, and expostulations with the sinner to believe in Christ. If asked what he would say to the ungodly, he replies: “I would tell him to the best of my belief what the Gospel said about Christ. If he still doubted, I would set before him all the evidence furnished me by the same Gospel. Thus, and thus only, would I press, call, or invite him to believe.” It must be said, in justice, that Mr. McLean, while enforcing Mr. Sandeman’s opinion, did not regard the mind as passive, but active, in its reception of the truth. The sinner might, therefore, *seek* to believe. It should, however, be remembered that, though these writers thus stripped faith of all moral or spiritual accessories, they believed that love and all other graces would follow in its track.

Mr. McLean, and Mr. Sandeman likewise, were driven to maintain that sin was “simple ignorance,”—an opinion thus

ably encountered by Mr. Fuller: "That voluntary blindness," he says, "renders sinners estranged from God, I can easily understand: nor am I at any loss to conceive of its being 'that by which Satan reigns and maintains his power over the minds of men;' but I do not perceive in any of these facts the proof of an evil disposition, having its origin in ignorance. Two friends, whom I will call Matthew and Mark, were one evening conversing on this subject, when the following sentiments were exchanged:—'All sin,' said Matthew, 'arises from ignorance.' 'Do you think, then,' said Mark, 'that God will condemn men for what is owing to a want of natural capacity?' 'Oh, no,' said Matthew; 'it is a *voluntary* ignorance to which I refer,—a *not liking* to retain God in their knowledge.' 'Then,' said Mark, 'you reason in a circle; your argument amounts to this, All sin arises from ignorance, and this ignorance arises from sin, or, which is the same thing, from aversion to the light!'"

It is needless to follow Mr. Fuller through his answers to these various positions. It must suffice to say, that these twelve letters are equal in force and point to any of his controversial writings. He compared their views with the Scripture statement, that repentance is needed before forgiveness, and with the general tenour of the Divine exhortations. The consequences of these errors, as they related to the responsibilities of man, are searchingly set forth. One cannot help mourning that so many pages should be wasted over mere word-catching problems and verbal quibbles. Mr. Sandeman, however, attached immense importance to his discoveries, and called the works of the elder Puritans "devout paths to hell." There is no contest so fruitless as that which disputes concerning the priority of those powers or graces, with which the soul holds fellowship with God. Mr. McLean was terribly afraid lest Mr. Fuller, by giving faith a spiritual character, should affirm that a man had some spiritual good in him before he believed, and then afraid lest there should be any love that was not founded on

a clear perception of evidence. Surely, in the soul's first spiritual exercises, there is the germ of all these graces; and the man trifles about heavenly things who worries his brain as to which finds an entrance first.

Before passing from this book, and the controversies it evoked, let us not forget the effect it had upon his own mind and its spiritual work in the church. As we read his Diary during the time this treatise was preparing for the press, and the storm which followed was raging, we are struck with the humble desires to know the truth, and to defend it becomingly, which he uttered before God; and yet more with the renewed tenderness it gave to his ministry. The Gospel was "worthy of all acceptance,"—then it was worthy the acceptance of those who were still far from God in his own congregation. It was the duty of all to embrace it; it was *their* duty, and *he* was their ambassador to proclaim it to them. But oh! how easy to lose sight of this home aspect of the truth in the bitterness of polemical strife. Let the reader read the following extracts from his Diary, and rejoice he was *himself* moved to renewed devotedness by the grand truths he had enunciated: "*August 20, 1784.* Many misgivings of heart about engaging in defence of what I esteem truth, lest the cause of Christ should be injured through me. Surely, if I did not believe *that*, in defence of which I write, to be *important* truth, I would hide my head in obscurity all my days. *21st.* The Lord direct my way in publishing. Assuredly He knows my end is to vindicate the excellence of His character, and His worthiness of being loved and credited. *23rd.* The weight of publishing still lies upon me. I expect a great share of unhappiness through it. I had certainly much rather go through the world in peace, did I not consider this step as my duty. I feel a jealousy of myself, lest I should not be endued with meekness and patience sufficient for controversy. The Lord keep me! I wish to suspect my own spirit, and go forth leaning on Him for strength. *31st.* Preached this afternoon on the *dimen-*

sions of the love of Christ. Great delight at the Lord's Supper. Oh to know more of, and live upon, Christ! He must be our daily bread. Sweet pleasure to-night. Can hardly forbear singing as I go about,

““Oh! for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break.””

Its effects on the church at large, altogether apart from the discussions it evoked, must not be overlooked. It was a page in the great missionary story. Many who were afterwards engaged with him in the great work of his life, felt its power, and openly acknowledged their obligation. Following pages will show how it found its way to one servant of God, then preparing by other training to engage in the same work. Meanwhile we must turn aside and find Andrew Fuller overwhelmed with home sorrows, yet made strong in them by the same grace that had equipped him for battle.



CHAPTER IV.

HOME SORROWS.

MANY men who have gained their laurels at public work, have won the greenest in their homes. Most beautiful is it to see men who have much to do with public affairs not unmindful of “home life” and “childward care,” and performing all daily duties with tenderness and grace. John Bunyan, making his tags and blessing his blind child, was as great a man, surely, in the eyes of the “*throng supernal*,” as when he was writing his wonderful dream.

Andrew Fuller had a little child, somewhat under six years of age, whose feeble health was a source of great anxiety to her parents. She appears at that early age to

have gone for change of air to the house of Dr. Ryland, at Northampton. The first notice of her short history is given in Mr. Fuller's Diary, when he fetches her home from that city. Riding with his little one, he glances every now and then at her pale face and ill looks, and a shudder comes over his strong frame. There is some sad prophecy there of a deep shadow soon to fall upon his home. If he should lose her, it is inconceivable that he should sustain the shock. Then, what would be the future of his little child's soul? He has been writing and feeling very much lately on accountability to God. Is she too young to give an account of the light shed upon her infant years? At all events he must not fail to teach her of that love which is worthy of even a child's acceptance. So all the way home he tenderly discourses on eternal things to the little weak one, and ends with a fervent prayer to God for a blessing on his words.

On the following Wednesday evening, he goes into his study after service, and the darkness is still thick around him. He bends in prayer to God for resignation to His will. If he could but see the Saviour's image in his little child, he thinks he could bear the loss even of one of the "dear parts of himself." All the week he cannot escape from his sorrow. "Yet," exclaims he, "the Lord liveth, and blessed be my rock."

A few days afterwards the immediate disorder developed into an attack of measles, and the faint hope is cherished that the disease may be carried off by it, but it soon passes away. On the Sabbath he catechises the children, but the thought of his sick child haunts him all the while. "*Lord's day, March 19th,*" he writes, "was a distressing day to me. My concern for the loss of her body is but trifling compared with that of her soul. I preached and prayed much, from Matt. xv. 25, 'Lord, help me.' On Monday I carried her towards Northampton; was exceedingly distressed that night; went to prayer with a heart almost broken. Some

encouragement from conversation with dear Brother Ryland. I observed that ‘God had not bound Himself to hear the prayers of any one for the salvation of the soul of another.’ He replied, ‘But if He has not, yet He frequently *does* so; and hence, perhaps, though grace does not run in the *blood*, yet we frequently see it runs in the *line*. Many more of the children of God’s children are gracious than of others.’ I know neither I nor mine have any claim upon the Almighty for mercy; but as long as there is life, it shall be my business to implore His mercy towards her.”

“Methought I saw, on Tuesday (21), the vanity of all created good. I saw, if God were to cut off my poor child, and not to afford me some extraordinary support under the stroke, that I should be next to dead to the whole creation, and all creation dead to me. O that I were but thus dead, as Paul was, *by the cross of Christ!* My heart seems to be dissolved in earnest cries for mercy.”

With touching simplicity he relates how from her birth he had cherished earnest solicitude on her behalf. “At the time of her birth,” he says, “I committed her to God, as I trust I have done many times since. Once in particular, viewing her as she lay smiling in the cradle, at the age of eight months, my heart was much affected; I took her up in my arms, retired, and in that position wrestled hard with God for a blessing; at the same time offering her up, as it were, and solemnly presenting her to the Lord for acceptance. In this exercise I was greatly encouraged by the conduct of Christ toward those who brought little children in their arms to Him for His blessing.” Speaking of her residence a short time at Northampton, he adds: “During this fortnight I went two or three times to see her; and one evening, being with her alone, she asked me to pray for her. ‘What do you wish me to pray for, my dear?’ said I. She answered, ‘That God would bless me, and keep me, and save my soul.’ ‘Do you think, then, that you are a sinner?’ ‘Yes, father.’ Fearing lest she did not understand what she said, I asked

her, 'What is sin, my dear?' She answered, 'Telling a story.' I comprehended this, and it went to my heart. 'What, then,' I said, 'you remember, do you, my having corrected you once for telling a story?' 'Yes, father.' 'And are you grieved for having so offended God?' 'Yes, father.' I asked her if she did not try to pray herself. She answered, 'I sometimes try, but I do not know how to pray; I wish you would pray for me, till I can pray for myself.' As I continued to sit by her, she appeared much dejected. I asked her the reason. She said, 'I am afraid I should go to hell.' 'My dear,' said I, 'who told you so?' 'Nobody,' said she; 'but I know if I do not pray to the Lord, I must go to hell.' I then went to prayer with her, with many tears."

As the sickness brought her nearer to the grave, the tender care of her father abounded yet more and more. When at Northampton, Dr. Ryland composed a little hymn especially for her use. Her father used to carry her out into the fields, and she would repeat to him the lines of this now well-known hymn:—

"Lord, teach a little child to pray,
Thy grace betimes impart;
And grant Thy Holy Spirit may
Renew my youthful heart.

"A sinful creature I was born,
And from my birth have strayed;
I must be wretched and forlorn
Without Thy mercy's aid.

"But Christ can all my sins forgive,
And wash away their stain;
Can fit my soul with Him to live,
And in His kingdom reign.

"To Him let little children come,
For He has said they may;
His bosom then shall be their home,
Their tears He'll wipe away.

“For all who early seek His face,
Shall surely taste His love;
Jesus shall guide them by His grace,
To dwell with Him above.”

He would then talk with her upon the desirableness of dying, and being with Christ and with holy men and women, and with those children who cried, “Hosanna to the Son of God!” “Thus,” he says, “I tried to reconcile her, and myself with her, to death, without directly telling her she would die.” One day he steals gently to her bed, and repeats the holy words: “And they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat; but the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them unto living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.”

But he was unable to bear up against the strain of this continued anxiety; as it grew more apparent that his child's sickness was unto death, he fell ill, and was unable to be at her side. Nothing can exceed the touching tenderness of his account of her last hours: “On the *25th*, in particular, my distress,” he says, “seemed beyond measure. I lay before the Lord, weeping like David, and refusing to be comforted. This brought on, I have reason to think, a bilious cholic; a painful affliction it was, and the more so as it prevented my ever seeing my child alive again. Yes, she is gone! On Tuesday morning, *May 30th*, as I lay ill in bed in another room, I heard a whispering. I inquired, and all were silent!—all were silent!—but all is well. I feel reconciled to God. I called my family round my bed. I sat up, and prayed as well as I could; I bowed my head and worshipped a taking, as well as a giving God. *June 1st*. I just made a shift to get up to go and attend the funeral of my poor child. My dear Brother Ryland preached on the occasion from 2 Kings iv. 26,—‘It is well.’ I feel, in general, now, a degree of calm resignation. I think there is solid reason to hope that she has not lived in vain; and if she is but reared for God,

it matters not when she died. I feel a solid pleasure in reflecting on our own conduct in her education; we endeavoured to bring her up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and I trust our endeavours were not in vain. Her visit to Northampton, too, was blessed for her good; she has certainly discovered ever since great tenderness of conscience, and much of the fear of God; great regard for the worship of God, especially for the Lord's day; and great delight in reading, especially accounts of the conversion of some little children. But all is over now, and I am in a good degree satisfied.

"*3rd.* To-day I felt a sort of triumph over death. I went and stood on her grave with a great deal of composure! Returned and wrote some verses to her memory.

"*4th.* Had a good day in preaching on 'these light afflictions.' My mind seems very calm and serene, in respect of the child; but, alas! I feel the insufficiency of trouble, however heavy, to destroy or mortify sin. I have had sad experience of my own depravity, even while under the very rod of God!"

But the cup of his sorrow was not yet full. During his child's sickness, another had been born to him; so strangely "death and life are mixed." The circumstances attending this birth, amidst all the anguish of their watching over the little one whom God took from them, were too much to bear, and his beloved wife was seized with illness which led to distressing insanity, and ended in death. No biographer's words can add to the picture of his grief, as given in his own bitter lamentation:—

"*July 10th.* My family afflictions have almost overwhelmed me, and what is yet before me I know not! For about a month past the affliction of my dear companion has been extremely heavy. On reading the fourth chapter of Job this morning, the 3rd, 4th, and 5th verses affected me,—'My words have upholden many. Oh that now I am touched I may not faint!'

"*25th.* O my God, my soul is cast down within me. The

afflictions in my family seem too heavy for me. O Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me! My thoughts are broken off, and all my prospects seem to be perished! I feel, however, some support from such Scriptures as these: 'All things work together for good,' &c.—'God, even our own God, shall bless us.'—'It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed.' One of my friends observed, yesterday, that it was difficult in many cases to know wherefore God contended with us. But I thought that there was no difficulty of this kind with me. I have sinned against the Lord; and it is not a little affliction that will lay hold of me. Those words have impressed me of late: 'It was in my heart to chastise them.'"

In a letter to his father-in-law, he gives an affecting account of his wife's sickness and death:—

"Aug. 25, 1792.

"DEAR AND HONOURED FATHER,—You have heard, I suppose, before now, that my dear companion is no more! For about three months back our afflictions have been extremely heavy. About the beginning of June she was seized with hysterical affections, which, for a time, deprived her of her senses. In about a week, however, she recovered them, and seemed better; but soon relapsed again; and during the months of July and August, a very few intervals excepted, her mind has been constantly deranged. In this unhappy state, her attention has generally been turned upon some one object of distress; sometimes that she had lost her children; sometimes that she should lose me. For one whole day she hung about my neck, weeping; for that I was going to die and leave her! The next morning she still retained the same persuasion; but, instead of weeping for it, she rejoiced with exceeding joy. 'My husband,' said she, 'is going to heaven . . . and all is well!—I shall be provided for,' &c. Sometimes we were her worst enemies, and must not come near her; at other times she would speak

to me in the most endearing terms. Till very lately, she has been so very desirous of my company, that it has been with much difficulty that I have stolen away from her about two hours in the twenty-four, that I might ride out in the air, my health having been considerably impaired. But lately her mind took another turn, which to me was very afflictive. It is true she never ceased to love her husband. 'I have had,' she would say, 'as tender a husband as ever woman had; but you are not my husband!' She seemed for the last month really to have considered me as an impostor, who had entered the house and taken possession of the keys of every place, and of all that belonged to her and her husband. Poor soul! for the last month, as I said, this and other notions of the kind have rendered her more miserable than I am able to describe. She has been fully persuaded that she was *not at home*, but had wandered somewhere from it; had lost herself, and fallen among strangers. She constantly wanted to make her escape, on which account we were obliged to keep the doors locked, and to take away the keys. 'No,' she would say to me, with a countenance full of inexpressible anguish, 'this is not my home . . . you are not my husband . . . these are not my children. Once I had a good home . . . and a husband who loved me . . . and dear children . . . and kind friends . . . but where am I now? I am lost! I am ruined! What have I done? Oh! what have I done? Lord, have mercy upon me!' In this strain she would be frequently walking up and down, from room to room, bemoaning herself, without a tear to relieve her, wringing her hands, first looking upwards, then downwards, in all the attitudes of wild despair! You may form some conception what must have been my feelings to have been a spectator of all this anguish, and at the same time incapable of affording her the smallest relief.

"Though she seemed not to know the children about her, yet she had a keen and lively remembrance of those that

were taken away. One day, when I was gone out for the air, she went out of the house. The servant missing her, immediately followed, and found her in the graveyard, looking at the graves of her children. She said nothing; but, with a bitterness of soul, pointed the servant's eyes to the wall, where the name of one of them, who was buried in 1783, was cut in the stone. Then turning to the graves of the other children, in an agony, she with her foot struck off the long grass which had grown over the flat stones, and read the inscriptions with silent anguish, alternately looking at the servant and at the stones.

"About a fortnight before her death, she had one of the happiest intervals of any during the affliction. She had been lamenting on account of this *impostor* that was come into her house, and would not give her the keys. She tried for two hours to obtain them by force, in which time she exhausted all her own strength, and almost mine. Not being able to obtain her point, as I was necessarily obliged to resist her in this matter, she sat down and wept—threatening me that God would surely judge me for treating a poor helpless creature in such a manner! I also was overcome with grief: I wept with her. The sight of my tears seemed to awaken her recollection. With her eyes fixed upon me, she said . . . 'Why, are you *indeed* my husband?'—'Indeed, my dear, I am!'—'Oh if I thought you were, I could give you a thousand kisses!' '*Indeed*, my dear, I am your own dear husband!' She then seated herself upon my knee, and kissed me several times. My heart dissolved with a mixture of grief and joy. Her senses were restored, and she talked as rationally as ever. I then persuaded her to go to rest, and she slept well.

"About two o'clock in the morning she awoke, and conversed with me as rationally as ever she did in her life: said her poor head had been disordered; that she had given me a great deal of trouble, and feared she had injured my health; begged I would excuse all her hard thoughts and

speeches; and urged this as a consideration—‘Though I was set against you, yet I was not set against you as my *husband*.’ She desired I would ride out every day for the air; gave directions to the servant about her family; told her where this and that article were to be found, which she wanted; inquired after various family concerns, and how they had been conducted since she had been ill: and thus we continued talking together till morning.

“She continued much the same all the forenoon; was delighted with the conversation of Robert, whose heart also was delighted, as he said, to see his mother so well. ‘Robert,’ said she, ‘we shall not live together much longer.’—‘Yes, mother,’ replied the child, ‘I hope we shall live together for ever!’ Joy sparkled in her eyes at this answer: she stroked his head, and exclaimed, ‘Oh bless you, my dear! how came such a thought into your mind?’

“Towards noon she said to me, ‘We will dine together to-day, my dear, upstairs.’ We did so. But while we were at dinner, in a few minutes her senses were gone; nor did she ever recover them again. From this happy interval, however, I entertained hopes that her senses would return when she was delivered, and came to recover her strength.

“On Thursday, the 25th instant, she was delivered of a daughter, but was all day very restless, full of pain and misery; no return of reason, except that, from an aversion to me which she had so long entertained, she called me ‘my dear,’ and twice kissed me; said she ‘must die;’ and ‘let me die, my dear,’ said she, ‘let me die!’ Between nine and ten o’clock, as there seemed no immediate sign of a change, and being very weary, I went to rest; but about eleven was called up again, just time enough to witness the convulsive pangs of death, which in about ten minutes carried her off.

“Poor soul! what she often said is now true. She was not at *home*; I am not her husband; these are not her children. But she has found her home,—a home, a husband,

and a family better than these! It is the cup which my Father hath given me to drink, and shall I not drink it? Amidst all my afflictions I have much to be thankful for. I have reason to be thankful that, though her intellects were deranged, yet she never uttered any ill language, nor was ever disposed to do mischief to herself or others; and when she was at the worst, if I fell on my knees to prayer, she would instantly be still and attentive. I have also to be thankful that, though she has generally been afraid of *death* all her lifetime, yet that fear has been remarkably removed during the last half-year. While she retained her reason, she would sometimes express a willingness to live or to die, as it might please God; and, about five or six weeks ago, would now and then possess a short interval in which she would converse freely. One of our friends, who stayed at home with her on Lord's days, says that her conversation at those times would often turn on the poor and imperfect manner in which she had served the Lord, her desires to serve Him better, her grief to think that she had so much and so often sinned against Him. On one of these occasions she was wonderfully filled with joy on overhearing the congregation while they were singing over the chorus, 'Glory, honour, praise, and power,' &c. She seemed to catch the sacred spirit of the song.

"I mean to erect a stone to her memory, on which will probably be engraved the following lines:—

'The tender parent wails no more her loss,
Nor labours more beneath life's heavy load;
The anxious soul, released from fears and woes,
Has found her home, her children, and her God.'

"To all this I may add, that, perhaps, I have reason to be thankful for her removal. However the dissolution of such a union may affect my present feelings, it may be one of the greatest mercies both to her and to me. Had she continued in the same state of mind, which was not at all improbable, this, to all appearance, would have been a thousand times worse than death.

"The poor little infant is yet alive, and we call her name *Bathoni*; the same name, except the difference of sex, which Rachel gave to her last-born child. Mr. West preached a funeral sermon last night, at the interment, from 2 Cor. v. 1."

The reader will see that this letter bears the date of 1792, the very year the mission was formed. Up to the time of this great affliction, we have seen how all the events of his life seemed to tend to the work of this year. To us these sorrows may read like a break in the chain; but surely the link is there, though our eyes "are too dim to see it." There was no tenderness or chastened feeling which such sorrow could bring that was not needed in his holy employment. That touching tale of the death of "mother and child" may be read over and over again in the history of after years. In the tenderness of his letters to the missionaries, and in the daily surrender by which alone such toil could be endured, the sorrows of these years repeat themselves. If we had been fashioning his life, we might have said, when "The Gospel worthy of all Acceptation" had been written, and was doing its work in the church, "Now is the time to found the mission." But God had to write deeper things on the soul of His servant before He gave such an enterprise into his hands. "His ways are not our ways, or His thoughts our thoughts."

His relations to his family were sustained with much tenderness and some sternness. There was little confidential intercourse between him and his children; but his love welled forth even in his severity. The constant anxieties of his busy life no doubt stood in the way of a freer and more loving fellowship; but they had enough to cherish a love, perhaps the more full of reverence because there was little confiding familiarity in its exercise.

CHAPTER V.

THE SECRETARY'S MINUTE-BOOK.

AT the age of thirty-eight, Mr. Fuller commenced those great missionary labours which we may call "The Gospel worthy of all Acceptation" put to life, as it had been put to speech and paper. He had worked out a great result by patient thinking. In the second epoch of his life, he changes the instrument, but not the theme. What he had written and spoken, he set to the dull music of hard, grinding toil, and, until death, worked out the conception of his earlier years.

It remained for another, however, to draw the conclusions of which Mr. Fuller's writings were the premises. It was easy to see that if the Gospel was worthy of all acceptance, its acceptance ought to be pressed on all mankind. But though Mr. Fuller fell in with such a conclusion, it was not given to him to arrive at it, or at the first to urge its claims upon the church. "The origin of the mission," says Mr. Fuller, "is to be found in the workings of Brother Carey's mind." These workings were of just such an order as to bring to a practical issue the new principles that had been received by so many.

While yet a shoemaker, he was busy constructing maps of the world, and studying the geography of the countries and the habits of the various tribes. Already, moreover, he was holding communion with the nations through their tongues. His power of acquiring languages, and the little incidents that would start him in some new enterprise, are now familiar to all. He would learn a language sooner than most Englishmen would master the dialect of Yorkshire or Devonshire.

It has been frequently said that amidst all these dreams of other lands, he made but poor work at his shoemaking

and cobbling; and this common impression has been confirmed by a book of deservedly high authority in all that relates to the Serampore missionaries. His own words, however, emphatically contradict the report. It seems to have gained credence before his death, and in one of his letters home he declares that he was accounted both "a skilful and an honest workman."

He had not been unexercised by the questions which engaged the attention of Mr. Fuller. "The Gospel worthy of all Acceptation" came just at the right time to strengthen and confirm his own convictions. From the time he was possessed with the missionary idea, he never ceased to press it upon the attention of ministers and laymen with whom he came in contact. Passing through Birmingham, he had a conversation with a Mr. Potts on the subject. Singularly enough, he declared that if he had the opportunity he would commence missionary labours at Otaheite, in the South Seas—the very scene of the London Missionary Society's operations in later years.

Having been ordained minister of the village chapel at Moulton, in Northamptonshire, he came into nearer communion with that faithful band whose praise is now in all the churches. Ryland, of Northampton; Fuller, of Kettering; Sutcliffe, of Olney; Carey, of Moulton, were within easy distance of each other.

At a meeting of the Association, at Northampton, Mr. Carey, when pressed to propose a subject for discussion, submitted to the assembled brethren, "Whether the command given to the apostles to teach all nations was not obligatory on all succeeding ministers to the end of the world, seeing that the accompanying promise was of equal extent."

Without waiting for the judgment of the company, the senior minister, addressing him, said he "certainly ought to have known that nothing could be done before another Pentecost, when an effusion of miraculous gifts, including

the gift of tongues, would give effect to the commission of Christ as at first; and that he was a most miserable enthusiast for asking such a question!" To render the question still more memorable, it so happened, as if by a prophetic glance, that Mr. Carey's interlocutor made a direct allusion to the Eastern languages, and said, in the course of his sarcastic remarks: "What, Sir, can you preach in Arabic, in Persic, in Hindostani, in Bengalee, that you think it your duty to preach the Gospel to the heathen?"

There is no evidence that before this gathering Mr. Fuller had ever directly communicated with Mr. Carey on the subject of a mission to the heathen. After the senior minister just referred to had retired, Mr. Fuller drew near to him, offered his sympathy, and encouraged him to proceed in his inquiries.

Mr. Carey never lost sight of his object, but sought perpetually to engage the attention of his brother ministers. In the year 1790, he found his way to Birmingham, and unburdened his soul to Samuel Pearce, who entered into his views with characteristic ardour. Several members of the church at Birmingham shared their counsels, and urged Mr. Carey to prepare his "Thoughts" for publication. On his return to Northampton, he sought Mr. Fuller and two other brethren, and requested them to undertake the publication. Mr. Fuller, however, declined the task, though he still encouraged Mr. Carey to pursue the matter.

Though Mr. Fuller was thus slow in co-operating with his friend, he really contributed powerfully to the promotion of his desires. The next impulse which the movement received was from a sermon preached by him at Clipstone, in the year 1791, on the "Pernicious influence of delay in matters of religion." How thoroughly Mr. Fuller had now made up his mind to the whole work before him, will appear from the following striking passage, which it is impossible to forbear quoting. Let it be remembered that Mr. Carey was amongst the hearers. How eagerly would he listen to the enumera-

tion of his own long cherished desires, by the man whom, most of all, perhaps, he desired to influence. The preacher is actually assailing the very caution he has exercised, and with almost agonising earnestness pressing immediate action upon his audience. After deprecating delay because of the difficulties to be encountered, he proceeds :—

“Had Luther and his contemporaries acted upon this principle, they had never gone about the glorious work of the Reformation. When he saw the abominations of Popery, he might have said, These things ought not to be; but what can *I* do? If the chief-priests and rulers in different nations would but unite, something might be effected; but what can *I* do, an individual, and a poor man? I may render myself an object of persecution, or, which is worse, of universal contempt; and what good end will be answered by it? Had Luther reasoned thus—had he fancied that, because princes and prelates were not the first to engage in the good work, therefore the time was not yet come to build the house of the Lord—the house of the Lord, for anything he had done, might have lain waste to this day.

“Instead of waiting for the removal of difficulties, we ought, in many cases, to consider them as purposely laid in our way in order to try the sincerity of our religion. He who had all power in heaven and earth could not only have sent forth His apostles into all the world, but have so ordered it that all the world should treat them with kindness, and aid them in their mission; but, instead of that, He told them to lay their accounts with persecution and the loss of all things. This was no doubt to try their sincerity; and the difficulties laid in our way are equally designed to try ours.

“Let it be considered whether it is not owing to this principle that so few and so feeble efforts have been made for the propagation of the Gospel in the world. When the Lord Jesus commissioned His apostles, He commanded them to go and teach ‘all nations,’ to preach the Gospel to ‘every

creature;' and that, notwithstanding the difficulties and oppositions that would lie in the way. The apostles executed their commission with assiduity and fidelity; but, since their days, we seem to sit down half contented that the greater part of the world should still remain in ignorance and idolatry. Some noble efforts have been made; but they are small in number when compared with the magnitude of the object. And why is it so? Are the souls of men of less value than heretofore? No. Is Christianity less true or less important than in former ages? This will not be pretended. Are there no opportunities for societies, or individuals, in Christian nations, to convey the Gospel to the heathens? This cannot be pleaded so long as opportunities are found to trade with them, yea, and (what is a disgrace to the name of Christians) to buy them, and sell them, and treat them with worse than savage barbarity! We have opportunities in abundance: the improvement of navigation, and the maritime and commercial turn of this country, furnish us with these; and it deserves to be considered whether this is not a circumstance that renders it a duty peculiarly binding on us.

"The truth is, if I am not mistaken, we wait for we know not what; we seem to think 'the time is not come, the time for the Spirit to be poured down from on high.' We *pray* for the conversion and salvation of the world, and yet *neglect the ordinary means* by which those ends have been used to be accomplished. It pleased God, heretofore, by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believed; and there is reason to think it will still please God to work by that distinguished means. Ought we not then at least to try by some means to convey more of the good news of salvation to the world around us than has hitherto been conveyed? The encouragement to the heathen is still in force, '*Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved*:' but how shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in Him of whom they

have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach except they be sent?"

So profound was the impression produced by these words, that it is said the ministers were scarcely able to speak to one another at the close. Mr. Carey, seizing the opportunity, urged the immediate formation of a Missionary Society. Mr. Sutcliffe, however, counselled more deliberation; and the brethren separated with a recommendation to Mr. Carey to publish his "Thoughts." His pamphlet appeared soon afterwards, under the title of "An Inquiry into the Obligations of Christians to send the Gospel to the Heathen."

In the spring of the following year, Mr. Carey preached his memorable sermon, in which he embodied his "Thoughts" in two mottoes which have been the watchwords of the missionary movement ever since: "*Expect great things from God;*" "*Attempt great things for God.*" A resolution was passed afterwards, that "against the next meeting of ministers a plan should be prepared for the purpose of forming a society for propagating the Gospel among the heathen." The long days of preparation were now passed. Henceforth we have to follow Mr. Fuller as the life and soul of an organization which has been increasing in influence and power ever since.

The narrative is henceforth furnished by a small quarto book which lies on the writer's table. It is the first minute-book of the Baptist Missionary Society. It records with minuteness every particular of its history for the first seven years, and leaves off just at the time when Marshman and Ward added their names to the missionary roll.

On its first page the minute-book relates that the Rev. Andrew Fuller was appointed secretary, and the Rev. Reynold Hogg treasurer. A list of the subscriptions is given, amounting to the well-remembered sum of £13 2s. 6d. The meeting is adjourned to October 31st, and is to meet at Northampton. In the interval of twenty-nine days a branch has been formed, more fruitful so far than the

mother tree, for when the committee met on the 31st, the Society at Birmingham had yielded £70, which, with a few other sums, makes a total of £88 18s. Already the Association rejoices in the title of the Primary Society. No definite plans are as yet formed as to where they are to send missionaries, or who is to go; but at the third meeting, in November, the brethren separate with the resolution to gain what information they can from books of travel, Christian merchants, or from such persons as would at least favour the design of converting the heathen, and to consider the needful qualifications for a missionary.

We can imagine the brethren retiring to consult such books of travel as they could lay their hands on. Not many years before, Captain James Cook had published his "*Voyages Round the World*;" and some, certainly, would follow his track on the high seas, wondering where, amid all the strange lands he lighted on, was the best place for them to begin their enterprise.

It is well known how the problem was solved by the appearance of a Mr. Thomas, who had recently returned from India, having made some efforts there to convert the Hindoos. Mr. Carey, according to general expectation, offered himself as a fellow-labourer; and the services of these brethren were gladly accepted as the first missionaries of the Society. At the fourth meeting of the committee, under date January 9th, 1793, the acceptance of these brethren is thus solemnly recorded: "After a most serious, solemn, and affectionate meeting, attended with fasting and prayer to Almighty God, accepted the offers of both the above brethren; engaged to pay every possible attention to the temporal accommodation of them and their families, and to afford every possible assistance to the church at Leicester, who must be deprived of the labours of their beloved pastor." At this committee Mr. Thomas unexpectedly arrived, and was, for the first time, introduced to the companion of his future toils. "It was late in the even-

ing," says an eye-witness, "and while in full deliberation, that his arrival was announced. Impatient to behold his colleague, he entered the room in haste, and Mr. Carey rising from his seat, they fell on each other's necks and wept." All was hope and resolution; Mr. Carey's memorable words, "Expect great things," had become the watch-word of the little band. "It is clear," said Andrew Fuller to Carey, "that there is a rich mine of gold in India; if you will go down, I will hold the ropes."

There is the following addenda to the minutes of the committee:—

"N.B.—The treasurer put into Mr. Squire's bank :

	£.	s.	d.
Nov. 1, 1792	87	17	0
Jan. 7, 1793	27	3	6
	£115	0	6"

This was their financial position at the time they had accepted the missionaries, pledged themselves to their support, and to the care of their families during their absence! So they work on in faith. A vigorous effort is now made through the country to procure funds, and form district societies to aid what is called the "primary society." The reader must know that these journeys in no way resembled the trips of a modern missionary deputation, whom Squire Johnson, with the pretty house and park, is so glad to see; who find their names placarded at every town in expectation of their visit, and finally go home, not foot-worn and weary and loaded with abuse, but crowned with all kinds of itinerant honour, and much the better for the change! These early chronicles record that Mr. Thomas got into Bath, on the errand of collecting for the mission, wet through, late on Saturday evening. He preached the following morning, but so unmoved were the people that he says, "I thought I should get nothing here; but some woman, after hearing the case,

sent in one penny. I thanked them, and set down, *Bath, 1d.*" This seemed to have moved the ecclesiastical pride of Bath, and our collector ultimately went away with some £20.

The farewell meeting of the missionaries proved quite a Pentecostal visitation. The minute-book thus describes it: "The forenoon was spent in prayer. At two o'clock Mr. Thomas preached from Psalm xvi. 4, 'Their sorrows shall be multiplied that hasten after another God,' proving how this truth was exemplified in the state of the heathen, and exciting the compassion of Christians to endeavour to rescue them from their miserable situation." The sad farewell had to be taken, and we are further informed "that Mr. Hogg preached from Acts xxi. 14, 'The will of the Lord be done.' After this, Mr. Fuller addressed brethren Thomas and Carey, from John xx. 21, 'Peace be unto you; as my Father hath sent me, so send I you.'" So richly was the missionary spirit poured out upon the assembled congregation, that the collections at the meeting amounted to upwards of £600. There were no "prentice hands" at the helm of the little craft that had breasted heavy seas, and already rejoiced in a favouring gale. The incident recorded is only six months after the meeting at Kettering, and how much had been accomplished in the interval!

The passage to India, however, was not so easily secured. These were the days of the "traditional policy" of the East India Company. And it is worth our while to see how a Christian Englishman contrived to reach British colonial possessions in the year 1793. It is only fair, however, to say that Mr. Thomas brought some of this trouble on himself by his indiscretions when in India.

After describing the mortifying refusal of the Company's servants to give them a passage, the missionary proceeds: "While Carey wrote to his wife, I would go to a coffee-house, with eager desire to know whether any Swedish or Danish ship was expected to sail from Europe to Bengal. When, to

the great joy of a bruised heart, the waiter put a card in my hand, whereon were written these life-giving words, 'A Danish East-Indiaman. No. 10, Cannon-street.' No more tears that night. . . . Within twenty-four hours after our arrival in London, Mr. Carey and his family embarked for Dover to catch the ship in passing, while I set out for Portsmouth to fetch the baggage. It would be too late if I brought it by land, and it was so dangerous to go by water that the boatmen refused large sums, saying the channel was full of privateers from France, which came hovering close on our coasts. At last, one man undertook to go in an open boat for twenty guineas. Terrified as I was lest the ship should pass by, yet I refused to give this, and I spent two whole days in searching for a man, till a fisherman took me for nine guineas. Who can cease wondering or praising," he adds, "that the captain of a foreign ship received us with the utmost tenderness and concern?"

Now that we have started the missionaries Eastward on their great errand, let us pause and inquire what was going on in other parts of Europe in this same year of our Lord. The priests of France were engaged in a far different work from that of the poor despised ministers of Northamptonshire. They were watching the political fortunes of the day, and bidding for the favour of the stronger party. Their property had been appropriated for national purposes by the sweeping measures of the Revolutionists; and they had been compelled to change their occupation of strangling liberty into that of keeping their own possessions from a power against which all their incantations had been impotent. It was only three years before, that the gloomy walls of the Bastille had been swept away by the fury of the multitude, and the prisoners set free; on that day twelvemonths, the king came to swear fealty to the multitude. The arena of the Champ de Mars was filled with about 400,000 spectators; an ancient altar was erected in the centre, and 400 priests with tri-coloured sashes were posted at the four corners. Mass was

celebrated amidst the sounds of military music, and the Bishop D'Autun blessed the "oriflamme and the banners." On the same spot on which the Bastille had stood and the chains of its prisoners clanked, a grand ball was held, and the words, "Ici on danse," were emblazoned at the entrance. With the smiles of the king and the forced benedictions of the church, the Revolution had taken heart. But the year following witnessed other and more terrible scenes. The moderate counsels of the Gironde had been exchanged for the daring designs of the Mountain and Jacobin clubs. On the terrible 2nd of September, 300 assassins massacred all the political prisoners in cold blood. Meanwhile, the prevailing philosophy was indirectly aiding the blood-thirsty spirit of the times. The healing creed of JESUS of Nazareth had been exchanged for the worst forms of materialism. What mattered it that the cemeteries of the capital were being filled with the slain, when the creed of that day inscribed over them the motto, "Death is an eternal sleep"?

In the autumn of this same year, 1792, a few ministers met at a house still standing in Kettering, and formed the grand, but then ridiculed, design of preaching the Gospel to the *whole world*.

In the spring of the following year both these movements sought extension beyond the boundaries of the country. A strong soldier's hand had been training in France to put down the internal dissensions and to carry the principles of the Revolution beyond the Rhine and the Pyrenees. Only a fortnight before William Carey started for India to preach the Gospel to its perishing millions, a young Frenchman, driven by the English fleet, sailed for an island of the Mediterranean. It was Napoleon Buonaparte, thwarted in his first military undertaking, and with his mother and sister on the way to Marseilles.

Nor do these two things, thus strangely forming part of the same year's history, lack another link of relation.

The Revolutions of 1645 and 1688, in England, had been steadily working out grand results. It is true that these had been almost as great, though not so bloody, as that of France. Yet, beneath the surface of things, there had been a quiet growth of civil and religious freedom springing from earnest religious conviction, which, after a while, manifested itself in a thousand schemes of charity and beneficence. One of these schemes was the great missionary enterprise. There were thus in Europe, almost at the same time, two movements taking an aggressive shape, and both tracing their ancestry to the English Revolution. The one was fitly personified in the person of Napoleon, looking over the frontiers of the Empire to the snows of Russia and the quiet hills of England, wishing all Europe were his own. The other is the eastward journey of one earnest man, landing amidst a wilderness of sin and death, yearning to reclaim it for his Master. The one filled Europe speedily with the terror of war and the glory of empire, but soon found his grave behind the rocks of St. Helena; and in that grave lay buried, evermore, the hope of changing the life of nations by dreams of outward liberty interpreted with fire and sword. The other, though he died in a far-off land, amidst strange faces, laid the foundation of a kingdom still slowly gathering in power. When William Carey gave the Gospel to the tribes of India, he took possession of the land for Christ. Thereafter "the one far-off, divine event, to which the whole creation moves," was but a matter of times and seasons in the hands of the Great Disposer of all events.

CHAPTER VI.

HOLDING THE ROPE.

"FRIENDS," said Mr. Fuller, soon after the missionaries had departed, "talk to me about coadjutors and assistants, but I know not how it is, I find a difficulty. Our undertaking to India really appeared to me, on its commencement, to be somewhat like a few men who were deliberating about the importance of penetrating into a deep mine which had never before been explored. We had no one to guide us; and while we were thus deliberating, Carey, as it were, said, 'Well, I will go down if you will hold the rope!' But before he went down, he, as it seemed to me, took an oath from each of us at the mouth of the pit, to this effect, that while we lived we should never let go the rope. You understand me. There was great responsibility attached to us who began the business." Such words as these enable us to understand and appreciate the devoted and untiring service of Mr. Fuller's life. He went about his work as one who was constrained by vows given to God and man.

"In addition to the numerous collections made in various parts of the kingdom, and the management of the accounts, the correspondence of the secretary increased rapidly on his hands. To him was chiefly committed the drawing up of official letters to the missionaries, all of whom received additional tokens of his affection in private communications. The interests of the mission demanded a still more extensive correspondence at home; its cause required a frequent advocacy with cabinet ministers, members of parliament, and East India directors, not for the purpose of procuring exclusive privileges, but for securing a legal passage for the missionaries, and the protection justly due to every peaceable subject of colonial government. Nor were there wanting bitter and subtle enemies, both at home and abroad, who

left no means untried to accomplish the ruin of the mission, and whose machinations were successively exposed and defeated by the unwearied pen of the secretary.”*

His journeys took him into almost all the counties of England, Ireland, and Scotland. The amount of physical toil they involved was at that time something very serious. The luxury of coaches had been hardly introduced; for the first stage-coach blew its blast through the green fields of England, and crossed the Cheviot Hills, in the year 1788, on its way from London to Edinburgh. These were the days in which men made their wills, and left affectionate messages, before they ventured far from home. Moreover, his journeys were the more irksome because his writings had already gone before him, stirring up discussion and strife in all parts. Sharp, subtle controversialists everywhere waylaid him for a personal encounter. There was the Sandemanian in Scotland, and the high Calvinist in various parts of England and Wales. Think of Luther and Melancthon making a companion tour in Italy and Germany, and you will have a notion of what Andrew Fuller met with in some parts of the country. Some would seek advice on personal or ecclesiastical matters, for it was not often that one so wise in counsel journeyed through the country. And yet, with all the toil it involved, it is good indeed to think of one with so much tone and power of character going through the land. The savour of his visits, apart from their direct object, was felt in every part for many years, and indeed still remains. Men vexed and lonely, struggling with difficulties, felt the bracing influence of his character; children kept the memory of his solemn blessing; and the sick and weary found consolation in his grave and tender words. Moreover, glimpses are afforded to us of the religious state of the country in that day, which no other memoranda has furnished. No man could have thus entered into the religious and social

* Memoir of Mr. Fuller, by his son, A. G. Fuller.

life of all with whom he met, and have imparted so much help, without such an intensity and activity of mental and spiritual life as must have told upon the strongest frame. The living sacrifice finds the same end as if smitten with the knife or the fire!

Mr. Fuller was a reserved man—a lover of quiet communion and silence; and to one of such a nature the cost of these journeyings must have been far greater than to a man of freer temperament. “I am going,” says he, in reference to his first journeys, “among faces which I have never seen. My spirit revolts at the idea, but duty calls. I am subject,” he continues, “to many faults in company, and often incur guilt. The Lord keep me in the way I go, and enable me to keep my heart with all diligence. Oh! that I may be spiritual, humble, and watchful in all companies. May the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ prosper my way. May the God of Israel preserve my family, friends, and connections during my absence!”

Mr. Fuller’s first movements led him into Scotland, where he was received with much kindness by some who were his theological opponents. Dr. Stuart, Mr. McLean, Dr. Erskine, Mr. Haldane, and the venerable David Dale, all gave him a warm welcome. His fame as a writer had prepared the way for his appeals; everywhere large congregations were gathered, sometimes numbering more than four or five thousand persons. He returned to Kettering with upwards of £900 for the mission, and with earnest solicitations to repeat his visits, and promises of future help. While on his first journey, at Glasgow, he received the sad tidings of Samuel Pearce’s death. One of his dearest friends, and the warmest promoters of the mission, was thus taken away just as he commenced his toils. “Oh, Jonathan,” he exclaimed, “very pleasant hast thou been to me. I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan! Oh, Jonathan! thou wast slain upon thy high places.” Sometime afterwards, when thinking of his friend, he says: “The God of Samuel Pearce be my God.”

The warmth of his reception in Scotland encouraged him to repeat his visit. In 1802, we find him sailing along the Humber to Hull, with only elevenpence in his pocket. He had started with four guineas, but waiting for the passage-boat almost exhausted his store. "I was afraid," he writes, "I should be in the position of a number of small ships hereabouts at low tide—run a-ground! I am thinking whether I must not take a walk before dinner, instead of having one. It was a fine sight," he writes of this passage, "to see the waves, each as large as the roof of a small house, continually beating against our vessel, while she rode triumphantly above them all. I felt no sickness, but stood above deck, having hold of a rope with my hand, and gazed all the time with a kind of sublime pleasure at the majestic scene."

He stayed on his way at York, determined to see what he could do with "serious church people," and received some encouragement, for he went away with about £12. He met with several clergymen, and from his conversation with one of them, a Mr. ———, the author of a pamphlet called "The True Churchman," it will be seen that he did not succeed with "serious churchmen" by forgetting his own principles. The author of the "True Churchman" said, almost apologetically, "In the course of my work I have said some things which some Dissenters have thought severe." A. F. replies: "I suppose you mean in calling them schismatics?" T. C.: "Yes, in part." A. F.: "I never felt it; for it did not appear to be aimed to hurt us, but merely to screen yourselves in the view of your bishops from the suspicion of favouring us. It did not hurt *me*, at all events, because I perceived no justice in it. The term *schism* is relative, and has reference to the society from which separation is made. Before you can fix the guilt of schism upon us, you must prove, 1, that the Church of England is a true church; 2, that it is the only true church in the kingdom." "He did not go about it," he adds, "and we were very sociable until eleven o'clock."

On his second visit to Scotland, notwithstanding that the kindly welcome was in no respect lessened, Mr. Fuller encountered more of the keen scrutiny of his northern friends. He received from the Baptists a letter on church "order and discipline," to which he sent a caustic reply in the shape of a parable. "In one of the new Italian republics, two independent companies are formed for the defence of the country. Call the one *A* and the other *B*. In forming themselves, and learning their exercise, they each profess to follow the mode of discipline used by the ancient Romans. Their officers, uniforms, and evolutions, however, are, after all, somewhat different from each other. Hence disputes arise, and *B* refuses to march against the enemy with *A*, as being disorderly. *A* gives his reasons why he thinks himself orderly; but they are far from satisfying *B*, who not only treats him as deviating from rule, but as almost knowing himself to do so, and wilfully persisting in it. *A*, tired of jarring, marches against the enemy by himself. *B* sits at home deeply engaged in studying order and discipline. 'If your form and rules,' says *A*, 'are so preferable to ours, why do you not make use of them? Discipline is a means, not an end. Be not always boasting of your order, and reproaching others for the want of it; let us see the use of it. It is true, like the Quakers in 1745, you have bought waistcoats for our soldiers, and we thank you for them; but we had rather you would fight yourselves.' "

On his arrival at Glasgow, a Baptist church sent a messenger with the offer of their pulpit if they could be satisfied that Mr. Fuller's faith accorded with theirs! The pastor brought with him a statement of their own creed, which Mr. Fuller glanced at, with the remark that he approved of it, as far he could then judge, but added that he did not come to Glasgow as a candidate for their pulpit, and that it was an indifferent matter whether he occupied it or not. The matter appears to have been solemnly debated by the Scotch *doctrinaires*, and at eleven o'clock a deacon

returned with their decision, that if he would not make a confession they could not receive him. "Very well," was the reply; "I shall go to the tabernacle, and consider your conduct as a renunciation of connexion with us as English churches; for it implies that you have no confidence in us." The Baptists repented, but it was too late. He preached in the tabernacle to between four and five thousand people, and collected £200. Eventually, however, the Baptist church became sincerely penitent, and he agreed to preach for them, receiving about £45 as their contribution. The indirect work he was doing all this while appears in his communion with these Scotch brethren. He told them he had heard of the Baptists in Scotland being negligent of free preaching to the unconverted, and of family religion. Whether this charge were true he could not tell, but he earnestly exhorted them to make it evidently appear that they were far more anxious that those around them should become Christians, than that they should embrace their opinions on baptism.

He never seemed to travel anywhere without leaving the savour of his presence behind him. In the coaches, or at hotels, he met with all sorts of characters—Jews, infidels, and libertines; and though he never obtruded himself upon their society, when he was drawn into conversation he spoke with such solemn earnestness, and dealt such home-thrusts, as to put to silence the scoffers. He describes meeting with a Jew, who began, he says, by "accommodating" him with curses and oaths on the most trifling occasions. Afterwards, in a discussion, the Jew warmly praised the Ten Commandments. Mr. Fuller acquiesced, and added: "I have been not a little hurt, Sir, in observing, since we have been together, how lightly you treat one of them—'Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.' " "I must own," said the man, "it is a bad habit." There was no more swearing.

His personal contact with extreme Calvinists proved a most useful supplement to his writings, enabling him to

grapple with their objections and explain his meaning more clearly. Journeying southward, he met with a person at Portsea, who thus accosted him:—"Sir, I was greatly disappointed in you."—"Yes, and I in you."—"I mean in hearing you last Lord's day morning; I did not expect to hear such a sermon from you."—"Perhaps so; and I did not expect such treatment from you. I had heard things of the Portsea people which gave me but a mean opinion of them; but I have hitherto no cause to complain; so that we are both agreeably disappointed."—"Well, but I do not like your book."—"You do not understand it."—"Oh, I cannot believe faith to be a *duty*: we *cannot* believe."—"You seem to think we ought to do nothing but what we *can* do."—"True."—"And we can do nothing."—"True."—"Then we ought to do nothing; . . . and if so, we have no sin, and need no Saviour."—"Oh no, no, no! I want to talk more with you."—"Yes, but the mischief is, you cannot count five."—"What do you mean?"—"First, you say, we ought to do nothing but what we *can* do. Secondly, we *can do nothing*. Then I say, thirdly, we *ought* to do nothing. Fourthly, we have no sin. Fifthly, we need no Saviour."—"After all, this person, and all of that stamp, were greatly interested in the preaching, and pressed me to go to their houses; would have it that I was of their principles, &c., and were much concerned when I went away. I told them I thought very differently from them in various respects; but they took all well; and I prayed with them before we parted."

His influence was not only felt in rebuking the narrowness of his own denomination, but individuals at least within the pale of the church were moved to unwonted liberality. At one time he was permitted to preach for the Bible Society in a parish church in Scotland. He thus speaks of it in his journal:—"About six o'clock we reached Saltcoats. Here I found that the parish minister, on hearing that I was to collect at the Burgher meeting-house, resolved to have a

sermon at the same hour in the church, and a collection for the Bible Society. He said, however, that if I chose to preach the sermon in the church, and let the collection be applied to the Bible Society, I was welcome to do so. As soon as this was mentioned to me by another person, I immediately sent to the clergyman, offering to relinquish my own object, and, if he was agreeable, to preach the sermon in the church, in favour of the Bible Society. This he acceded to, and I called on him before worship. I then observed that he must be aware of what he had proposed being contrary to the rules of the Assembly of the Church of Scotland; and that I should be sorry if any ill consequences were to follow on my account. He replied that his presbyters were well disposed, and he had no fears on that head. I then preached the sermon, and pleaded with all the energy I could for the Bible Society. After worship, I went to my inn: then called to sup and lodge with the clergyman. (Such is the custom in Scotland.) While sitting in his house, I told him I felt happy in the opportunity of expressing my regard for the Bible Society, and requested him to add my guinea to the collection. But during my call at the inn, after worship, he had consulted with his friends on the subject of my having been deprived of a collection. He therefore answered me by saying, 'I cannot accept your guinea; and, moreover, I must insist on your accepting half the collection for your object; and you must make no objection whatever to it. Such is the conclusion of our session.' Finding him quite resolute, I yielded, and took half the collection, which, however, did not amount to £6."

On one of his journeys, he called one day on a celebrated clergyman of the Church of England, being perhaps the most popular man at that time among the evangelical party. He asked, without telling his name, for a subscription for the mission. The clergyman refused, and spoke in slighting terms both of the movement and of the body from which it emanated. He added, however, "There is one great man

among you, and his treatise, entitled 'The Gospel worthy of all Acceptation,' is one of the most masterly productions I know." The following colloquy ensued:—

"A. F.: "For all the faults in that work, Sir, I am responsible."—C. rises from his chair with eager apologies, and ultimately presses a subscription.

A. F. (in his own deep bass): "No, Sir, not a farthing! You do not give in faith." A little friendly conference, however, led to its acceptance. On one occasion he was even permitted to preach in a parish church in England, but that was not on behalf of the mission.

The readers of Mr. Marshman's exhaustive book on the Serampore Mission will understand the amount of labour involved in defending the interests of the mission, and securing the liberties of the missionaries, by correspondence with the Government. He had interviews with several cabinet ministers, in which he pleaded the cause of the missionaries with dignity and effect. At one of them, one of the king's ministers, probably Lord Liverpool, remarked, with genuine diplomatic courtesy, that he "quite approved of liberty of thought in matters of religion." A deep voice, in measured words, answered: "My lord, we do not wish for liberty to *think*: that you cannot give or take away: we ask for liberty to *act*." His lordship, it is said, quite started, and, looking round, encountered the stern eye of Andrew Fuller, who sat rather behind the rest of the deputation.

He had, moreover, to do battle through the press with the agents of the East India Company unfavourable to the missionary enterprise. His reply to Major Scott Waring is a powerful piece of irony. The hot, blustering style of the major led him into all sorts of inaccuracies, which are most mercilessly ridiculed by his critic; while his own cautious way of dealing with facts left not one break in his armour for the weapon of his opponent.

In addition to all the labours of his pastorate, Andrew Fuller was secretary to the mission, collector, defender of the

brethren as well as the Faith, all at the same time. All these toils were pursued, amidst frequent attacks of illness, with an undaunted resolution and perseverance. The nature of his engagements, and their overwhelming pressure, are summed up in a letter to an editor who was soliciting a contribution to his periodical:—

“My labours will increase without any consent on my part. As to magazines, there are several to which I contribute, for the sake of the mission and other public interests; and, through such a number of objects as press upon me daily, my own vineyard, my own soul, my family, and congregation are neglected. Every journey I take only makes way for two or three more; and every book I write only occasions me to write others to explain or defend it. ‘All is vanity and vexation of spirit!’ ‘I gave my heart to know wisdom; I perceived that this also is vexation of spirit. For in much wisdom is much grief; and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow.’ Some are pressing me to write more largely on the mediation of Christ, and others to review the second edition of Mr. Booth’s *Glad Tidings*. Controversies perplex me; and I am already engaged with a gross and subtle sophist. My northern correspondents are ever raising objections against my views of faith, &c.; all of which I could answer, but cannot get time. I have sent your remarks to my friend at Edinburgh; they will serve as a tub for the whale to play with, and perhaps for a time he will let me alone.

“Pearce’s Memoirs are now loudly called for. I sit down almost in despair, and say: ‘That which is crooked cannot be made straight, and that which is lacking cannot be numbered.’ My wife looks at me, with a tear ready to drop, and says: ‘My dear, you have hardly time to speak to me.’ My friends at home are kind, but they also say: ‘You have no time to see or know us, and you will soon be worn out.’ Amidst all this, there is ‘Come again to Scotland—come to Portsmouth—come to Plymouth—come to Bristol.’

"Excuse this effusion of melancholy. My heart is willing to do everything you desire that I can do, but my hands fail me. Dear Brother Ryland complains of old age coming upon him, and I expect old age will come upon me before I am really old. Under this complicated load my heart has often of late groaned for rest, longing to finish my days in comparative retirement."

Thus the oath made at the mouth of the pit was faithfully kept. While every nerve was strained at home to fulfil the solemn pledge which had been given, the missionaries toiled on in the darkness abroad. It was seven years before the cry came cheerily up the shaft, that gems of strange beauty rewarded the hands that grasped the rope above and those that toiled below.

CHAPTER VII.

"UP AND DOWN THE SHAFT."

WHEN the missionaries had been started, and funds secured for their probable requirements, there came the difficulty of communicating with them, so as to sustain them in their work. They were in need not only of supplies for their maintenance, but of comforting communications to bear them up in the sorrows attendant upon such a life in a strange land. Overland routes, telegraphs, and mail-steamers were then utterly unknown. There was only the slow and uncertain communication of the Company's liners,—more uncertain, ere long, from the fact that French privateers filled the Channel. Amongst the earliest resolutions passed by the committee was one to the effect "that all goods be insured from the sea and the enemy."

It was not until the 29th of July, 1794, a little over

thirteen months after their departure, that the missionaries were heard from. "This day," writes the secretary, "letters were received from our brethren in India. They had, except one perilous night, a good voyage; arrived on November 7, 1793,—less than five months after their departure. Have met with as much success as can at present be expected. Ask for a Polyglott Bible and Malayan Testament."

It appears to have been thought best to supply the needs of the missionaries by consigning to them packages of stationery and cutlery. It was probably an easy way of increasing the funds of the Society. Accordingly, after the receipt of the above-named letter, goods to the amount of £160, besides the Polyglott Bible and the Malayan Testament, were duly forwarded. Before we see what became of these goods, we may turn to an almost amusing episode in the proceedings of the committee. Letters were received April 7, 1795, informing the Society that Providence had directed them to such means of providing for the support of themselves and families, that at present they stood in no need of further assistance from the Society, but rather wished that what had been applied to their support might be employed in commencing some other mission.

This communication excited the fears of the committee, lest the missionaries should pursue the affairs of the world to the neglect of the mission and the injury of their spiritual state. They accordingly addressed the following letter, in entire ignorance that their supplies had never reached them, and that but for this timely employment they must have starved. The letter appears to have been deemed a most important communication, and to have been signed by the whole of the committee:—

"VERY DEAR BRETHREN,—We hope ere now you have received some accounts from us. Last May, before we heard from you, we sent £50 in goods, at a venture. After hearing from you in August, we voted, in addition to the above, £160, which we committed to Mr. Potts to execute accord-

ing to your directions. He was hurried by a hope of their going soon, and did not complete the order. What of it was deficient we consider ourselves in your debt. The goods did not go so soon as was expected. After remaining a while in London, they were sent to Copenhagen, to go by Captain Christmas's ship. Another parcel, containing the books which you had ordered, with letters, &c., went by the *Swallow* packet; but she was, we hear, a long time detained in port.

"On March 4th we received your letters dated August 7, 1794. A committee meeting was called on the 18th, at Guilsboro'. Their contents produced a mixture of joy and trembling. When we considered the difficulties to which you and your families were subject, the peculiar embarrassments of Mr. Thomas, and the hopeful prospect afforded by your undertakings of not only relieving you under these difficulties, but of affording an asylum for any of the natives who might lose caste for the Gospel, we rejoiced. But when we considered you as *involved in affairs of trade*, we rejoiced with trembling. It is true our apprehensions do not rise so high as those of our friends in London; owing, perhaps, to our more perfect knowledge of you and great confidence in you: but we ourselves are not without our fears lest your hearts should be overcharged with the cares of this life, and so rendered unfit for the work in which you have engaged. We remember what Brother Carey said in one of his letters last summer, that 'a man that goes on a mission to India had need to be *dead to the world*,' &c.; and what Brother Thomas said to him, in a letter dated from Hempstead, December 22, 1792: 'There are many ways whereby a missionary might gain a livelihood and a fortune, that would take less of his time and labour than cultivating land; but not less of his heart and affections, which are soon carried off too far to be comfortable to himself or profitable to others, when the getting of money begins.'

"Far be it from us to damp your spirits or cherish an unfeeling temper concerning the distresses of your fami-

lies, much less to suspect your motives, or to entertain a jealousy of your inclination to neglect the mission for the sake of worldly emolument. But we know that the human mind is incapable of ardently pursuing two objects, of a different tendency, at the same time. We have no jealousy of you more than we should entertain of ourselves in your circumstances. But we know that many worthy men who have stood firm in the day of adversity, have been melted into indifference by the smiles of prosperity. While, therefore, we shall each offer up our supplications to God on your behalf, permit us earnestly to entreat and seriously to caution you that you engage not *deeply* in affairs of this life. We are more afraid of your having a *partnership* than merely a part in the employment you mention, as it must more interest your hearts; and though it may not wholly divert you from your work, may, nevertheless, damp your ardour in it.

“While we take the liberty of writing to you in the language of friendly caution, we consider ourselves as called to turn our attention to another mission. We expected to have seen at this meeting a Mr. Boulton, a deacon of a Baptist church in Gloucestershire, who feeling ardently for the good of the mission, and fearing that worldly affairs should engross too large a portion of your attention, had offered to come over and take a part of your burden upon him. He is a single man, about thirty years old, and of an excellent character; but about a week ago, he wrote us that he had a brother lately deceased who had left him executor; and an aged mother, who laid the death of one son and the departure of another so much to heart, that he feared it would be more than she could bear. He, therefore, gives it up *for this year*: but still hopes to do something for God in India.

“We hope in your next accounts you will give us particulars of your labours. We could be glad to hear something of this in *all* your communications. Suffer us to suggest another caution, which may be equally necessary for our-

selves as you. *Be not discouraged if success do not at present attend your labours.* Notwithstanding what we have heard of the docile character of the Hindoos, we have no doubt but their hearts, like other sinners, are naturally at enmity with God, and this enmity will discover itself as they begin to understand the Gospel. It may be wise in God to withhold His blessing too, for a time, to teach us our entire dependence on Him in the use of means. Some of the greatest trials to the Greenland missionaries were their seeing for so long a time no fruit of their labours. We must pray as well as work. Dearly beloved brethren, farewell. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with your spirits.—Signed on behalf of the Society by

“REYNOLD HOGG,” &c., &c.

Nearly two years after this correspondence, in the month of March, 1796, a letter, somewhat curt, was received from a clerk in a certain Cripplegate warehouse, to the following effect: “There is a large cask in our warehouse directed T. & C., to your care. It has been there ever since 1794. If you do not take it away we shall sell it to pay for warehouse room.” The T. & C. are duly enclosed in the minute-book in a roughly drawn diamond. Some correspondence ensues, but nothing can be ascertained save that the cask has had some mysterious communication with Copenhagen, and has also been to Falmouth. The sequel shall be given in the words of the minute-book: “On April 4, A. F. set off for London, partly to find out what this cask was. On going to Cripplegate he found the cask, and it proved to be the cutlery sent two years ago. Consequently our friends have received no remittance from us, except to the amount of £50 in drugs and stationery, which went in May, 1794, by the *Royal Admiral*, and of which they have acknowledged the reception. And if they had not *engaged in business for their own support, must long ago have perished for want!*” How they must have smiled at their round-robin, with the homily on the dangers of the world! The

goods were happily uninjured, and were put on board the trustworthy *Royal Admiral*, which at that time was fortunately waiting for a cargo.

Amongst the remains of Andrew Fuller is a bulky folio volume, brought by Mr. Ward to England. It contains copies of all the letters which he wrote to the Serampore missionaries. They are transcribed in a clear, bold hand, by a native who was ignorant of the English language. Having been brought to England since the publication of Mr. Fuller's Memoirs, they are for the most part unknown even to his familiar friends. Some use has been made of parts of them copied from the originals at Serampore, but as a whole they have been as a sealed book during all these years. It has been a most difficult task to glean suitable extracts for this Memoir. They are well worthy of being published unabridged, and would form a volume larger than this. They possess that quality which constitutes the true charm of letters—the *play of power*. Their affectionate earnestness, their racy commentaries on passing events and home matters, bear the reader from page to page without weariness. Letters in those days had to be newspapers, as well as epistles of friendship; and so at no small pains Mr. Fuller keeps the missionaries informed on public and private affairs. I have ventured to give two or three letters entire, as specimens of the kind of correspondence which passed between the secretary and the brethren, and to cull such extracts as seemed of special interest, duly arranged for the reader's convenience. The first letter is selected not because it has any particular points of interest, but because it forms a sequel to the one before published, and gives a familiar glimpse of affairs at home.

TO MR. CAREY.

“Kettering, August 9th, 1796.

“MY VERY DEAR BROTHER,—I received yours, dated January 12th, 1796, accompanied with another of three

sheets to the Society, for all of which I thank you. I am grieved that anything we have written should have grieved you. You complain of my not writing. I think I must have written more than a dozen letters to you, and several of them very long ones. I am glad Brother Morris is 'copious.' I will encourage him to be so still, and will do the best I can myself, though I have ten times the writing, I suppose, upon my hands that he has, and not half the capacity to perform it.

"Be assured, my dear brother, we are perfectly satisfied with your conduct. We have no suspicions of your being indolent. Our cautions were not the result of any particular jealousy of you, any more than we should have felt for any other person, and perhaps not so much as in most other cases.

"You are 'astonished that an indigo manufacturer should be called a merchant.' You seem to me to be answering Mr. Booth's letter rather than that of the Society, for I do not find the word *merchant* in the latter. It is true there is mention made of your engaging in 'affairs of trade,' but this merely refers to the supposed *share* or *partnership*, and you yourself acknowledge that 'were you *proprietors*, the name of merchants might be proper.' We did not mean, my dear brother, to hurt your mind or grieve you; and we ourselves are grieved that the remittance in cutlery should have been so long detained by the strange mistake of dear Mr. Savage, of which I have this spring sent you a full account; and, had you not been otherwise provided for, we should have felt inexpressibly on account of it. On these considerations we are not only satisfied but thankful that you have engaged in business.

"We never thought of your being unemployed; and so far from thinking the worse of you for your willingness to do something to support yourselves, we are satisfied that it arises from your disinterested regard to your undertaking. It was the *kind* of employment that excited a degree of fear.

And this the Society stated in their letter, in which is a quotation from a letter from Mr. Thomas, sent from Hempstead to you, December 22nd, 1792, stating the comparative influence of trade and husbandry upon the mind. And though we did not mean to censure you for anything, nor shall we think of doing so, if you possess a share in the business, yet you must not wonder that we felt a degree of fear on your account.

“You must also make some allowance for the fears on account of the strong language of the Londoners, by which for a time we were almost overset. But you say we ‘ought to have boldly avowed that we expected you to engage in business of some sort.’ And I answer, *so we did*. I immediately answered the Walworth opinion upon your conduct in the strongest language I could devise in your favour; proving, by reference to your publications, that this was always your plan, and that the Society agreed with you so to do. This letter had the desired effect; there has never been a word from that quarter nor any other that I know of, since that time, by way of reflection. I believe they were fully convinced by it that they had gone too far. And, lest their opinions should be whispered about to your disadvantage, I introduced the substance of my letter to Walworth into No. 2, Periodical Accounts, page 93, which has afforded universal satisfaction.

“It is true there have been rumours from Tewkesbury to the disadvantage of the mission, owing, it is supposed, to Mr. Thomas’s communications to his sister, in which it has been said he invited his relations to go over, telling them that they might have £1000 a-year when there. Except this, which seemed to imply that he himself was making a fortune, I have heard of no reflection upon either of you since the publication of No. 2, Periodical Accounts. What or whether any occasion was afforded for this by Mr. T., I don’t know; I wrote to him, however, concerning it.

“You may think we have treated the Londoners with too

much tenderness; but the longer I live, the more I see the necessity and the justice of setting no man down for an enemy till I have good evidence that he is one. As a proof that Booth and Thomas are cordial friends, I will give you a short anecdote. About half-a-year ago, poor Swain (who is since dead), with some other young ministers in London, made an effort to have an assistant Society in London, and proposed an annual meetin. of the Society there. Booth and Thomas opposed it; and gave us their reasons, which were to this effect: 'If the Londoners form into a Society they will, perhaps, have an ascendancy in the management; you have hitherto conducted the business well, and should it come under other influence?' We could not but admire this disinterested advice. For my part, as soon as the proposal was made, I saw what would be the consequence if it succeeded, and therefore told Booth, in a letter, to this effect: 'Though we had no jealousy from the love of power, yet justice to our brethren, who were gone out upon our assurances of never deserting them, required that we should not give up the management nor an ascendancy in it.' With this Booth and Thomas concurred, and, therefore, opposed the plan. Booth also undertook to conciliate Swain and others, which was happily effected. Even Dore, and Keene, and Giles, notwithstanding they erred that once, have ever since been very friendly, and give us all the help they can. Keene, I think, is not long-lived; and Dore has had something of the apoplectic kind, so as greatly to affect him.

"Some months ago, Brother Sutcliffe and I agreed to send you a quantity of seeds, &c., and accordingly spoke to Maddock, of Walworth, to execute the order, promising him ready money for them; and which we agreed to advance on your account. That order will be completed and go, I expect, this season. So, however, Mr. Maddock assured me it should, when I was at Walworth about six weeks ago. And now as the water has destroyed your indigo plant, and you cannot assure us that Boulton would meet with any

employ of a secular kind if he were to come, we conclude it may be the same by Fountain. We, therefore, shall allow the value of the seeds for his support the first year, together with four guineas which Brother Sutcliffe has paid for Parkhurst's Hebrew and Greek Lexicons, which he has sent you. Or, if he should not need it, apply it in some way for the promotion of the mission, or reserve it for the expense of printing. We expected, according to your last letters, to receive letters for types. Whenever we receive them, I dare say we shall cordially unite with you in that work. I do not fear for want of money. Only take great heed that it be as accurate as possible. It is not for want of money that we cannot send out more missionaries, but of suitable characters. That is a matter of great importance. A Wesleyan mission to the Fowlahs in Africa has failed this last year owing to this. When they came to meet difficulties they refused to go any further. We had better wait than send unsuitable persons. Brother Ryland thinks that the Lama of Thibet and his heathen Popery will be as great a bar to a mission there as can exist in Spain or Portugal: but we may have wrong ideas at this distance. . . .

"I have seen your letter to Brother Morris, from which I learn that you had received another letter from me. You there state a case for the Society to judge. Morris seems greatly puzzled about it, owing, he thinks, to your obscurity in stating it. I will copy his remarks. 'Brother C. says, in one part of this letter, that the different castes may not eat and drink together' (your words are speaking of the distinction of the castes: it extends to nothing but eating and smoking tobacco, intermeddling with each other's employments, and intermarrying one among another), 'yet that they might partake of the Lord's Supper, if prepared by a Brahmin.' Your words are, 'They can join in every act of religious worship, except eating the bread at the Lord's Supper, without losing caste, but cannot eat bread unless prepared by a Brahmin.' Again, 'What does Brother C. mean by a Brah-

min's preparing the bread? any kind of consecration, or only making bread? If the latter, this is no more than its being made by the tribe of bakers, and can be no objection. If the former, and that consecration be no other than what attends their common meals, the objection is like the former, and should be no hindrance to their using it in the Lord's Supper. But if the different castes may eat bread together, why does he talk of their being subject to lose caste on that account? Or does he mean that, though the castes may thus eat together, yet none of them may eat with one who is a Hindoo? If so, the question will require further consideration.' Thus far Brother Morris to me. We cannot at present obtain the judgment of the Society, as we have but lately had a public meeting. I have stated the question, however, to brethren Ryland, Hogg, Sutcliffe, and Pearce. For my own part, I think, with Brother Morris, your statement is very obscure. I am not sure, from your statement, whether the Lord's Supper might not be eaten by them with bread prepared by a Brahmin. But if not, if there be an impossibility of their eating bread with you, or the different castes among themselves, without losing their caste, according to what at present strikes me you have no right to *allow* of their neglecting Christ's institute, seeing this would be dispensing with it. Nevertheless, you may forbear to press it upon them; let them do it voluntarily, if at all. Time may open a way, and sweep away the impediment. If no Christian duty be inconsistent with the caste but eating at the Lord's Supper, why are they not baptized? What you say about the discontent of the officers, may be a serious matter. Whatever may be said to you and your colleague upon it, or whatever may take place, I beseech you take no part in it. You will find these officers a set of wicked men, and I should fear they would be greater tyrants over the natives than the Company, and you would enjoy less liberty and justice from them than from the other.

"You say Mr. C. loves writing better than you. It is

true he wrote Brother Pearce a long letter, which arrived this spring. Except this, we have not received any proof of his delight in writing. We have heard nothing from him by these ships. Give my love to him. You say the ironmongery from Denmark, you understand, is arrived at Calcutta. I am glad to hear it; but you will find it to be the books, which we all along understood were gone by the *Swallow*, and which Mr. Savage mistook for the ironmongery. The letter also, I hope, will have arrived ere you receive this, as it has gone by the *Royal Admiral*, last May, to the care of Fulloh & Co.

“Your afflictions of different kinds greatly affect us. Indeed, we cannot but wonder how you are supported, and how you labour as you do, only that we know that your God is all-sufficient, and your work, instead of being a task, is your meat and drink. You have weathered many storms, my dear brother. God is certainly with you, and will not suffer your labours to fall to the ground. It rejoiceth us greatly to hear that the leaven begins to operate. We shall be glad to hear the result of things at Dinagepore, and to know how the young Brahmin, Cassinut Mookhurgee, goes on, and how Moonshee, and Mohun Chund, and Parbotee go on in religion. Tell Mohun Chund we are glad that he talked to the poor people of Dinagepore, and that he must willingly and cheerfully communicate that which he has heard and known of the love of Christ. Tell Cassinut Mookhurgee to write me a letter, and inform me how he came to be a Christian, and what were the workings of his mind. And be you so kind, my dear brother, as to translate it. Present my kind love to him, to Mohun Chund, and Moonshee, and Parbotee, if ever you see them. Tell Podo Loson, who seems to be indifferent about an interest in Christ, that if Christ had been thus cold-hearted towards him, he might have been in hell before now, ‘where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.’ Tell him there are many Christians here who would rejoice to meet

him in heaven. Present my love to brethren Thomas, Long, and Powel. I hope Brother Powel will consider the opportunity of communicating the knowledge of Christ to the heathen as a price put into his hand. If you judge proper, present my Christian love, too, to the worthy Mr. Udney. I am sure I feel to love him.

“Leicester church is rather at a stand as to prosperity. Several of their late additions have turned out bad characters, and they have been obliged to exclude them. Some giddy-heads have also run after a man who has been there in the Antinomian way. I hope Cave grows, and will be a useful man. I think him possessed of deep seriousness, only he does not sufficiently know himself. At Sheepshead they are in sad confusion, owing to a Mr. Garrot, one of Lady Huntingdon’s men, who is turned Baptist, and has drawn people thereabouts after him. There have been considerable additions this year, of which I think I sent you some account in June. We had about ten or twelve added. Our friends, Mrs. Wallis, Hobsons, Gotches, Timms, Burditts, &c., are all very well, and unite with Mrs. Fuller and self in love. If you should not have sent off the letters for types ere this reaches you, be very particular as to the articles you want, both as to what, and what quantity. Shall you want a printing press? I have heard say it is contrary to our laws to send one out of the land; but if you want it, I hope we shall some way accomplish it. I have received as much as £80 from individuals and missionary societies in Scotland towards the translation. A Pædobaptist mission is about going off to the South Sea Islands. Booth has published a piece lately. There are some things in it which I approve, and others which I do not. I hope he will send you one. I have reminded him to do so. Brother R. can hardly deny himself from coming to join you. I also could cheerfully do so, were it not my duty to do otherwise. We all admire your disinterested advice to Pearce.—I am, my dear brother, ever yours,

“A. FULLER.”

TO MR. J. FOUNTAIN, MUDNABUTTEE.

"Kettering, September 7th, 1797.

"You will excuse me, my dear Brother Fountain, if I do not write you a long letter. Writing is labour to me, on account of a complaint which perhaps ever will attend my head. I received your letter from Madeira, and two from Mudnabuttee. Be assured they afforded me, and all our brethren, great satisfaction,—not only to hear that you were safely arrived, but to find that your heart was in your work.

"We had no opportunity of proving your ministerial abilities; but from the taste we had of your prayer and conversation, we did not much hesitate on that subject. If your heart be in the work, I doubt not but you will be able to increase in the good knowledge of the Lord, and to communicate that knowledge to the poor heathen.

"All that we felt any hesitation about was your too great edge for politics. The mission has awfully suffered in Africa through that folly. The loss of £300 or £400 is the least thing to be considered; though, considering that as public property, it was grievous that it should be so thrown away. Mr. Grigg asked me, in one letter, what I thought of his conduct; and thus I wrote him: 'I think it wrong for any individual, in any nation or under any Government, to indulge a restless, discontented, complaining spirit; and still more to be employed in stirring up others to the same things. But if this would be wrong in any man, it must be more so in a Christian minister and a missionary. You should have avoided everything that would impede your main object. If Free Town had been the seat of your labours, you should have avoided these things; much more as it was not, but merely a friendly shelter to you in the rainy season. I do not think that a Christian or a Christian minister forfeits any of his rights as a man or as a citizen; but I think that Christianity teaches in many cases voluntarily to forego the

exercise of those rights for the sake of attaining a greater good. What if the benevolent Howard, in exploring the dungeons of the wretched all over Europe, had embroiled himself in every nation in attempting to correct their Governments? Would he not have defeated his end? Could he have had admission into any nation after a single attempt of the kind? Was it not to his honour to forego many of his natural rights, and to submit to the laws, even under despotic Governments, for the sake of doing good to men's bodies? But if so, would it not be to the honour of a Christian missionary to do as much for the good of men's souls? Rather, would it not be greatly to his shame if he did otherwise?' But all is in vain: he is gone to America, in pursuit of liberty. Well does the apostle charge us who have engaged to be soldiers of Christ, not to *entangle ourselves in the affairs of this life*.

"It gives us great satisfaction to find that Brother —, whose mind also used to be pretty much engaged in those sort of things, has dropped them for things of greater consequence. May you, my brother, follow his example. We have heard nothing of you at present, except a little too much freedom in speaking on political subjects after your arrival, but what is favourable. We have not had opportunity of knowing much of you; but it affords us good hope of your being a useful missionary, that you seem to love and revere the counsels of Brother Carey. A humble, careful, circumspect, disinterested, faithful, peaceable, and zealous conduct like his, will render you a blessing to society. Brother C. is greatly respected and beloved by all denominations here. I will tell you what I have forborne to tell him, lest it should hurt his modesty. Good old Mr. Newton, in a letter to Brother Ryland, dated August 8th, 1797, says: 'Mr. Carey has favoured me with a letter, which, indeed, I accept as a favour, and I mean to thank him for it. I trust my heart as cordially unites with him for the success of his mission as though I were a brother Baptist myself. I look

to such a man with reverence. He is more to me than bishop or archbishop: he is an apostle. May the Lord make all who undertake missions like-minded with Brother Carey !'

"You will also see some things in Brother Thomas worthy of your imitation. He possesses a familiarity and affection in his address which is very desirable, and of which I conceive you are not wholly incapable.

"When I heard, by your letter from Madeira, of the unkind treatment that you met with on board, I felt almost sorry that you went in the steerage. Yet I find the disposal of public money to be a delicate undertaking.

"We have allowed for you £50 per annum for the present, which is rather more than Brother C. asked for. And while you are single, I dare say you will be so considerate and regardful of the undertaking as not to think we slight your services in allowing you no more. If God should provide you with a companion, we shall not be backward to give you every possible encouragement. If Brother C.'s plan, indeed, should be put in execution, you will have all things common. At all events we shall be happy to see you happy, and to contribute anything in our power to render you so. The Lord be with you, my dear brother.—I am, yours very affectionately,

"A. FULLER."

TO MR. WARD.

"Kettering, August 1st, 1801.

"MY DEAR BROTHER WARD,—Last night, returning from Derby, where Brother Blundell and I have been to the ordination of a Mr. Newell, a member of dear Pearce's, I found your letter of five sheets; I should have said I saw one from Felix Carey to Mr. Yates as we came through Leicester; and have been weeping for joy over both his and yours. I beseech you do not shorten your journal—your talent is to

journalize. I understand more of the mission from those daily statements of things as they occur than by any other means. We think of having, soon, a day of solemn thanksgiving to God for the success which has attended your labours; and which may probably be held at Leicester. Yes, my dear brother, we will join with you in blessing and praising God. Two things have forcibly struck me in reading your letters: 1, That this strong barrier of Satan, the caste, shall not only be made to give way to the Gospel, but prove of singular advantage to Christ's cause in India. It will be a test of sincerity. The Hindoos are distinguished by their hypocrisy; and if no extraordinary test of their sincerity existed, you could never be satisfied of it. But a willingness to lose caste may be as great a proof of sincerity with *you*, as anything which our converts can offer can be with *us*. They may not *all* be sincere; neither are ours: but I hope some will. 2. That with this test you may safely admit them to baptism without waiting for further proofs. This, I think, is the Scripture plan. The apostles did not hold back the primitive converts; but if they professed faith in Christ, and were willing to forego their former course of life, and to comply with the Christian precepts, they, without further hesitation, baptized them. If, after this, they turned back, they dealt with them accordingly. *Whatsoever ye have seen and heard of them, do; and the God of peace will be with you.* I think we in England place too much dependence on our good opinion of each other's piety. A profession of Christ, not contradicted by words or actions, should be our ground of proceeding. We have had many fears about your colony being taken; but the good understanding which subsists between you and Messrs. Brown and Buchanan, and through them with Government, makes us easy. God has given this favour in the eyes of men, no doubt, for gracious purposes. I have a hundred things to rejoice in; among which, the state of things with that dear youth Felix, is not the least; and I hope his brother

William will soon follow. O my brother, God has honoured you much in making you instrumental to the good of these dear children, as well as in other respects. Praise Him, for His mercy endureth for ever! It appears to me a token for good that what success you have hitherto met with, has appeared to be *indirect* and *preparatory* for something future. Brothers C. and T. were looking for Hindoos: God gave them a Fernandez, a Cunningham, &c., by means of whom a kind of establishment is given to the recording of His name in Dinagepore. You were anxious to settle up the country: God impelled you to settle where you are, that the *sacred Scriptures might be printed without molestation*. You still kept praying for the poor Hindoos: God gave you Felix and William! (This moment a letter is arrived from Brother Ryland, containing Brother Marshman's journal. I must leave off writing and look it over. O blessed for ever be the Lord, and blessed be you! Surely, I never loved you all so well before. To say, Give my love to Brother Marshman, is feeble. If I could send my soul over in a letter, it would come and mingle with your souls, with your labours, your sorrows and your joys!) Well, I have not half read the journal of dear M.; yet I must return to it. O how his note to, and conversation with, the sick lady at the hotel endears him to me. There is a fitness in your corresponding with me; Brother M. with Brother Ryland; and Brother B. with Brother Sutcliffe; and I do not wish it otherwise: I love you all, I think, alike. Poor Brother T.! His afflictions, I am inclined to think, account for many of his eccentricities. Those seasons of dejection in which he could do nothing, and which once I thought hard of him for, might be owing to something tending to what has lately taken place. I find I have not got all Brother M.'s journal—only from September 15th, 1800, to December 10th. The rest Brother Ryland will send soon. By the bye, your letter cost 9s. 2d., and Brother Ryland's 10s. . . .

"I am now very ill, and obliged to give up a tour through

Oxfordshire and Berkshire to collect for the mission. I got £130 in April, in Devonshire, &c.; £70 last month in Norwich; Brother Sutcliffe £320 in London. £100 is just sent from the Glasgow Missionary Society. But doing my own work and that of dear Pearce, is too much.

“Lord’s day, August 2nd. This day I have been so ill as to be unable to preach. Your letters were read instead of sermons. In printing No. 7, I, by mere oversight, omitted the insertion of Brother Brunsdon’s journal. It lay among some other papers sent by Brother Sutcliffe, till I was too late. On looking them over, I afterwards saw it, and perceived some things which were omitted in the others. I hope he will not be grieved at the omission, or communicate the less in future. All your communications are dear to us, and we see some peculiar talents in each.

“Monday, August 3rd. I am taking medicines to-day. My complaint is a very bad cold, attended with fever. You have had to encounter the heathen doctrine of laying sin at God’s door; which, undoubtedly, is subversive of all religion. But I have been thinking when they come to read such passages as Isaiah xix. 14; Rom. ix. 18, they’ll tell you your Scriptures teach their doctrine; and they will ask (as ver. 19), *Why doth He yet find fault? who hath resisted His will?* You must beware that in opposing their lie, you do not betray the truth.

“You will now also have a number of cases come before you similar to those in the primitive times, as of unbelieving husbands and wives deserting their companions, &c., &c. I trust you will be endowed with wisdom from above, according to your wants.

“Well, Brother Sutcliffe has been here and brought dear Brunsdon’s journal; and the rest of Brother Marshman’s is come also. How precious is each! I weep and rejoice with you all. Surely, brethren Powell, Fernandez, and Thomas (if he retain his reason), will form a branch at Dinagapore, and will keep up worship there. You could

occasionally visit them. Would not Mr. C. be disposed to visit them? Or has he a caste to lose? Brother S. and I have been talking much about investing moneys in India. If a sufficiency was sent over to support the mission, we are all persuaded it would greatly injure it in the esteem of subscribers. On the other hand it is very desirable that you should have a resort in times of need. We think of dividing the matter, of sending a certain sum, which may serve *in part* to meet your wants, and the rest you draw for. We hope what was sent last Christmas with Mr. Short, and the 8,000 rupees you have taken up, will meet your wants at present. As you will now have occasion to visit the houses of the converted natives, it may be expected that the malice of the Brahmins will invent something scandalous against you: I am persuaded you will all watch against everything which might furnish them with a handle for reproach.

“I was reading the 25th chapter of Isaiah this morning (August 8):—The spreading of the Gospel feast (ver. 6); the destruction of idolatrous darkness (ver. 7). The conversion of the heathen will be a kind of resurrection, and a glorious one, too, accompanied with great happiness and respect to God’s people (ver. 8); this great blessing will come after long waiting for it by the church (ver. 9); and the heathen power shall fall, to rise no more (vers. 10–12).

“*August 10.*—I am but little better in health; but have just finished the MS. for a sixpenny number of Periodical Accounts, consisting of extracts from your journals and letters. It goes to Morris to-morrow, and he begins next day to print it. Our meeting for thanksgiving is appointed for the 19th inst., at Leicester. O my dear Brother Ward, you have an interest in my prayers; and I am persuaded I have in yours. Jesus Christ be with you all! male and female, Europeans and Hindoos.—Ever yours,

“A. FULLER.”

LETTER TO NEW CONVERTS.

“To Brother Krishno, Sister Joymonee, and any other who have since joined them in heartily embracing and publicly professing the name of the Lord Jesus.

“DEARLY BELOVED IN OUR LORD,—The joy of our hearts was great when the news of your conversion reached us. In you we see the first-fruits of Hindostan, the travail of our Redeemer’s soul, and a rich return for our imperfect labours. You know, beloved, that the love of Christ is of a constraining nature. It was this, and only this, that constrained us to meditate the means of your conversion. It was this that constrained our brethren that are with you to leave their country, and all their worldly prospects, and to encounter perils, hardships, and reproaches. If you stand fast in the Lord, and are saved, this is their and our reward.

“We affectionately congratulate you on your having embraced the Gospel, and united with the Church of Christ. To unite with the church below is to be akin to that which is above. ‘Ye are come to the Mount Zion, the city of the living God; to an innumerable company of angels; to the spirits of the just made perfect; to God, the Judge of all; and to Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant.’ The nature of Christianity is to unite those that were divided, that *all may be one*, as the Father is in Christ, and Christ in the Father; that we may be one in both. Satan wishes to divide men from God and one another; but the Gospel breaks down every middle wall of partition, making us of one heart and of one soul. Neither distance of situation, difference of customs, language, or colour, shall prevent a union of spirit. We welcome you to the participation of all the privileges and blessings of the Gospel. You were once darkness, but are now made light in the Lord: walk as children of light. You have lived in almost all evil; but now put off these things, and put on the new man, speaking every one truth to his neighbour. Abhor and shun every kind of idolatry; for this God hateth. You have lived without hope and without

God in the world; but now ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints and of the household of God. As a virgin you are married to Christ, your bridegroom. Forget, therefore, your own people and your father's house. He is your Lord, and worship ye Him. But we say the less to you, knowing that our dear brethren who are with you will teach you all things—how ye ought to walk, and to please God. We only add: Lay your account with persecutions for Christ's sake. This was the lot of the Master; and they that would follow Him must expect to suffer with Him. But if we suffer with Him, we shall also reign with Him. If we deny Him before men, He will deny us before His Father and the holy angels. We must all be tempted: blessed is the man that endureth temptation; when he is tried he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him.

“Dearly beloved! let your chaste and holy conversation, your meekness, uprightness, gentleness, goodness, and firm adherence to the truth, continue to refresh our bowels in the Lord! Pray for and seek after the salvation of your benighted countrymen. Recommend the Gospel to them by patience and by long-suffering, by kindness, and by love unfeigned. Love and obey those who are set over you in the Lord. In short, as members of civil society, be peaceable and faithful; as heads or branches of families, be kind and orderly; and, as members of the church of God, be holy in all manner of conversation.

“Signed at our committee meeting, held at Leicester, August 19th, 1801.

“JOHN SUTCLIFFE.

“ROBERT MILLS.

“EGERTON LEIGH.

“BENJ. EVANS.

“T. BLUNDELL.

“BENJ. CAVE.

“J. W. MORRIS.

“RICHD. BRUIN.

“JOHN YATES.

“ANDREW FULLER.”

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS UPON MISSIONARY AFFAIRS.

A DEBATING COMMITTEE.

“I would in general recommend whoever may succeed us, to beware, 1, Of a speechifying committee. We have never had a speech among us from the beginning. All is prayer and brotherly consultation; and I do not remember a measure carried by a mere majority. We talk over things till we agree. 2. Of a fondness for multiplying rules and resolutions. An excess of legislation, if I may so call it, is perplexing and injurious. We have not imagined ourselves to be legislators, but brethren acting with you in the same object.”

A FAREWELL AT GRAVESEND.

“MY VERY DEAR BRETHREN AND SISTERS,—We set off from London on Lord’s day evening, nine o’clock, and got down to Gravesend a little after one. There we learned that everything was done at Gravesend necessary for sailing, and that the ship was then probably under sail. We therefore immediately took a boat, and came to you about a mile down the river. As we found you under sail, we could only just descend into the cabin, and say farewell. We could have been glad to have sung and prayed with you once more, but that pleasure was denied us. On leaving the ship, we watched her progress two or three miles, and many an affectionate prayer was put up by us on your behalf while you were gradually receding from our view. The following lines are expressive of what were the feelings of one, and I believe of all, at and since that time:—

‘Farewell, beloved friends, once more farewell !
 For you our hearts have felt, and still shall feel :
 Of late we’ve cared, and some attention given ;
 Now we must leave you to the care of Heaven.

‘If we should ever wickedly omit
 To aid, or offer up our strong desire,
 Let our right hands their wonted skill forget,
 And all our hopes and joys in death expire !

- ‘Go then, dear friends, in your Redeemer’s cause,—
 Go plough the briny wave, and brave the deep;
 Mercy and truth be with you as you pass;
 Preserve your souls, your lives in safety keep.
- ‘Go join those much-loved names on yonder shores;
 Go share their ardent, honourable toil;
 Mingle your tears with theirs—with theirs your joys,
 And bear to them the blessings of your native isle.
- ‘Go teach the nations, sound the Saviour’s name:
 As He was sent of God, He doth you send;
 His word of promise still remains the same,—
 Lo! I am with you always to the end!’ ”

LORD WELLESLEY AND THE MISSIONARIES.

“I have said some things to Brothers Carey and Ward, and must repeat to you: that I and some others are under strong apprehensions that the friendship of Dr. Buchanan to you and the mission is purchased too dear, and that you are in great danger of being drawn into his worldly, political religion. Your printed proposals, which must be of his moulding, have sunk you much in the esteem of many. They are unworthy of your names. How can you talk of Hindoos seeking and desiring the Scriptures, in a way as if they were ready to receive them? Gratitude required your acknowledgments to the Marquis W., but not your signatures to a paper which approves and boasts of his wars, which are here generally thought to be nearly as ambitious and unjust as those of Buonaparte. If Dr. B. had not known and felt that you were under his influence, he dared not have altered Brother Carey’s Sanscrit speech, and sent it, interspersed with flattery, to the Governor, without the author’s knowledge. Beware, my brethren, of the counsel of this Mr. Worldly-wise-man. He will draw you off from the simplicity of Christ; and, under the pretence of liberality, &c., you will be shorn, like Samson of his locks. ‘Beware of the flatterer!’ Mr. Brown is, I trust, a godly man; but he is entangled with a worldly religion. You may be equally

in danger from the kindness of the great, as Fountain was of an opposite spirit."

KING GEORGE AND THE BENGALEE TESTAMENT.

"Mr. Fawcett published a piece on *Anger*. The king, who is said to be subject to passion, read it with much interest, and sent the author a diploma. Mr. F.'s modesty induced him to decline the use of it; but he declined it in a letter to his Majesty, written in such a manner as to give no offence. His Majesty, in reply, desired him (it is said) to ask any favour of him in future, and he should be happy to oblige him. Last spring, a young man, of Halifax, son to one of Mr. F.'s friends, a dissenter, was guilty of forgery, and was condemned to death last August. Great was the distress of the family, of course. Mr. F. addressed a letter to the king, stating some extenuating circumstances, and entreating, if it might be, his Majesty's pardon. It was granted, to the astonishment of the country; since a case of forgery has never been pardoned before during his Majesty's reign. I forget the young man's name. The king has several dissenters, I am told, in his family, and is very determined that the other servants do not interrupt them in the enjoyment of their religious privileges. We have presented him with a Bengalee Testament, which he received very graciously. We accompanied it with the following address: 'The Baptist Missionary Society humbly entreat that this copy of the translation of the New Testament into the Bengalee language may be accepted by your Majesty as a token of their dutiful regard to your person and government; and beg leave to express their desire that your Majesty may live to see the principles it contains universally prevail throughout your Eastern dominions.' He told Mr. Bowyer, who presented it, that he accepted the book with pleasure, and requested him to return the managers of the Society his best thanks for it."

DIFFERENT RELIGIOUS SECTS.

“You have introduced your journal with a few friendly remarks on my publications. I thank you. I hope I have not been in any of my writings a Mindoza or an Humphreys; though I am aware there has been a mixture of self-seeking which has run through this and everything else I have done. There is not the same degree of importance, I allow, in some of my controversies as in others; but they all seemed to me of importance sufficient to require a defence. I see different schemes of religion like different soils and climates. Socinianism and Universalism are the frigid zones of Christianity; now and then a spark of what is apparently practical appears in their lives, and that is all. Socinians and Universalists are men of the world. V—— is little short of a blasphemer, and a man, I believe, of no principle. Arianism approaches a little nearer,—talks more about Christ; but I see no fruit. I heard a sermon from one of them (who was supposed to be more evangelical than some) as dead as ditch-water, and at an immense remove from the Gospel. Arminianism admits of more fruit, but oh! it is miserably cold. I conversed much in Ireland with one of their ablest men, and all very friendly. Professing myself to be a poor sinful creature every day of my life, he would have persuaded me that I was free from sin! I assured him I was far from it, and I believed those who thought they were, to be deluded and blind to the spirituality of the Divine law. ‘What should you think,’ said he, ‘of a man who assents to the atonement, but never felt the necessity of it?’ ‘I own,’ said I, ‘I should think him wanting in the essentials of religion.’ I presently found this was his own case. (Yet this person was reckoned one of the greatest and best men in the Wesleyan connexion.) He is a considerable writer, though not a preacher, and a very liberal man. He told me his ideas were chiefly directed to the necessity of inward religion. I told him that it was by believing in a Christ

without us, that *inward* religion was best promoted. Sandemanianism, of which I met with plenty in Dublin, is making progress in many places. It is cold as death, in one view, but full of contention, and elated with spiritual pride. It talks much of knowledge and faith, but it is a stranger to love, except a strong attachment to its own. It is as bitter and censorious and confident as Huntingdon; but not so foul in its diction. It has swept away a promising congregation in Dublin (and Cooper, who was lately famous for preaching to the Jews, at the head of them). Antinomianism is loose, and foul; its congregations have a few individuals whose hearts are right; but the fruit they bring forth in general leadeth unto death. Under the influence of this presumptuous system, our churches in Norfolk, Suffolk, and many other places, are going to ruin. Nowhere does Antinomianism grow more than in London. (There is not a man there who properly lifts up a standard against it. Indeed, they are all disposed to compromise matters with it. It gets into all their churches, committees, &c., &c.) Mr. Booth, though a very good man, yet feels no alarm on that score; all his apprehensions are, the churches will be ruined by American divinity! I think as highly of the integrity and piety of A. Booth as of almost any man I know; but his prejudices are strong, and when once fixed, almost immovable. He and I are nearer together in sentiment by far than he and many others with whom, nevertheless, he is on terms of close friendship; while his conscience has, within a few months, impelled him to publish a book against me! I have no intention to answer it. . . . So you see, I am not quite a "drawcansir"* (I think the word is, which the reviewers once called me), cutting and wounding every man that stands in my way. Yet, if I can state the truth amidst all these discordant notions, without any direct attack on

* This word is faithfully transcribed from the copy. Being unable to suggest a substitute, as some unusual word was plainly intended, I must leave the reader to draw on his imagination.

any of them, it may have its use. Would you think it? Dr. Ryland, you know, is one of the most pacific of men. . . . I am reckoned (from the days of Ward being in the neighbourhood of Birmingham) a man with a sledge hammer in my hand: yet I am always wishing to write no more in a controversial way; and Dr. R. is always pressing me to depict Antinomianism and Sandemanianism in their own colours!

“O that I may know *Him* and the power of His resurrection! I have felt within the last half-year an increasing attachment to Christ crucified. Have preached ever since about nothing else, in a manner. How sweet is the way of salvation through His name! I feel how much more useful I should be if I were more imbued in this subject. I lately preached from Gal. iv. 19, with much interest.

“My mind is often present with you, joying and beholding your order, and the stedfastness of your faith in Christ. If I had the wings of a dove, I would often visit you. I see the work of conversion has a little stopped with you of late. You must expect times of this kind to try you, and much disorder among those who have already believed. A good old deacon once remarked to me, from Gal. vi. 1, there will always be work enough for those who are kept a little more spiritual than their brethren, in lifting up those who are fallen.”

COMMENTS ON PASSING EVENTS.

RELIGIOUS TOLERATION.

“Dr. Priestley has this week sailed for America. I do not blame him. He has printed a farewell sermon, in the preface of which he assigns the reason of his going. Some have accused him of timidity on account of the reasons he gives, but I consider such accusations as brutal and malevolent. It is to the disgrace of England to have driven him away! Such treatment is enough to make a bad cause appear a good one! I am glad he is gone to America. He

will have justice done there. There let him write, and if our cause cannot stand in the fair field of argument, let it fall."

FRENCH REVOLUTION.

"Public affairs wear a dark aspect to a political eye; but to the eye of faith it is otherwise. In France, the Mountain (or Marat's) party are uppermost, and have guillotined almost all the rest. Brissot and his party were, twenty-one of them, guillotined together last October. Among them were Rabaut and Lasource, two Protestant ministers, and men whom I always esteemed of great virtue. No, I mistake; Rabaut was executed by himself a while after. The Mountain party are desperate men; but perhaps none but such men could carry things through. Their arms this last summer and winter have been almost everywhere victorious. I reckon there will be no more campaigns worth the name. The combined Powers are about done over. Old Catharine is a baggage. She talked all along, but never meant to do anything. She looked on while Prussia, and Austria, and England were weakening themselves, and has reserved her strength to obtain the Turkish empire without interruption from them, at which her mouth has been watering for years, and against which she is now upon the eve of declaring war. Prussia has had enough with France, and, it is said, has declared off. Austria is poor, and can go on but a little longer.

"We have sent out fleets to take Domingo and the French West India Islands. The Convention, to counteract us, has lately passed a decree utterly abolishing slavery in all their islands; and admitting the blacks to sit in their assembly as representatives of the islands. For all this, I say, *Blessed be God!* Slavery will soon be abolished! America has resolved to abolish it in less than two years; and if the British Parliament does not unite, the slaves will liberate themselves when liberty comes to be spread all around them. The French, in passing their decree, owned their fault in not

having done it before; and declared it to be no favour, but the mere restoring to them of what had been unrighteously taken away.

“The negroes, when liberated, will defend their own islands.

“A dark cloud hangs over us. We expect the French will shortly attempt to invade us. They have been making great preparations for it for several months. Great numbers are going to America. Dr. Priestley and eighty or ninety families are going this month.”

ROBESPIERRE AND DANTON.

“I have heard of scarcely any debates of late in the Convention. I conceive free debate is not admitted there. It is as much as a man's life is worth to oppose the prevailing party in any way. From such a situation men of independent minds must withdraw, and leave it to those who know how to cringe and tyrannize by turns. Robespierre is about head ‘cock of the walk’ at this time. He is another Dr. Johnson for temper. Thousands court his favour, while he seems to court no man's; but is more frequently employed, like a bull with his tail, in whisking the flies from off his back. In the Jacobin club many strive to gain his esteem by making violent and sanguinary motions. He tells them to their face that they are villains. In the Convention he cuts up all by turns; *and after he speaketh they rise not again!*

“Matters with us are going on with great severity; five or six gentlemen, chiefly Scotch, are condemned to transportation to Botany Bay, and are now about setting off, merely for associating in what they imprudently called a *convention* for the purpose of petitioning for a reform in Parliament. Their names are Muir, Palmer, Margorat, Gerald, &c., and, I think, two or three more.

“Danton, who had vied in sanguinary measures with Robespierre, is this week expected to lose his head. The

Cordeliers, who now suffer, are charged with a conspiracy. Hébert and Clootz were of that party, and, I suppose, Danton. They are now accused by the Jacobins of *Atheism*, and persecution of religious worship. Clootz, and some others of the party, it is said, died like Atheists, professing their persuasion that they were going into a state of non-existence !”

PEACE AND WAR.

“We have had many fears for you on account of the war between us and Denmark. A dreadful battle was fought last month by the fleet under Admiral Parker or Lord Nelson, off Copenhagen. There was a truce immediately concluded, which we have no doubt will issue in a peace with the Northern powers. Russia and Prussia, and Sweden and Denmark, had formed a league to resist our claim of searching their ships in time of war for contraband articles. The sudden death of Paul of Russia, and the battle of Copenhagen, seem to have broken the league. We pray you and your colony may be preserved. All the West India Islands of Sweden and Denmark have been taken by the English this spring, besides two or three successful engagements in Egypt. We long for the return of peace, though we are not clamorous after the manner of some, who love it so dearly that they seem to long to wade up to the ankles with blood to obtain it.”

POLITICAL AGITATORS.

“We are required by the New Testament to pray for all that are in authority ; but this we cannot do without mockery ; unless we bear *good will* towards them, and that in their official capacity. It is written, ‘Thou shalt not speak evil of the ruler (or rulers) of thy people :’ but to deal in sarcastic reflections upon them is the worst kind of evil speaking, and is utterly inconsistent with the practice of Christ and His apostles. Paul and Peter and Jude never say anything disrespectful of the powers that were, nor allowed it in

Christians. On the contrary, they described the 'liberty' of that day in a light which should make us tremble how we join with or approve of them in ours. 2 Pet. ii. 10; Jude viii. 9, 10. (You 'are not ignorant of many in India being dissatisfied with the Company.' Very likely, and I am not ignorant of many in England who are the same with the Government, and who, I believe, would not only be glad to see things reformed, but utterly overturned; but I never give encouragement to such talk, much less join it.) I am not an old man, but I have lived long enough to perceive that nine out of ten who are clamorous for liberty only wish for a share in the power: and follow them into private life and you will find them tyrants to their wives, children, servants, and neighbours. Now, whatever faults I may see in the Government of my country, I had rather be under it as it is than under such kind of liberty as I should have reason to expect from such characters. I have seen enough of French liberty to be fully convinced that, although there were well-meaning individuals among them, whose object was justice and the melioration of the state of mankind, yet the great body of the leading men, and by whose influence all the rest were led, were unprincipled infidels, whose object was to climb over the throne and get the supreme power, and to root up not merely Popery but the very existence of Christianity. And now they have got the supreme power in France, their object is to extend it over Europe, and even the whole earth."

TRAFALGAR.

"We have been hitherto mercifully preserved as a nation. The ranging Bear is now gone into Germany—has entered Vienna. All Europe is, in a manner, up in arms. We know not what will be the end of these things. On October 21st, a terrible battle was fought at Trafalgar, near Gibraltar, between the British and combined fleets—27 of the former against 33 (I think) of the latter. Nineteen of the enemy's

ships-of-the-line were taken or destroyed; but Lord Nelson, the commander-in-chief, was shot in the action. Almost all the French and Spanish admirals were taken. Four of the ships which escaped, were met and taken by four British, under Sir Richard Strachan, a few days after. Afterwards we had a day of public thanksgiving, on December 6, on which I preached from Psalm lxxv. 5. Awful as these events are, they may contribute to prevent what would be more awful—an invasion."

CHAPTER VIII.

PRIVATE LIFE AND FAMILIAR CORRESPONDENCE.

Two years after the formation of the mission, Mr. Fuller married Ann, the only daughter of the Rev. W. Coles, of Maulden. On the evening of the wedding-day he thus writes in his Diary: "This day I was married; and this day will probably stamp my future life with either increasing happiness or misery. My hopes rise high of the former; but my times and those of my dear companion are in the Lord's hands. I feel a satisfaction that in her I have a godly character as well as a wife. I bless God for the prospect I have of an increase of happiness. It is no small satisfaction that every one of our relatives was agreeable; that there are no prejudices to afford ground for future jealousies. Two days after our marriage we invited about a dozen of our serious friends to drink tea and spend the evening in prayer."

It is impossible to refrain from rejoicing at this interlude in the care and labour of such a life. Some one is at the house to welcome him home after his weary journeys, and to bear up his spirit as only a wife is able. The hopes he had cherished were more than realized. The year following his

marriage brought great peace to his soul and comfort to his house. "Perhaps," he says, "I never lived a year in which I enjoyed more of the pleasures of religion than that of 1795. I have found my marriage contribute greatly to my peace and comfort, and the peace and comfort of my family, for which I record humble and hearty thanks to the God of my life."

The comforting minister came none too soon, for it pleased God to visit him, ere long, with severe family trouble. Into whatever sphere we follow Andrew Fuller, there seems more than enough to crush the spirit of a strong man. Yet, no doubt, under the loving control of his Almighty Father, the pressure of service in one direction was a relief to the burden of sorrow in another.

There was born to Mr. Fuller, by his first wife, a son named Robert, indeed his first-born child, who was the occasion of deep anxiety to his parents. He appears to have been a tender, loving lad, but with a restless, roving disposition, that prevented his settling down to any ordinary occupation. Through all his wanderings, however, it does not appear that he was ever addicted to vice, and possibly some of his father's references to the sins of his prodigal child, were dictated more by his severe notions of propriety and duty than by the justice of the case. It is very likely that if some occupation suited to the free bent of his mind had been chosen, much anxiety would have been spared. Parents, in the training of their children, are often like a careless sculptor who begins at the wrong side of the marble, and comes upon a dark seam which mars every feature; whereas, if they had chosen the other side of the block all would have been well.

In May, 1796, a situation was procured for Robert, and he started to London. His father retired to his room and wrote this in his Diary: "*May 12th.* This day my eldest son is gone to London upon trial, at a warehouse belonging to Mr. Burles. My heart has been much exercised about him. The child is sober and tender in spirit; I find, too, he

prays in private; but whether he be really godly I know not. Sometimes he has expressed a desire after the ministry, but I always considered that as arising from the want of knowing himself. About a year and a half ago, I felt a very affecting time in pleading with God on his behalf. Nothing appeared to me so desirable for him as that he might be a servant of God. I felt my heart much drawn out to devote him to the Lord, in whatever way He might employ him. Since that time, as he became of age for business, my thoughts have been much engaged on his behalf. As to giving him any idea of his ever being engaged in the ministry, it is what I carefully shun; and whether he ever will be is altogether uncertain; I know not whether he be a real Christian as yet, or, if he be, whether he will possess those qualifications which are requisite for that work; but this I have done, I have mentioned the exercises of my mind to Mr. B., who is a godly man, and if at any future time within the next five or six years he should appear a proper object of encouragement for that work, he will readily give him up.

"I felt very tenderly last night and this morning in prayer. I cannot say, 'God, before whom my fathers Abraham and Isaac did walk;' but I can say, 'God, who hath fed me all my life long unto this day, the Angel which redeemed me from all evil, bless the lad.'"

"*July.* I perceive I have great unhappiness before me in my son, whose instability is continually appearing; he must leave London, and what to do with him I know not. I was lately earnestly engaged in prayer for him that he might be renewed in his spirit, and be the Lord's; and these words occurred to my mind—'Hear my prayer, O Lord, that goeth not forth out of feigned lips;' and I prayed them over many times."

Situation after situation was procured for the restless lad, but in neither could he be prevailed upon to stay. His conduct caused his father the keenest suffering. He writes to a friend :—

“My heart is almost broken. Let nothing that I said grieve you; but make allowance for your afflicted and distressed friend. When I lie down, a load almost insupportable depresses me. Mine eyes are kept waking, or if I get a little sleep it is disturbed; and as soon as I awake my load returns upon me. O Lord, I know not what to do; but mine eyes are up unto Thee. Keep me, O my God, from sinful despondency. Thou hast promised that all things shall work together for good to them that love Thee; fulfil Thy promise, on which Thou hast caused Thy servant to hope. O my God, this child which Thou hast given me in charge, is wicked before Thee, and is disobedient to me, and is plunging himself into ruin. Have mercy upon him, O Lord, and preserve him from evil. Bring him home to me, and not to me only, but also to Thyself.

“If I see the children of other people it aggravates my sorrow. Those who have had no instruction, no pious example, no warnings or counsels, are often seen to be steady and trusty; but my child, who has had all these advantages, is worthy of no trust to be placed in him. I am afraid he will go into the army, that sink of immorality; or, if not, that being reduced to extremity he will be tempted to steal. And oh, if he should get such a habit, what may not these weeping eyes witness, or this broken heart be called to endure! O my God, whither will my fears lead me? Have mercy upon me, a poor unhappy parent: have mercy upon him, a poor ungodly child.”

The fear of his enlisting was unfortunately realized, and in 1798 he entered the army. Mr. Fuller thus writes to Dr. Ryland:—

“I have indeed had a sore trial in the affair you mention; but I do not recollect any trial of my life in which I had more of a spirit of prayer and confidence in God. Many parts of Scripture were precious, particularly the following: ‘O Lord, I know not what to do; but mine eyes are up unto Thee.—O Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me.—Com-

mit thy way unto the Lord, and He shall bring it to pass.—Cast thy burden on the Lord, and He shall sustain thee.—All things work together for good,' &c. Even while I knew not where he was, I felt stayed on the Lord, and some degree of cheerful satisfaction that things would end well. I know not what is before me; but hitherto the Lord hath helped me; and still I feel resolved to hope in His mercy."

His discharge was, however, obtained from the army, on the ground of his being an apprentice; but almost as soon as he was free he enlisted again in the marines. The coarse, wicked life around him soon sickened his soul, and he wrote entreating his father to use every effort to get him his liberty. Once again his freedom was secured, and he was received home with loving affection. He could not, however, even then be prevailed upon to remain, and his father, seeing it was hopeless to induce him to settle down, most wisely secured him a situation on board a merchant ship. But misfortune seemed to dog his steps. He had scarcely joined his ship when news was received of his impressment for a common sailor on board a man-of-war.

As if the facts of the case were not bad enough without any addition, a rumour reached home that he had been tried for desertion and sentenced to a severe punishment, under which he immediately expired. "Oh," says the agonised father, "*this heart trouble!* In former cases my sorrows found vent in tears; but now I can seldom weep. A kind of morbid heart-sickness preys upon me from day to day. Every object around me reminds me of him! Ah! . . . he was wicked: and mine eye was not over him to prevent it; . . . he was detected, and tried, and condemned: and I knew it not; . . . he cried under his agonies: but I heard him not; . . . he expired without an eye to pity or a hand to help him! . . . O Absalom, my son! my son! would God I had died for thee, my son!

"Yet, O my soul! let me rather think of Aaron than of David. He 'held his peace' in a more trying case than mine.

His sons were *both* slain, and slain by the *wrath of Heaven*; were probably intoxicated at the time: and all this suddenly, without anything to prepare the mind for such a trial! Well did he say, ‘Such things have befallen me.’”

A few days afterwards a letter arrived which proved this report to be entirely without foundation. “Blessed be God,” says the father, “I find the report is unfounded! I have received a letter from my poor boy. Well, he is yet alive, and within the reach of mercy!”

Driven hither and thither, wherever his ship was bound, enduring all the hardships of a man-of-war’s-man in those days, he wrote home to his father, pathetically entreating his forgiveness. This time, however, he asked for no interference in his behalf, but speaks of his sailing for Lisbon, and of a presentiment that it will be his last voyage. In reply to this letter, his father wrote the following epistle:—

“MY DEAR ROBERT,—I received with pleasure your dutiful letter, and would fain consider it as a symptom of a returning mind. I cannot but consider you as having been long under a sort of mental derangement, piercing yourself through, as well as me, with many sorrows. My prayer for you continually is, that the God of all grace and mercy may have mercy upon you. You may be assured that I cherish no animosity against you. On the contrary, I do, from my heart, freely forgive you. But that which I long to see in you is repentance towards God and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ, without which there is no forgiveness from above.

“My dear son! you had advantages in early life; but, being continually in profligate company, you must be debased in mind, and, in a manner, reduced to a state of heathenism. In some of your letters I have observed your dashing, as it were, against the rocks of fatalism; suggesting as if you thought you were appointed to such a course of life. In others I find you flattering yourself that you are a penitent; when, perhaps, all the penitence you ever felt has been the occasional melancholy of remorse and fear.

“My dear son! I am now nearly fifty-five years old, and may soon expect to go the way of all the earth. But, before I die, let me teach you the good and the right way. ‘Hear the instructions of a father.’ You have had a large portion of God’s preserving goodness, or you had, ere now, perished in your sins. Think of this, and give thanks to the Father of mercies, who has hitherto preserved you. Think, too, how you have requited Him, and be ashamed for all that you have done. Nevertheless, do not despair! Far as you have gone, and low as you are sunk in sin, yet, if hence you return to God, by Jesus Christ, you will find mercy. Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, even the chief of sinners. If you had been ever so sober and steady in your behaviour towards men, yet, without repentance towards God and faith in Christ, you could not have been saved; and if you return to God by Him, though your sins be great and aggravated, yet will you find mercy.” . . .

His own foreboding was mournfully realised. He died off Lisbon, in March, 1809, after a long illness. “From the testimony of his captain,” writes Dr. Ryland, “and one of his messmates, we learn that his conduct was good, and such as to procure him much respect; and from letters addressed to his father and his sister, a short time before his death, we hope still better things; we hope he was led to see the error of his way, and to make the Lord his refuge from the tempest and the storm.”

It was characteristic of Mr. Fuller that any deep sorrow that pressed upon his soul was sure to find its way into his public exercises. It was not, we may be quite sure, a desire to parade his grief, but the strength of nature that welled forth whatever was stirring within, almost unconscious of listeners.

On the Sunday after he had received the tidings of his child’s death, he went to chapel and preached from Rom. x. 8, 9: “But what saith it? The word is nigh thee, even

in thy mouth and in thy heart : that is, the word of faith, which we preach ; that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." The old, old theme can alone give him comfort, as he sets forth to the assembled congregation these ideas :—

1. The doctrine of free justification by the death of Christ is suited to sinners of all degrees. It asks not how long, nor how often, nor how greatly we have sinned ; if we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins. 2. It is suited to the helpless condition of sinners. We have only to look and live. 3. It is suited to sinners in the last extremity. It answers to the promised mercy in Deut. iv. 29, "If from thence thou seek thy God, thou shalt find Him." Some are far from home, and have no friend, in their dying moments, to speak a word of comfort ; . . . but this is near ! When Jonah was compassed about by the floods, when the billows and waves passed over him, he prayed to the Lord, and the Lord heard him.

Here the preacher paused, utterly overcome, and wept bitterly. The congregation, who knew well the sad story just brought to a close, and could read the travail of the father's soul, so thinly veiled by the discourse, wept with him. Afraid, however, lest his own sorrow should prevent his fulfilling his duties, he braced himself up, and closed with a pathetic appeal to the ungodly to seek Christ, lest the very greatness of the Divine love should be a swift witness against them.

Mr. Fuller's social intercourse was characterized by great tenderness and fidelity. Sometimes it may appear as if he was unnecessarily stern and personal in his communications. Stern, indeed, he was, perhaps to a fault ; but he was not hard, and his sternness arose more from a general depth of nature than from harshness of character. His own experiences of sin in a way forced him to deal with it in others with great directness. He was intensely real in all his

dealings, both with himself and his fellow-men. He never understood the diplomacy that covers an attack with skillfully constructed sentences; perhaps not always the courtesy that softens a rebuke without concealing it. He was deeply interested in all the affairs of his friends. Their sorrows pierced him, and their joys made him glad. Two or three letters to intimate friends will well illustrate the character of his friendship.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,—I find, by a letter, that you are in constant expectation of losing your son. Since the time that you and I corresponded, our circumstances, temptations, afflictions, and almost everything else pertaining to us, have undergone a change. We have each had a portion of parental care; and now, having passed the meridian of life, we begin to taste the cup of parental sorrow. We often talk of trials, without knowing much of what we say: that is a trial, methinks, which lays hold of us, and which we cannot shake off. If we say, ‘Surely I could bear anything but this!’ this shall often be the ill that we are called to bear; and this it is that constitutes it a trial. And why are afflictions called trials, but on account of their being sent to try what manner of spirit we are of? It is in these circumstances our graces appear, if we are truly gracious, and our corruptions, if we be under the dominion of sin; and too often, in some degree, if we be Christians. When I have experienced heavy trials, I have sometimes thought of the case of Aaron. He had two sons, fine young men, colleagues with their father; God accepted of their offering, and the people shouted for joy: everything looked promising; . . . when, alas! in the midst of their glory, they sinned; and there went out a fire from the Lord and devoured them. Well might the afflicted father say as he did: ‘And such things have befallen me!’ yet he ‘held his peace.’ I say, I have sometimes thought of this case, when I have been heavily afflicted; and have employed my mind in this manner:—Such things befell Aaron, the servant of the Lord, a

much better man than I am: who am I, that I should be exempted from the ills which are common to men, to good men, to the best of men? Such things befell Aaron as have not yet befallen me. He had two children cut off together; I have never yet lost more than one at once. His were cut off by an immediate judgment from Heaven, and without any apparent space being given for repentance: thus have not mine been. Yet even *Aaron* held his peace; and shall *I* murmur? 'The just shall live by faith.' God is telling us, in general, that all things work together for good to them that love Him; but He has not informed us how: nor is it common, under afflictions, to perceive the good arising from them. It is *afterwards* that they yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness. If the Lord should remove your son, perhaps you are not without hopes of his salvation; and if the event should cause you to feel more than you have yet felt of the perishable nature of all things under the sun, and draw your heart more towards Himself and things above, where Jesus is, you may have occasion in the end to bless God for it. God knows we are strange creatures; and that we stand in need of strange measures to restrain, humble, and sanctify us.

"Give my love to your afflicted child, and give me leave to recommend to him, Him in whom alone he can be saved. I doubt not but you have recommended Christ to him, as the Saviour of the chief of sinners; yet you will not take it amiss if I address the following few lines to him:—

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—You know but little of me, nor I of you; but I love you for your parents' sake. While health and spirits were afforded you, you thought, I presume, but little of dying; and perhaps what you heard by way of counsel or warning, from the pulpit or from other quarters, made but little impression upon you. A future world appeared to you a sort of dream, rather than a reality. The gratification of present desire seemed to be everything. But now that Being against whom you have sinned has laid His

hand upon you. Your present affliction seems to be of the nature of a summons: its language is, "Prepare to meet Thy God, O sinner!" Perhaps you have thought but little of your state as a lost sinner before Him; yet you have had sufficient proof, in your own experience, of the *degeneracy and dreadful corruption of your nature*. Have you learned from it this important lesson? If you have, while you bewail it before God, with shame and self-abhorrence, you will embrace the refuge set before you in the Gospel. The name of Christ will be precious to your heart. God has given Him to be the Saviour of the lost; and, coming to Him as worthy of death, you are welcome to the blessing of eternal life. No man is so little a sinner but that he must perish for ever without Him; and no man so great a sinner as that he need despair of mercy in Him. He has died, the just for the unjust, that He may bring us to God. His blood cleanseth from sin, and the benefits of it are free. The invitations of the Gospel are universal. Though God would never hear the prayers or regard the tears of a sinner like you, *for your own sake*, yet He will hear from heaven, His dwelling-place, that petition which is sincerely offered *in the name of His Son*. Repent of your sin, and you shall find mercy: believe His Gospel with all your heart, and you shall live. Plead the worthiness of Christ as the ground of acceptance, to the utter rejection of your own, and God will graciously hear, forgive, and save you. Every one that thus asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh, the door of mercy shall be opened. In all your supplications for mercy, be sure you found your petitions on the worthiness of Christ alone. But if you can see no loveliness in Him, nor beauty that you should desire Him, depend upon it you are yet in your sins, and, so dying, you must perish. I do not know whether you have, at any time, been inclined to listen to the abominable suggestions of infidels; but if you have, you now perceive that those are principles that will not stand by you in the near approach

of death. If the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world, be not now a comfort to you, you are comfortless. Look to Him, my dear young friend, and live.' ”

TO A MEMBER OF THE CHURCH.

“MY DEAR FRIEND ——,—I received your letter, and was affected in reading it. Ah! is it so, that you have indulged in secret sin for seven or eight years past, and that God, the holy and the jealous God, has now given you up to open sin, and that you have in a manner lost all power of resistance?

“It is not in my power, nor that of any creature, to enable you to decide upon your former experience, while you are in this state of mind. If an apostle stood in doubt of a backsliding people (Gal. iv. 20), we must do the same—and even of ourselves, or, which is worse, our confidence will be delusion. The tree can only be known by its fruits. If the reproaches of the world, and the censures of the church, lead you to repentance—if you not only confess but forsake both your secret and open sins, and return to God by Jesus Christ—you will yet obtain mercy; and these visitations of God will prove to have been the ‘stripes’ of a Father on a disobedient child. But if you persist in your sins, you will prove yourself an enemy, and ‘God will wound the head of His enemies; and the hairy scalp of such a one as goeth on still in his trespasses;’ Psalm lxviii. 21.

“There certainly is such a thing as for a man to ‘hear the Word and not do it;’ and this is compared to the case of one who ‘seeth his natural face in a glass, and straightway goeth away and forgetteth what manner of man he was,’ and such are described as ‘deceiving their own selves;’ James i. 22–24. Perhaps there are few who have long sat under the preaching of the truth, but have at times beheld their own character and condition by it. Simon trembled (Acts viii. 24), and Felix trembled (Acts xxiv. 25). Often will conscience answer to the truth of what is spoken, even while

some lust has the dominion over the soul. If, instead of producing a change of heart and life, these convictions be only transient,—if, on going from the means of grace and plunging into worldly cares and company, all is forgotten—it is as when the seed was ‘picked up by the fowls of the air.’ And where these transient impressions are mistaken for the grace of God in the heart, there men ‘deceive their own selves.’

“In your present condition do not attempt to decide upon your past experiences. Your immediate concern is, whether you have ever repented and believed in Jesus before or not, now to repent and come to Him. You may not be able to come as a backsliding Christian, but come as a guilty, perishing sinner. The door of mercy is not yet shut upon you. Read and pray over the 130th Psalm; also the 32nd and 51st. When we think of the aboundings of sin, it would seem as if none could be saved; yet when we think of the superaboundings of grace, and of the preciousness of that blood that was shed upon the cross, and which cleanseth from *all sin*, we must acknowledge that none need despair. O friend ——, retrace your steps! Come back—come back! lest you plunge ere you are aware into the pit whence there is no redemption.—Read Jer. xxxi. 18–21.

“When a parent loses, or is in danger of losing, a child, nothing but the recovery of that child can heal the wound. If he could have many other children, that would not do it. Thus it was with Paul and the Corinthians:—‘If I make you sorry, who is He that maketh me glad, but the same that is made sorry by me?’ 2 Cor. ii. 2. Thus it is with me towards you. Nothing but your return to God and the church can heal the wound. What is my hope or joy or crown of rejoicing? Are not ye? Do not bereave me of my reward! But and if it be so, the loss will be yours more than mine. If I have but the approbation of God, I shall be rewarded; my loss will be made up; but who is to repair yours?—I am still affectionately yours,

“A. FULLER.”

"September 19th, 1805.

"MY VERY DEAR BROTHER,—I have just now received a line informing me that Mrs. M. is no more. I feel much for you and your family. There are few events of this kind that occur to my brethren but they call to my remembrance the words of Aaron: 'Such things have befallen me.' The most intimate of earthly unions are dissoluble, and formed to be dissolved. We know these things at other times, and repeat them for the reconciling of others: but God will cause us all, sooner or later, to feel them. How often have you and I accompanied the mourners to the grave, as a matter of course, and conciliated their minds with the consolations of the Gospel. And in our turn we are glad of the same consolations ourselves. Things which otherwise would be deemed mere commonplace, shall thus become meat and drink to us.

"O my brother! though it may have been said a thousand times over, it will bear being said ten thousand times over again—'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.' What a blessed thing it is to give up our dearest relatives to Christ, instead of burying them without hope. When I have seen a pious young man marry an irreligious woman, it has occurred to me, How will he be able to bury her? You may lay your bones, or have them laid, some day by her side, or even mingle dust with her; but you will be parted at the resurrection. But when I see two who have been fellow-heirs of the grace of life, walking together in the fear of the Lord, though one must expect to be taken first, yet how cheering the hope of meeting again to part no more!

"We have several friends near the mouth of the grave, and it will soon be our own turn to follow. And soon let it be, if we may but be found ready. I seem of late to have the end of my life more constantly in view than formerly. The words of Paul have been sweet to me: 'For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain!'

“When I lost my late dear Mrs. F., I found it good to keep near to God, and to employ my mind constantly in my work. In this way I enjoyed a calmness and peace of mind which issued in comfort. We cannot come to see you; but we will pray for you and sympathise with you. The Lord Jesus Christ be with you and your affectionate brother,

“A. FULLER.”

The following affectionate letter to the children at Serampore has been kindly furnished by J. E. Ryland, Esq., of Northampton :—

“Kettering, January 7th, 1813.

“MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—Yours of January 7th, 1812, I duly received, and on the same day of 1813, sit down to answer it. There was no need for any apology for your addressing a letter to me, which, from my regard to your father and mother, as well as to yourself, could be no other than acceptable. It gave me and many others pleasure to hear of your progress, and that of the other youths, in the Chinese and other branches of literature; but to hear of any of you surrendering yourself to the Lord Jesus Christ surpasses everything of that kind. All attainments without this will prove but hoisted sails before the winds of temptation. I cannot write individually to all the young people of the mission :—will you excuse me if I answer yours by a few words addressed to them all, and will you read it to them ?

“My dear young people, the hope of your parents, of the Society, and, I might say, of the Christian world ! God has conferred an honour upon your parents in employing them as He has. He has wrought a work not only in their day, but by their hands, which has given a tone to the religious world, and may be reckoned as the first-fruits of the blessings of the latter days. It is a great blessing conferred upon you to have been born or educated, as you have, in the midst of this work. But, O my dear children, ‘Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.’ Were you

to live under the millennium itself, in unbelief, you would not see it, but, like the Jews, ‘despise, and wonder, and perish!’

“I was much interested awhile ago in hearing Mr. Robert Hall, of Leicester, at the Nottingham Association, discourse on *spiritual death*, from Eph. ii. 1. I remember some of the sentiments, though I cannot do them justice as to the manner in which they were conveyed. He observed ‘that death was not merely a negative but a privative idea. We do not consider a stone as dead, because it was never alive. Spiritual death supposes that we were originally alive to God. It is not natural to us as creatures to be alienated from the life of our Creator, and averse to everything that resembles Him. No, it is an unnatural state of things introduced by sin.’ He added, ‘The privation is *total*. Nothing truly good exists in us while we are dead in trespasses and sins. There are degrees in the circumstances of death, but death admits of none. Some die calm and placid, others with horror and distorted features, but both alike *dead*: and the most amiable character, while dead in sin, is but a smiling corpse!’

“He showed the *awfulness* of a state of spiritual death by observing the kind of life of which it is the privation. ‘Life of every kind is valuable, and the loss of it an evil: but the evil rises in proportion to the value of the good which is lost. In witnessing the effects of a deadly blast upon the vegetable creation, we feel *pensive*; in seeing flocks and herds dragged to the slaughter-house, we are *pained*; in beholding a field of battle covered with slain, we are *distressed*; but what are these to viewing a *world of immortal souls dead to God* and all that is truly good!’

“My dear young people, some of you, I trust, can look back on this deplorable condition with thankfulness for delivering mercy; and where this is the case, a new world is opened to your view. You read the Bible, as it were, with new eyes; the Gospel, with which you have been conversant

from your youth, instead of being an irksome, is become a joyful sound; the duties of religion, which you were as much at a loss how to go about in a right way, as king Saul was how to obey the commandments of the Lord, are become pleasant, nay delightful; you consider the work of the mission very differently from what you did, and feel both a pity for the unconverted, and a love to them who love the Saviour, which you never felt before.

“I should not wonder if you have often regretted that your parents were engaged in so unfruitful an undertaking as it respected your worldly prospects; but it may prove to be one of the greatest blessings even to *you*. It accords with the sovereignty of grace to convert and save children in answer to the prayers and as an encouragement to the disinterested labours of their godly parents. If we are saved and called, it is not according to our works; yet it may be according to the prayers and labours of others connected with us, not, indeed, as a meritorious cause, but as that which God delighteth to honour. The disinterested obedience of Abraham in surrendering even the life of his son to God, was followed with blessings upon Isaac. When is it that God has promised His people to ‘pour out His Spirit upon their seed, and His blessing upon their offspring’? Is it not in the latter days, when His people *themselves* shall be more entirely devoted to Him? (Isa. xlv. 1–5; lxx. 17–25.) Has not the Lord given specimens among the Hindoos of what He means to do, by gathering them, as it were, in *clusters*, sometimes in whole families. He has seldom blessed one without making him a blessing to others among his relations.

“But take heed ‘lest there be among you any profane person, as Esau, who for one morsel of meat sold his birth-right:’ for you know how, that afterward when he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected; for he found no place of repentance (or way to change his father, Isaac’s mind), though he sought it carefully with tears. Esau was

Jacob's elder brother, and, doubtless, had heard as much said in the family about the blessing that was in it, that is, about the Messiah and His kingdom springing from Abraham's posterity, as you have heard in your families about the mission and the further spread of the Gospel. One day, being faint and hungry, he took a fancy to Jacob's pottage: when asked to sell his birthright for it, consented. 'Here is a great ado made about this *promise*. It is something that I do not understand nor much care about; something far distant, and that I shall never live to see; give me good eating and drinking, and Jacob may have the promise, and he will.' Thus Esau despised his birthright, which included the *sacred* promise of the Messiah as descending from His loins, denominated him *profane*. Take heed, my dear children, lest there be among you any profane person like Esau, who for sensual and present gratifications, despises the promises made to the Church of God, and dislikes being employed in their accomplishment. The time will come, as it did with Esau, and it may not be very distant, when the loss of the birthright will be severely felt, and when the Lord will refuse to change His mind, even though importuned carefully and with tears.

"Dear children, are your hearts with our hearts in the work of God? Then give us your hands. We rejoice to see any embrace the Saviour, but especially the children of those whom we have known and loved. 'I rejoiced greatly,' said John to a pious lady, 'that I found of thy children walking in truth.' Yet it is observable he does not say, I found thy children, but I found *of* thy children. It appears that there were some amongst them who walked not in truth.

"Last Lord's day I addressed the youth of my own congregation, for the thirtieth time, in an annual discourse on their eternal concerns. It was, this year, from 2 Tim. iii. 15, and the things I dwelt upon were: The principal means which the godly of old time were wont to use in the education of their children; 'the Holy Scriptures,' the high com-

mendation of them, 'able to make us wise unto salvation;' and the way in which the Holy Scriptures themselves become of essential benefit, 'through faith which is in Christ Jesus.' Jesus is the sum and glory of the Scriptures: without faith in Him, therefore, though you know them from your childhood, know them in their original languages, know them as translators and critics, yet they will not make you wise unto salvation. It is faith in them that is the key to open all their treasures.

"You have most, and perhaps all of you been the subjects of convictions, have felt conflicts between conscience and inclination, have sometimes wept in secret in thinking what would become of you, have prayed for mercy, have entertained hopes of obtaining it, and yet all has subsided and been forgotten. Remember this, the promise is not made to them 'that labour and are heavy laden,' but to them that come to Christ with their burdens. Beware that you get not rid of your burdens without coming to Him, which many do; settling upon some self-righteous ground of hope, taking comfort from their convictions and tears, or plunging into worldly pleasures; borne to Him as lost sinners for salvation, take His yoke, and learn His spirit, and you will find rest for your souls.

"Remember me very affectionately to your brother Benjamin, and your sister Susanna, to Jabez and Jonathan Carey, and to all the dear children of the mission. I shall be happy in receiving a letter from all or any of you at any time. My two eldest children, John and Mary, I trust know and love the Lord. They are both coming to reside at Kettering in the spring,—Mary, whose husband (Levet) is a draper, and John, a printer. My three youngest children, Sarah, Andrew, and William, are a comfort to me and their mother.—I am, very affectionately yours,

"A. FULLER."

Many of the most interesting facts in his life which have been recorded, both in this and other Memoirs, are gathered

from his copious correspondence with his beloved wife. There remains still a small packet of letters, written to her during some of his journeyings, from which no extracts have yet been made. These communications were evidently intended for none but the eyes of those nearest and dearest to him. Yet it is so good and refreshing to see the gentle water-springs rising in the secret places of great rocks, that we cannot forbear revealing some of these tender and loving words.

One morning, while at Lincoln, in the month of August, 1802, he was evidently in a humorous as well as happy vein. He writes as follows:—"It is almost nine o'clock, and my old lady and her daughters are not yet up; but I have hereby time to talk a little with my dear wife. *I am where I can see more than twenty miles towards home.* My chamber looks south. The house stands very high. The whole city of Lincoln is down before me—the tops of the houses twenty or thirty yards below me. Belvoir Castle, the seat of the Duke of Rutland, twenty-five miles off, I should think is visible from some parts of this hill, though I cannot see it. Riding yesterday from Nottingham to Newark, I saw on my right hand the castle and the vale of Belvoir, containing a great number of villages, among which is Granby, which gives title to a marquis of that name, and where lives a Miss Hall, who is a subscriber to our mission. But I want my breakfast. I took a newspaper up, and have read that, but I want something more solid."

At Barton-on-the-Humber, the same journey, he writes:—"We arrived here at ten. My sleep having been regular of late, I was not weary, and am now very well. With tenderness and earnest solicitude I have importuned Preserving Mercy for my dear family, and that I may visit it in due time and not sin."

The close of this letter was written two days afterwards, from Hull. "I have hitherto been mercifully preserved in all respects. My mind is peaceable and happy; and my

approaches to a throne of grace, at which I do not forget you all, have been free and tender. I hope soon to receive a letter from my own dear.—Meanwhile I am, ever yours,

“A. FULLER.”

“P.S.—I shall begin another as soon as this is gone. By this I keep up a talk with you.”

From Hull he journeyed northward, and the next letter quoted from is written at Dundee, in September of the same year. In this extract there is a combination of graphic description and picturesque writing which carries you pleasantly along. We can easily understand the pleased interest with which it would be read by the home circle at Kettering, and how glad they must have felt to be able for a little while to follow him in his wanderings from them.

“I am now sitting in my chamber, from which I have a full east view of Dundee close under me, and of the Frith of Tay down to the sea. A ship will sail from hence to London in three or four days, if the wind be fair. The Orkney and Shetland Isles are as far north of me as I am of you—nearly 400 miles. It is a fine romantic country between here and Perth, 21 miles, all along by the side of the Tay. High hills, some of them covered with wood, craggy rocks, and fruitful fields in pleasant valleys, form the view. They are now in the midst of harvest. The women reap as much as the men. Necessity is the mother of invention:—the natural sterility of the soil in this country has stimulated agricultural improvement, which seems to be at a greater height than in England. From Edinburgh to Queen’s Ferry, fourteen miles, the land is worth £3 an acre. They are induced, I fancy, not only from friendship and hospitality to treat Englishmen well, but from a regard to the credit of their country, which some of our haughty gentry have too much depreciated. They have to say, and justly, ‘Though you say our country is sterile and poor, yet it is from hence that Smithfield is supplied with beef.’

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“I preached three times last week in Edinburgh, and once at Dalkeith, and was not a little apprehensive that I should be laid by with hoarseness; but I went through very well. On the Lord’s day preached twice: in the morning to about 1,500 people, and in the evening to about 4,000, when we had a collection of £130, and I was not at all hurt by it. On Monday morning, I took leave of friends at Edinburgh, who were many of them much affected at parting. I rode away to this place, 63 miles, in company with a young minister, a Mr. Wardlaw, who agrees to accompany me my whole journey through Scotland. Our first stage was to Queen’s Ferry. There we crossed the Frith of Forth, two miles wide.”

Six years afterwards he was again in the neighbourhood of Barton-on-Humber, from which place he sent the following letter to his wife. It records so many interesting little incidents, that we venture to give it in full.

“Brigg, 12 miles south of Barton,

“Friday morning, September 30th, 1808.

“MY DEAR —,—This is the first leisure hour I have had, and this is owing to waiting for the tide. I have felt something of the pain in my loins all the way, but nothing but what is tolerable; and my mind has been calm and happy. The first day I was rather driven for want of food, as I got only a bite of a cake from a lady in the coach from four in the morning till three in the afternoon. I reached the Great North Road four miles sooner than I expected, and the minute I arrived at it, nine o’clock, at a house called Greet-ham New Inn, the mail appeared in sight, and I was obliged to relinquish my breakfast and get into it. At Newark, 28 miles further, where we arrived at one o’clock, there was a fair, and I could get no dinner till three. Here, however, I was known; and riding over to Collingham, a distance of five miles, after tea, I preached. This day’s journey was 60 miles.

“*Thursday, 25th September.* Found Brother Nicholls

comfortably situated; but the people seem to have had but little teaching. They are like the old nobility by the new—unwilling that their number should be increased, lest there should be less power, I fancy, for them. Hence they cannot understand village preaching, &c. This, however, is only the case with some of them. The church was twenty years without the baptism of a single man. I hope Brother Nicholls will bring them off such things by degrees. At ten o'clock, Mr. Nicholls and I left Collingham, and got into Lincoln by one. Here we parted. Finding the mail for Barton would start at five o'clock in the afternoon, I had a few hours to call on Mr. Jones and some of his friends. At five o'clock, the mail came in, but was full inside and out. Two other persons wanted places as well as I, so we took post-chaise, which is both cheaper and pleasanter. At the first stage we learned that there would be no passing the Humber to-day before one or two o'clock. Then, said we, we may as well stop at Brigg as go to Barton, and then we shall have a good night's rest. We got in here last night at ten o'clock. On alighting from the chaise, Mr. George Greenwood laid his hand on my shoulder; spent an hour together, and retired to bed.

“Thus far I have copied the little incidents of the journey for want of others. By some conversation with Mr. G. G. about the Continent, which he visited some years since on trade, I learned something of the righteous acts of the Lord. His visit was in 1803, when there was peace. At that time, he said, the Hamburgers had a good stroke of trade in common with their neighbours; but having been used to the privilege of neutrality in all wars, at which time they engrossed nearly the trade of the world, they were not satisfied. Their language then was, ‘Let us have a good war, and then we shall have the trade of the world.’ They have had a war, and it has proved their ruin. But what a picture or sketch does it give of human nature! Selfishness is a gulf that swallows up every feeling of equity and mercy.

And what a change is left for the Gospel to produce even in Christianized Europe !

“At the last stage between here and Lincoln, while the chaise was getting ready, I took up a book to read ; it was a life of Oliver Cromwell. The author would not believe that he was such a fool as to believe anything about regeneration and grace, and that all he said about these things was only talking to people in their own way : for, said he, Cromwell was well educated, and had read much ! Another sketch of human nature as depraved. O my dear ! what a blessed thing it is for us to have been delivered from these delusions, and taught to know the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent. God be thanked that we were the servants of sin ; but we have obeyed from the heart that form of doctrine into which we were delivered. I must leave a little to fill up at Hull.

“*Barton, near twelve o'clock, Friday.* Have got to preach to-night at Hull. Shall not be able to sail till between three and four in the afternoon. There is a Prussian in the room, who speaks broken English. F. : ‘What countryman ?’—P. : ‘A Prussian.’—F. : ‘Why, are we not at war ?’—P. : ‘Oh no ; no Prussian like war with England. It is all force.’ Thus they come and trade, in spite of Buonaparte and his decrees.

“*Hull, October 1.* Arrived here last night at six, and at seven preached and collected. On going to my lodgings, found letters from Dr. Stuart, and Pengilly of Newcastle, which I have answered this morning. A pamphlet also was put into my hand,—a Socinian magazine, called the ‘Monthly Repository,’—containing a letter addressed to me from the Socinian minister of this town, full of pretty heavy charges, but concluding with the offer of *his mite to our treasury*, if called upon. So I waited upon him this morning, partly to receive his mite, and partly to justify myself from his charges. I took two friends with me, and came away with a whole skin, and a guinea for the mission. I suspect he only made

the offer to show his liberality, not expecting to be called upon; but if so, he was disappointed. My lumbago has hitherto diminished, though the wet and cold weather we have had might seem to be against it.

“Lord’s day morning. Have got to preach at three places to-day. By Tuesday morning I may get a piece of paper to enclose, and then I will send off my letter. *Monday morning.* Have had a good night after the labours of yesterday, and feel but little of the lumbago. Trade is very flat here, so that if I get £100 I shall get more than I expect, or full as much.

“Well, I have got a £100 bill, so I will send it off to-day. Have taken a place in the stage to go to York to-morrow morning. Grace and peace be with us! Remember me to Brother Morgan, and to all our friends who inquire.—With love also to mother and all of you, I am, ever yours,

“A. FULLER.”

While we exhibit his tender interest in others, we must not forget to make mention of his own sicknesses and sorrows. Though he was a firm-built man, he did not enjoy any continuance of health. There are frequent references in his letters home to hoarseness and affection of the liver, with attendant headache; and, indeed, during the last fifteen years of his life, he was constantly suffering from attacks of this sort. From his own account, it would appear that these sicknesses had their rise in the severe missionary labours of 1792, and that he deliberately entered on his still greater toils of public preaching and collecting, with the prospect of constant suffering. We find in his Diary the following entry:—

“July 18th, 1794. Within the last year or two we have formed a mission society, and have been enabled to send out two of our brethren to the East Indies. My heart has been greatly interested in this work. Surely I never felt more genuine love to God and His cause in my life. I bless God that it has been a good means of reviving my soul.

“My labours, however, in this harvest, I have reason to think, brought on a paralytic stroke, by which, in January, 1793, I for a week or two lost the use of one side of my face. That was recovered in a little time, but it left behind it a headache which, I have reason to think, will never fully leave me. I have ever since been incapable of reading or writing intensely. At this time I am much better than I was last year; but, even now, reading or writing for a few hours will bring on the headache. Upon the whole, however, I feel satisfied: it was in the service of God. If a man lose his limbs or his health in intemperance, it is to his dishonour; but not so if he lose them in serving his country. Paul was desirous of *dying to the Lord*: so let me!”

In the autumn and winter of 1802 he was for a time quite prostrated. “I suppose,” he writes to a friend, “you will feel anxious to know how I am, and so will many whom I cannot gratify. Indeed, I can hardly inform you of my present state; but many have whispered that I am just in the situation of poor Pearce when he had been at Harborough. The means used to remove the cough and fever have brought me well-nigh to the grave; and the cause is not removed. I can just walk from one room to another, and creep up and down stairs; but my strength and spirits are gone. In reviewing my past life, I feel much cause for shame and self-abasement. I have been an unprofitable servant; and if the Lord discharge me from His work, He is righteous. Yet, while I feel abased, my hope, as a poor perishing sinner, is fixed upon the Rock of Ages. Into His hands I have committed my spirit, willing to live or die as it pleaseth Him. Pray for me that I may be fitted for whatever is before me.”

During his illness he appears almost always to have been thinking and talking about the “seraphic Pearce.” The memory of his holy and beautiful life quieted and soothed his mind. He writes, a week or two later: “I am exceedingly feeble; the cough is not removed, and the fever

remains, with loss of appetite, strength, and spirits. I am teased with blisters; but perhaps they are necessary. They still say I am going after Pearce. Well, if it should be so, I hope to go whither he is gone. I feel at present calm and resigned to the will of God. I remember at the time when that dear man was wasting away at Plymouth, I was riding outside the coach from London; and, turning my back on the company, I wept for several miles, and put up this prayer: Let the God of Samuel Pearce be my God!"

Nowhere did the tidings of Mr. Fuller's illness produce more concern than in Scotland. To relieve the anxiety of himself and his friends, Dr. Stuart undertook a journey to Kettering. This Dr. Stuart, who was a Sandemanian, and so differed seriously from Mr. Fuller on some points, appears to have been one of his warmest and most familiar friends. There is a letter in the packet from Mr. Fuller to his wife, with some very kind words in the corner, added by Dr. Stuart, earnestly inviting her to visit Scotland with her husband. When he heard of Mr. Fuller's illness, from a mutual friend, he wrote in reply:—"With what feelings I perused your letter this morning, He only knows who knows my heart. I had some painful anticipation from a letter which our afflicted friend wrote to me August 5th. I heard no more, and remained anxious ever since. Previous to your letter, I had just perused the Periodical Accounts at one sitting, with such emotions as I scarcely ever felt; my heart was drawn forth, I know not whether with greater and more tender affection to the author of the Preface, or to the chosen and devoted band in Bengal. I cannot resist the impulse of my soul to obtain the satisfaction of beholding his face, and knowing what is done."

The author of this loving letter could not have been the Sandemanian of whom Mr. Fuller speaks, who prayed, "Lord give me *heart* knowledge; the rest I leave to Thee."

Mr. Fuller was completely taken by surprise by the welcome visit of his northern friend. He seemed not only

to have brought good advice with him, but to have rallied his sick friend by his cheerful wit. Towards the close of the year he began slowly to recover, and speedily began to use every grain of strength he gained. He tells us that in one week he “wrote three essays for the magazines, despatched twenty letters by post, and prepared about fifty other pages for the press. Pretty well,” he says, “for a sick man.”

From these few gleanings we see somewhat of the private life of this great and holy man. His children remember him as stern in his rebukes, yet infinitely tender in his yearning love for them. The communion of husband and wife was rooted in a deep esteem for each other, which yielded those sacred joys and treasures no other love can bring; and this esteem was strengthened by that knowledge of each other's character, which the mutual bearing of affliction can alone reveal. They were blessed with the birth of several children, but the hand of death cut down many of these flowers that grew between the “bearded grain.” In these times of trial, that most wonderful thing, the tenderness of a strong, great nature was fully revealed; and resting in his great strength, as well as having the deep sympathy of his spirit in her times of sorest suffering, Mrs. Fuller knew, in a way, that but for these griefs she never could have realised how he was “better to her than ten sons.” On the day before the death of one little girl, who died shortly after his recovery from the lengthened illness of which we have been speaking, he poured out his grief and trust in the following lines. It is somewhat strange that verses so full of real poetry, and written in such expressive and exquisite rhythm, should have been comparatively unknown. How plainly in them, in the midst of the tumult of sorrow, one hears the quiet voice of God comforting the heart!

“Sweet Babe! why fix thy wishful eyes on us?

We feel thy load, but cannot give thee aid.

Did'st thou know aught, we would direct thine eyes
 To HIM from whom alone thy help must come.
*But what shall we do now? We will convey
 Thy looks expressive, up to Heaven's high throne ;*
 And plead on thy behalf with Him who gave
 A blessing when on earth to babes in arms.

“On babes in arms our Jesus laid His hands,
 And at the instance, too, of others' prayers ;
 Were they not parents? Be it so, or not ;
 If others' suit prevailed, why should not ours ?
 A mother pleaded once a daughter's cause ;
 And ‘ Be it to thee even as thou wilt,’
 Was Jesu's answer !

“Oh, our Redeemer and our God! our help
 In tribulation—hear our fervent prayer ;
 To Thee we now resign the sacred trust,
 Which Thou, ere while, didst unto us commend ;
 Soon we must quit our hold and let her fall,
Thine everlasting arms be then beneath.
 In Thee a refuge may she find in death,
 And in Thy bosom dwell when torn from ours :
 Into Thy hands her spirit we commit,
 In hope ere long to meet to part no more.”

His friendships were but the expansion of his home fellowship. The grief of surviving friends, after his own death, can be well understood in the light of his sorrow for those who died before him. His memorials of Robert Hall, of Arnsby, and of Samuel Pearce, referred to in the chapter on his literary labours, are touching revelations of the depth and sincerity of his friendship. His epitaph on the tombstone of his beloved friend, Mr. Beeby Wallis, still bears witness, in the quiet graveyard at Kettering, to the loving communion of pastor and deacon:—

“Kind Sycamore, preserve, beneath thy shade,
 The precious dust of him who cherished thee :
 Nor thee alone ; a plant to him more dear
 He cherished, and with fostering hand upreared.
 Active and generous in virtue's cause,
 With solid wisdom, strict integrity,

And unaffected piety, he lived
Beloved amongst us, and beloved he died.

“Beneath an Allon-Bachuth Jacob wept :
Beneath thy shade we mourn a heavier loss.”

Such was Mr. Fuller in his domestic life and private friendships. We have already followed him in the earlier part of his religious life into his more solitary strifes and communings. We get occasional glimpses of these as he advanced in years, enough to show us that when others went to their own homes his retreat was often to the mount of prayer. Few men have been less carried away by the excitement of public life, and the secret is found in a constant jealousy of himself fed in these times of solitude: his last entry in his journal is a self-reproach for a want of spirituality in the midst of his journeyings, and an earnest and humble prayer that the Lord may keep him in His way. So in the quiet of his heart he prepares for his public work. And in him we have an illustration of the great fact that self-surrender in heart ever precedes all true deeds of self-sacrifice. Here and there, in home letters, he tells of times of quiet enjoyment after his more public engagements, and speaks of them in a way to make one enter into his refreshment of spirit, and feel deepened in one's own life. His solitude has no unhealthy morbidness; it is not the stillness of death, but of life in repose; it has all the air about it of quiet valleys among hills—secret places wherein true life springs up—there is the low sunset light and the sound of falling waters.

CHAPTER IX.

LITERARY LABOURS.

FEW men have written so much or so earnestly as Mr. Fuller. It is almost incredible, that amidst all his varied labours he should have found time to compose not only fugitive pieces for magazines, but treatises of sterling worth. He wrote against the prevailing errors of the day,—the Deism of Tom Paine, and the Socinianism of Dr. Priestley, with signal success. He published also a Memoir of his beloved friend Samuel Pearce, and an Exposition of Genesis and the Revelation, with Dialogues on doctrine, sermons, and tractates.

The first two contain the results of hard thinking, comprehensively arranged, and exhibit, as well as any of his writings, the character of the author's mind. They are for the most part *a posteriori* arguments, and bring the spirit of Bacon into the region of theology with a rigour and power that has hardly been excelled. Although Andrew Fuller's works were, most of them, calculated, and, indeed, in a manner designed, to provoke controversy, it is rarely he gives occasion for a charge of want of fairness. He never indulged in the common trick of writing indefinitely when he did not feel his ground. Even in such cases as we may feel that he is not over strong in his reasoning, the conditions of the argument are boldly and fairly stated, and no shirking of the point at issue is ever attempted. His prefaces and introductions fulfil their purpose with ease and directness, and are models well worthy of imitation. If any personal considerations are alluded to, they are just enough to clear the way for what is before him, while he gives you a notion of the drift and compass of his discourse, without at all anticipating the particulars of his argument. He writes like one thoroughly master of his work, with all his materials at easy command.

His old sense of power, when wrestling in the village ring, constantly occurs to the mind as he fights with another weapon more solemn battles. He never contends as one afraid of his life, but with leisure for home-thrusts and side-blows; deliberately scanning the weak points of his opponent, and, like the heroes in the Trojan war, making short speeches to them at leisure before he deals the fatal blow. He has a quaint and effective way of asking a question or pointing an exclamation, conveying a sarcasm with a quiet keenness all his own. "Mr. Paine," he says, in his Introduction to *The Gospel its own Witness*, "holds up the advantages of the book of Nature in order to disparage the Scriptures; and says, '*No Deist can doubt whether the works of nature be God's works.*' An admirable proof, this," exclaims Mr. Fuller, "that we have arrived at the age of reason! Can no Atheists doubt it? I might as well say, No Christian doubts the truth of the Scriptures: the one proves just as much as the other. Mr. Paine refers to the idolators of what he calls Christianity, as a worthy succession of the Pagan Deities. 'The statue of Mary,' he says, 'succeeded the statue of Diana of Ephesus. The deification of heroes changed into the canonization of saints. The mythologists had gods for everything. The Christian mythologists had saints for everything. The church became as crowded with the one as the Pantheon had been with the other; and Rome was the place of both.'" "Very true, Mr. Paine," says Mr. Fuller, in his own manner; "but you are not so ignorant as to mistake this for Christianity! Had you been born or educated in Italy, or Spain, you might have been excused in calling this 'the Christian theory;' but to write in this manner with your advantages, is disingenuous. Such conduct would have disgraced any cause but yours. It is capable, however, of some improvement. It teaches us to defend nothing but the truth as it is in Jesus. It also affords presumptive evidence in its favour; for if Christianity itself were false, there is little doubt but that you, or some of your fellow-labourers,

would be able to prove it so; and this would turn greatly to your account. Your neglecting this, and directing your artillery chiefly against its corruptions and abuses, betray a consciousness that the thing itself, if not invulnerable, is yet not so easy of attack. If Christianity had really been a relic of heathenism, as you suggest, there is little reason to think that you would have so strenuously opposed it."

His doctrinal and practical treatises are of another character. They abound in grave, tender, and earnest exhortation, and possess a maturity of wisdom only to be gained by deep and bitter experience. He writes as one to whom the conflict of the flesh and the spirit had all the terrible uniformity of law; and while he is warning others, lays bare the workings of his own mind. Some parts of his Exposition of Genesis, to be referred to hereafter, are full of the most pathetic and tender writing. The author's soul flows into his words with a power and fulness rarely to be met with.

Mr. Fuller's style of writing was admirably fitted to convey his thoughts to the public. Direct and vigorous, his meanings come right home with a keen, clear edge. Pointed as Paley, he is stronger and more massive. He marshals his words with the pausing ease of a master, regardless of aught else but the enforcement of his meanings. One of his biographers has said that there was a "negligence and coarseness" in his style far from being inviting, even to readers of "moderate taste." That he did not possess the rotund phraseology of his biographer, with sentences moulded after the familiar models of the eighteenth century, is perfectly true. But it is impossible to account for the notion of there being any coarseness in his manner of writing, except from the pedantry of the critics who fashion their sentences after the style of the "Spectator." So far from any approach to coarseness, there is a singular dignity of manner which communicates itself even when he is writing on commonplace topics. There is ease without negligence, and great "plainness of speech" without familiarity.

The material of Andrew Fuller's writings was furnished from the resources of a mind of comprehensive grasp, trained and ripened by some reading, but chiefly by observation, experience, and work. With general literature he had but a very partial acquaintance; but he had an inkling for metaphysical inquiries, as far as they affected Divine problems. He read eagerly the works of Jonathan Edwards, and some others of an inferior quality. His indifference to general literature is to be accounted for by his absorbed attention to spiritual and eternal things. His religion did not, as in the case of his great contemporary, touch and kindle every faculty of his nature, but it was perhaps more intense in its character from being confined in a narrower channel. A friend passing through Oxford with Mr. Fuller, directed his attention to the University buildings. "Brother," replied he, "I think there is one question which, after all that has been written on it, has not yet been answered. What is justification?" His friend proposed to return home and discuss it; to which Mr. F. readily agreed, adding, "That inquiry is far more to me than all these fine buildings." In the same way, the burden of the "unanswered question" made him regard with indifference all literature which had not some distinct relation to eternal things. He possessed, however, as good a knowledge of the Greek Testament as one self-taught could be expected to acquire. Amongst the relics of his labour is a well-thumbed Greek Testament, with the Vulgate translation.

"The Gospel its own Witness," was published soon after the commencement of the mission, and amidst all the heavy labours already familiar to the reader. It was written in reply to the writings of Tom Paine, Shaftesbury, and Bolingbroke,—not because he had fears that the church was in danger, or, as he says, that the "vessel which contained his Lord and Master would perish in the storm," but he had some feeling for the "rising generation," and declared also that the "Lord confers an honour upon His servants in

condescending to make use of their humble efforts in preserving and promoting His interest in the world."

The title exactly conveys the drift and design of the book. He endeavours to show the truth of revealed religion from its effect upon the lives of men; while, at the same time, he so far builds on a metaphysical foundation as to reason that such fruit may be lawfully expected from the character of its doctrines and the motives it supplies. As usual, he sets his purpose clearly forth in the Introduction, by a simple and effective illustration.

"Historians inform us of a certain valuable medicine called *Mithridate*, an antidote to poison. It is said that this medicine was invented by Mithridates, King of Pontus; that the recipe of it was found in a cabinet, written with his own hand, and was carried to Rome by Pompey; that it was translated into verse by Damocrates, a famous physician; and that it was afterwards translated by Galen, from whom we have it. Now, supposing this medicine to be efficacious for its professed purpose, of what account would it be to object to the authenticity of its history? If a modern caviller should take it into his head to allege that the preparation has passed through so many hands, and that there is so much hearsay and uncertainty attending it, that no dependence can be placed upon it, and that it had better be rejected from our *Materia Medica*,—he would be asked, *Has it not been tried, and found to be effectual; and that in a great variety of instances?* Such are Mr. Paine's objections to the Bible, and such is the answer that may be given him.

"This language is not confined to infidel writers. Mr. Locke speaks of what he calls 'traditional revelation,' or revelation as we have it, in such a manner as to convey the idea that we have no evidence of the Scriptures being the word of God, but from a succession of witnesses having told us so. But I conceive these sacred writings may contain such *internal* evidence of their being what they profess to be, as that it might, with equal reason, be doubted whether

the world was created by the power of God, as whether they were written by the inspiration of His Spirit; and if so, our dependence is not upon mere tradition."

Mr. Fuller carried his position so far as to declare that, though the Scriptures admitted of "historical defence," they did not require it.

"Their contents, come through whose hands they may, prove them to be of God. It was on this principle that the Gospel was proclaimed in the form of a *testimony*. The primitive preachers were not required by Him who sent them to prove their doctrine in the manner in which philosophers were wont to establish a proposition; but to 'declare the counsel of God,' and leave it. In delivering their message, they 'commended themselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God.'"

While reading "The Gospel its own Witness," it is most needful to bear in mind that the Deism of half-a-century ago was a very different thing from the "spiritualism" of our day. Though they both agree in denying to Christianity anything *outwardly* supernatural, they treat it very differently. The Deism of Tom Paine was a scoffing, materializing system; but the Theism now prevailing has its altars, priests, and litanies. Teaching much it never could have taught but for the life and passion of our Lord and Master, it casts aside His Divine authority, and, robing itself in the vestment of the old priesthood, comes forth to lead us to a truer worship and a purer faith. The infidelity of that day, however, had no such ambition: it was content to enter the sanctuary, to rob us of our faith, and laugh at our prayers; the "age of reason" was to supersede the long night of superstition. Mr. Fuller has a quiet fling at this pretentious title. "Flattery," he says, "is one of the most powerful means of gaining admission to the human mind; such a compliment, therefore, was no doubt considered as a master-stroke of policy. The considerate reader, however, may remark, that those writers who are not ashamed to beg the

question in the title-page, are seldom the most liberal or impartial in the execution of the work."

Part I. of *The Gospel its own Witness*, contrasts *the holy nature of the Christian religion with the immorality of Deism*. . . . As usual, Andrew Fuller builds his argument on an admission of his adversary, viz., that all mankind plead for morality as essential to their well-being.

"However immoral men may be in their practice, and to whatever lengths they may proceed in extenuating particular vices, yet they cannot plead for immorality in the gross. A sober, upright, humble, chaste, and generous character, is allowed, on all hands, to be preferable to one that is profligate, treacherous, proud, unchaste, or cruel. Such, indeed, is the sense which men possess of right and wrong, that, whenever they attempt to disparage the former, or vindicate the latter, they are reduced to the necessity of covering each with a false guise. They cannot traduce good *as good*, or justify evil *as evil*. The love of God must be called *fanaticism*, and benevolence to men *Methodism*, or some such opprobrious name, before they can depreciate them. Theft, cruelty, and murder, on the other hand, must assume the names of *wisdom* and *good policy*, ere a plea can be set up in their defence. Thus were the arguments for the abolition of the slave trade answered, and in this manner was that iniquitous traffic defended in the British Parliament. Doubtless there is a *woe* hanging over the heads of those men who thus *called evil good, and good evil*; nevertheless we see, even in their conduct, the amiableness of righteousness, and the impossibility of fairly opposing it."

He joins issue with Paine, Bolingbroke, and Shaftesbury, on the question as to which system is likely to produce such commonly-desired results. Chapter I. sets forth the God of the Bible as one "glorious in holiness;" while the god of the Deist is declared to be almost destitute of moral qualities. "Lord Shaftesbury," he says, "wishes to compliment his Maker out of all His moral excellences. He has no objec-

tion to a god, provided he be one after his own heart,—one who shall pay no such regard to human affairs as to call men to account for their ungodly deeds. If he thought the Creator of the world to bear such a character, it is no wonder that he should speak of Him with what he calls ‘good humour, or pleasantry.’ In speaking of such a Being, he can, as Mr. Hume expresses it, ‘feel more at ease’ than if he conceived of God as He is characterised in the Holy Scriptures. But let men beware how they play with such subjects. Their conceptions do not alter the nature of God; and however they suffer themselves to trifle now, they may find in the end that there is not only a God, but *a God that judgeth in the earth.*”

Chapter II. is perhaps as powerfully written as any part of the treatise. The author commends Christianity as teaching us to acknowledge a God, and to devote ourselves to His service; while Deism, though it confesses one Supreme Being, yet refuses to worship Him. Mr. Paine not only avoids the mention of walking humbly with God, but attempts to load the practice with the foulest abuse. “What,” exclaims Mr. Fuller, in his own inimitable vein, “is it that has transported this child of reason into a paroxysm of fury against devout people? By what spirit is he inspired in pouring forth such a torrent of slander? Why is it that he must accuse their humility of ‘ingratitude,’ their grief of ‘affectation,’ and their prayers of being ‘dictatorial’ to the Almighty? Cain hated his brother; and wherefore hated he him? Because his own works were evil and his brother’s righteous.” Prayer and devotion are things that Mr. Paine should have let alone, as being out of his province. The concluding paragraph of the chapter is most impressive. “If Deists loved the one only living and true God, they would delight in worshipping Him: for love cannot be inoperative; and the only possible way for it to operate towards an infinitely glorious and all-perfected Being is by worshipping His name and obeying His will. If Mr. Paine

really felt for the 'honour of his Creator' as he affects to do, he would mourn in secret for all the great wickedness which he has committed against Him; he would lie in the dust before Him, not merely as an 'outcast, a beggar, and a worm,' but as a sinner deserving His eternal displeasure. He would be glad of a Mediator, through whom he might appease an offended Creator; and would consider redemption by His blood not as 'a fable,' but a Divine reality, including all his salvation and all his desire. Yea, he himself would 'turn devout,' and it would be said of him, as of Saul of Tarsus, 'Behold he prayeth!' Nor would his prayers, though importunate, be 'dictatorial,' or his grief 'affected.' On the contrary, he would look on Him whom he had pierced, and mourn as one mourneth for an only son, and be in bitterness as one that is in bitterness for his first-born. But these are things pertaining to *godliness*;—things, alas for him! the mention of which is sufficient to inflame his mind with malignity, and provoke him to the most outrageous and abusive language."

In succeeding chapters he describes the breadth of Christian morality, the superior motives it offers to prompt to a holy life, and then, boldly appealing to facts, declares that the lives of those who reject the Gospel will not bear comparison with the lives of those who embrace it—extending the challenge to the whole tone of society when penetrated with Christian influence. It is manifest that the handling of such themes as these, in the presence of a watchful and skilful enemy, required no common power and prudence. Yet the author is fully equal to the demand: neither friend nor foe can say he failed. Nothing can exceed the withering scorn with which he turns upon the lines of his adversaries, going through the long catalogue, from Hébert to Jean Jacques Rousseau, with a running and raking fire.

In the second part of the treatise the author argues on the Harmony of the Christian religion, considered as an evidence of its divinity. "If Christianity be an imposture,"

he says, "it may, like all other impostures, be detected. Falsehood may always be proved to clash with fact, with reason, or with itself; and often with them all. If, on the contrary, its origin be Divine, it may be expected to bear the character of consistency, which distinguishes every other Divine production. If the Scriptures can be proved to harmonize with historic fact, with truth, with themselves, and with sober reason, they must, considering what they profess, be Divinely inspired, and Christianity must be of God."

Following this sketch, he proceeds to show that the Scriptures themselves, in the manner of their writing and in their foreshadowing of events, assert their own Divinity; while their life-giving truths claim and secure the verdict of conscience on their side, and challenge the scrutiny of a "sober reason."

In commending to the intelligence of his hearers the atonement of the Saviour, he employs a "similitude" which, while it is drawn with singular skill and completeness, sets forth, perhaps better than any extract that could be given, his own view of that momentous doctrine, and well answers the objections common to that day.

"Let us suppose a division of the army of one of the wisest and best of kings, through the evil counsel of a foreign enemy, to have been disaffected to his government; and that, without any provocation on his part, they traitorously conspired against his crown and life. The attempt failed; and the offenders were seized, disarmed, tried by the laws of their country, and condemned to die. A respite, however, was granted them during his Majesty's pleasure. At this solemn period, while every part of the army and of the empire was expecting the fatal order for execution, the king was employed in meditating mercy. But how could mercy be shown? 'To make light of a conspiracy,' said he to his friends, 'would loosen the bands of good government: other divisions of the army might be tempted to follow their

example; and the nation at large be in danger of imputing it to tameness, fear, or some unworthy motive.'

"Every one felt, in this case, the necessity of a mediator, and agreed as to the general line of conduct proper for him to pursue. 'He must not attempt,' say they, 'to compromise the difference by dividing the blame; that would make things worse. He must justify the king, and condemn the outrage committed against him; he must offer, if possible, some honourable expedient, by means of which the bestowment of pardon shall not relax, but strengthen just authority; he must convince the conspirators of their crime, and introduce them in the character of supplicants; and mercy must be shown them out of respect to him, or for his sake.'

"But who could be found to mediate in such a cause? This was an important question. A work of this kind, it was allowed on all hands, required singular qualifications. 'He must be *perfectly clear of any participation in the offence*,' said one, 'or inclination to favour it; for to pardon conspirators at the intercession of one who is friendly to their cause would be not only making light of the crime, but giving a sanction to it.'

"'He must,' said another, 'be one who on account of his character and services *stands high in the esteem of the king and of the public*; for to mediate in such a cause is to become, in a sort, responsible for the issue. A mediator, in effect, pledges his honour that no evil will result to the state from the granting his request. But if a mean opinion be entertained of him, no trust can be placed in him, and, consequently, no good impression would be made by his mediation on the public mind.'

"'I conceive it is necessary,' said a third, 'that the weight of the mediation should bear a proportion to the magnitude of the crime, and to the value of the favour requested; and that for this end it is proper he should be a person of *great dignity*. For his Majesty to pardon a company of conspirators at the intercession of one of their former comrades, or

of any other obscure character, even though he might be a worthy man, would convey a very diminutive idea of the evil of the offence.'

"A fourth remarked, that 'he must possess a *tender compassion* towards the unhappy offenders, or he would not cordially interest himself on their behalf.'

"Finally. It was suggested by a fifth, 'that, for the greater fitness of the proceeding, it would be proper that some *relation* or *connexion* should subsist between the parties. We feel the propriety,' said he, 'of forgiving an offence at the intercession of a father, or a brother; or if it be committed by a soldier, of his commanding officer. Without some kind of previous relation or connexion, a mediation would have the appearance of an arbitrary and formal process, and prove but little interesting to the hearts of the community.'

"Such were the reasonings of the king's friends; but where to find the character in whom these qualifications were united, and what particular expedient could be devised by means of which, instead of relaxing, pardon should strengthen just authority, were subjects too difficult for them to resolve.

"Meanwhile, the king and his son, whom he greatly loved, and whom he had appointed generalissimo of all his forces, had retired from the company, and were conversing about the matter which attracted the general attention.

"'My son!' said the benevolent sovereign, 'what can be done in behalf of these unhappy men? To order them for execution violates every feeling of my heart; yet to pardon them is dangerous. The army, and even the empire, would be under a strong temptation to think lightly of rebellion. If mercy be exercised, it must be through a mediator; and who is qualified to mediate in such a cause? And what expedient can be devised by means of which pardon shall not relax, but strengthen just authority? Speak, my son, and say what measures can be pursued.'

“ ‘My father!’ said the prince, ‘I feel the insult offered to your person and government, and the injury thereby aimed at the empire at large. They have transgressed without cause, and deserve to die without mercy. Yet I also feel for them. I have the heart of a soldier. I cannot endure to witness their execution. What shall I say? On me be this wrong! Let me suffer in their stead. Inflict on me as much as is necessary to impress the army and the nation with a just sense of the evil, and of the importance of good order and faithful allegiance. Let it be in their presence, and in the presence of all assembled. When this is done, let them be permitted to implore and receive your Majesty’s pardon in my name. If any man refuse so to implore, and so to receive it, let him die the death!’

“ ‘My son!’ replied the king, ‘you have expressed my heart! The same things have occupied my mind; but it was my desire that you should be voluntary in the undertaking. It shall be as you have said. I shall be satisfied; justice itself will be satisfied; and I pledge my honour that you also shall be satisfied, in seeing the happy effects of your disinterested conduct. Propriety requires that I stand aloof in the day of your affliction; but I will not leave you utterly, nor suffer the beloved of my soul to remain in that condition. A temporary affliction on your part will be more than equivalent to death on theirs. The dignity of your person and character will render the sufferings of an hour of greater account, as to the impression on the public mind, than if all the rebellious had been executed; and by how much I am known to have loved you, by so much will my compassion to them, and my displeasure against their wicked conduct, be made manifest. Go, my son, assume the likeness of a criminal, and suffer in their place!’

“The gracious design being communicated at court, all were struck with it. Those who had reasoned on the qualifications of a mediator saw that in the prince all were united, and were filled with admiration; but that he should

be willing to suffer in the place of rebels was beyond all that could have been asked or thought. Yet, seeing he himself had generously proposed it, would survive his sufferings, and reap the reward of them, they cordially acquiesced. The only difficulty that was started was among the judges of the realm. They, at first, questioned whether the proceeding was admissible. 'The law,' said they, 'makes provision for the transfer of debts, but not of crimes. Its language is, "The soul that sinneth shall die."' But when they came to view things on a more enlarged scale, considering it as an expedient on an extraordinary occasion, and perceived that the *spirit* of the law would be preserved, and all the ends of good government answered, they were satisfied. 'It is not a measure,' said they, 'for which the law provides; yet it is not contrary to the law, but above it.'

"The day appointed arrived. The prince appeared, and suffered as a criminal. The hearts of the king's friends bled at every stroke, and burned with indignation against the conduct which rendered it necessary. His enemies, however, even some of those for whom he suffered, continuing to be disaffected, added to the affliction by deriding and insulting him all the time. At a proper period he was rescued from their outrage. Returning to the palace, amidst the tears and shouts of the loyal spectators, the suffering hero was embraced by his royal father; who, in addition to the natural affection which he bore to him as a son, loved him for his singular interposition at such a crisis: 'Sit thou,' said he, 'at my right hand! Though the threatenings of the law be not literally accomplished, yet the spirit of them is preserved. The honour of good government is secured, and the end of punishment more effectually answered than if all the rebels had been sacrificed. Ask of me what I shall give thee! No favour can be too great to be bestowed, even upon the unworthiest, nor any crime too aggravated to be forgiven in thy name. I will grant thee according to thine own heart. Ask of me, my son, what shall I give thee?'

“He asked for the offenders to be introduced as supplicants at the feet of his father for the forgiveness of their crimes, and for the direction of affairs till order and happiness should be perfectly restored.

“A proclamation addressed to the conspirators was now issued, stating what had been their conduct, what the conduct of the king, and what of the prince. Messengers also were appointed to carry it, with orders to read it publicly, and to expostulate with them individually, beseeching them to be reconciled to their offended sovereign, and to assure them that, if they rejected this, there remained no more hope of mercy.

“A spectator would suppose that in mercy so freely offered, and so honourably communicated, every one would have acquiesced; and if reason had governed the offenders, it had been so: but many among them continued under the influence of disaffection, and disaffection gives a false colouring to everything.

“The time of the respite having proved longer than was at first expected, some had begun to amuse themselves with idle speculations, flattering themselves that their fault was a mere trifle, and that it certainly would be passed over. Indeed the greater part of them had turned their attention to other things, concluding that the king was not in good earnest.

“When the proclamation was read, many paid no manner of attention to it; some insinuated that the messengers were interested men, and that there might be no truth in what they said; and some even abused them as impostors. So, having delivered their message, they withdrew; and the rebels, finding themselves alone, such of them as paid any attention to the subject expressed their mind as follows:—

“‘My heart,’ says one, ‘rises against every part of this proceeding. Why all this ado about a few words spoken one to another? Can such a message as this have proceeded

from the king? What have we done so much against him, that so much should be made of it? No petition of ours, it seems, would avail anything; and nothing that we could say or do could be regarded, unless presented in the name of a third person. Surely if we present a petition in our names, in which we beg pardon, and promise not to repeat the offence, this might suffice. Even this is more than I can find in my heart to comply with; but everything beyond it is unreasonable; and who can believe that the king can desire it?

“‘If a third person,’ says another, ‘must be concerned in the affair, what occasion is there for one so high in rank and dignity? To stand in need of *such* a mediator must stamp our characters with everlasting infamy. It is very unreasonable: who can believe it? If the king be just and good, as they say he is, how can he wish thus publicly to expose us?’

“‘I observe,’ says a third, ‘that *the mediator is wholly on the king’s side*; and one whom, though he affects to pity us, we have, from the outset, considered as no less our enemy than the king himself. If, indeed, he could compromise matters, and would allow that we had our provocations, and would promise us redress and an easier yoke in future, I should feel inclined to hearken; but if we have no concessions to offer, I can never be reconciled.’

“‘I believe,’ says a fourth, ‘that the king knows very well that we have not had justice done us, and, therefore, this mediation business is introduced to make us amends for the injury. It is an affair settled somehow betwixt him and his son. They call it *grace*, and I am not much concerned what they call it, so that my life is spared; but this I say, if he had not made this or some kind of provision, I should have thought him a tyrant.’

“‘You are all wrong,’ says a fifth: ‘I comprehend the design, and am well pleased with it. I hate the government as much as any of you: but I love the mediator; for I

understand it is his intention to deliver me from its tyranny. He has paid the debt, the king is satisfied, and I am free. I will sue out for my right, and demand my liberty !'

"In addition to this, one of the company observed he did not see what the greater part of them had to do with the proclamation, unless it were to give it a hearing, which they had done already. 'For,' said he, 'pardon is promised only to them who are *willing* to submit, and it is well known that many of us are unwilling; nor *can* we alter our minds on this subject.'

"After a while, however, some of them were brought to relent. They thought upon the subject matter of the proclamation, were convinced of the justness of its statements, reflected upon their evil conduct, and were sincerely sorry on account of it. And now the mediation of the prince appeared in a very different light. They cordially said *Amen* to every part of the proceeding. The very things which gave such offence, while their hearts were disaffected, now appeared to them fit, and right, and glorious. 'It is fit,' say they, 'that the king should be honoured, and that we should be humbled; for we have *transgressed without cause*. It is right that no regard should be paid to any petition of ours, for its own sake; for we have done deeds worthy of death. It is glorious that we should be saved at the intercession of so honourable a personage. The dignity of his character, together with his surprising condescension and goodness, impresses us more than anything else, and fills our hearts with penitence, confidence, and love. That which in the proclamation is called *grace is grace*; for we are utterly unworthy of it; and if we had all suffered according to our sentence, the king and his throne had been guiltless. We embrace the mediation of the prince, not as a reparation for an injury, but as a singular instance of mercy. And far be it from us that we should consider it as designed to deliver us from our original and just allegiance to his Majesty's

government ! No, rather it is intended to restore us to it. We love our intercessor, and will implore forgiveness in his name ; but we also love our sovereign, and long to prostrate ourselves at his feet. We rejoice in the satisfaction which the prince has made, and all our hopes of mercy are founded upon it ; but we have no notion of being freed by it previously to our acquiescence in it. Nor do we desire any other kind of freedom than that which, while it remits the just sentence of the law, restores us to his Majesty's government. Oh that we were once clear of this hateful and horrid conspiracy, and might be permitted to serve him with affection and fidelity all the days of our life ! We cannot suspect the *sincerity* of the invitation, or acquit our companions on the score of *unwillingness*. Why should we ? We do not on this account acquit ourselves. On the contrary, it is the remembrance of our unwillingness that now cuts us to the heart. We well remember to what it was owing that we *could not* be satisfied with the just government of the king, and afterwards *could not* comply with the invitations of mercy : it was because we were under the dominion of a *disaffected spirit*—a spirit which, wicked as it is in itself, it would be more wicked to justify. Our counsel is, therefore, the same as that of his Majesty's messengers, with whom we now take our stand. Let us lay aside this cavilling humour, repent, and sue for mercy in the way prescribed, ere mercy be hid from our eyes ! ”

The last chapter of the second part, and, indeed, the concluding chapter of the book, under the heading of the Scheme of Redemption not inconsistent with modern ideas of Creation, is a beautiful and worthy conclusion to the argument. The style of the writer insensibly rises with the grandeur of the theme. He takes a calm glance at the most advanced scientific discoveries, and declares that they only magnify the greatness of the scheme of redemption. It is well known that this chapter formed the groundwork of “Chal-

mers's *Astronomical Discourses*." He concludes with the memorable and oft-quoted words :—

"And now I appeal to the intelligent, the serious, and the candid reader, whether there be any truth in what Mr. Paine asserts, that to admit 'that God created a plurality of worlds, at least as numerous as what we call stars, renders the Christian system of faith at once little and ridiculous, and scatters it in the mind like feathers in the air.' On the contrary, it might be proved that every system of philosophy is little in comparison of Christianity. Philosophy may expand our ideas of creation; but it neither inspires a love to the *moral* character of the Creator, nor a well-grounded hope of eternal life. Philosophy, at most, can only place us at the top of Pisgah: there, like Moses, we must die; it gives us no possession of the good land. It is the province of Christianity to add, 'All is yours!' When you have ascended to the height of human discovery, there are things, and things of infinite moment too, that are utterly beyond its reach. Revelation is the medium, and the only medium, by which, standing, as it were, 'on nature's Alps,' we discover things which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, and of which it never hath entered into the heart of man to conceive."

"*The Calvinistic and Socinian Systems Compared as to their moral tendency.*"—It will be seen at once, by this title, that the line of argument pursued is the same as that in the treatise already reviewed; it is the application of the same test to a certain branch of the subject which there is treated as a whole. There one tree is tried as compared with another, by the examination of their different fruits; here the fruit is taken from the same tree, but from different branches, that the husbandmen may test whether they be true offsprings of the parent stock or whether they have been surreptitiously engrafted.

In the preface Mr. Fuller assigns his reasons for the use of the term Socinian in preference to Unitarian. The term Unitarian he finds explained by that body to mean, "*Those*

professors of Christianity who worship but one God." On this he remarks: "This is not wherein they can be *allowed* to be distinguished from others. For what professors of Christianity are there who profess to worship a plurality of Gods? Trinitarians profess also to be Unitarians. They, as well as their opponents, believe there is but *one God*. To give Socinians this name, therefore, *exclusively*, would be granting them the very point which they seem so desirous to take for granted; that is to say, the point in debate.

"Names, it may be said, signify little; and this signifies no more on one side than the term *orthodox* does on the other. The writer owns that, when he first conceived the idea of publishing these Letters, he thought so; and intended, all along, to use the term Unitarian. What made him alter his mind was, his observing that the principal writers in that scheme have frequently availed themselves of their self-chosen name, and appear to wish to have it thought by their readers that the point in dispute between them and the Trinitarians is, Whether there be *three* Gods, or only *one*."

If he had thought the use of the term *Unitarian* consistent with justice to his own argument, he would have preferred it to that of Socinian.

For the use of the term Calvinistic he also, in a measure, apologises; but says that on the whole he finds it the most convenient expression of the system he seeks to defend.

The work is in the form of a series of Letters "to the friends of vital and practical religion." He maintains that these are the best judges of truth, and objects *in toto* to Dr. Priestley's statement that "an unbiassed temper of mind is attained in consequence of becoming more indifferent to religion in general, and to all the modes and doctrines of it." "God forbid!" exclaims the author, "it is 'he that *doeth* His will, shall know of His doctrine.'" This notion of Dr. Priestley's reminds one of Sidney Smith's suggestion, that a reviewer should not read the book he had to review, in order that his judgment may be unprejudiced.

In the first letter the basis of the argument is stated. As before, he avoids the abstract question, and seizes a remark of Dr. Priestley's, in "Letters to a Philosophical Unbeliever," by which the question is allowed by that writer to depend upon the practical results of the two systems :—

"Admitting the truth," says Dr. Priestley, "of a trinity of persons in the Godhead, original sin, arbitrary predestination, atonement by the death of Christ, and the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures; their *value*, estimated by their influence on the morals of men, cannot be supposed, even by the admirers of them, to be of any moment, compared to the doctrine of the resurrection of the human race to a life of retribution : and, in the opinion of those who reject them, they have a very unfavourable tendency; giving wrong impressions concerning the character and moral government of God, and such as might tend, if they have any effect, to relax the obligations of virtue."

Mr. Fuller first takes exception to the term *arbitrary*; concluding his remarks as follows : "There is no decree in the Divine mind that we consider as void of reason. Predestination to death is on account of sin; and as to predestination to life, though it be not on account of any works of righteousness which we have done, yet it does not follow that God has no reason whatever for what He does. The sovereignty of God is a *wise*, and not a capricious sovereignty. If He hide the glory of the Gospel from the wise and prudent, and reveal it unto babes, it is because *it seemeth good in His sight*. But if it seem *good* in the sight of God, it must, all things considered, be good; for 'the judgment of God is according to truth.'

But he speedily brings the argument to the real issue which he has in view, and proceeds : "There is one thing, however, in the above passage, wherein we all unite; and this is—*that the VALUE or IMPORTANCE of religious principles is to be estimated by their influence on the morals of men*. By this rule let the forementioned doctrines, with their opposites,

be tried. If either those or these will not abide the trial, they ought to be rejected."

A few general observations, for the sake of clearing the ground, close Letter number one : First, the term *morals* is limited and defined ; the author acquitting his antagonists of any intention to fasten on Calvinism the charge of producing any such want of morality in its followers, as to indicate that they were not good members of civil society, and worthy of the most perfect toleration in the state. He, on his part, also disclaims any such intention in reference to Socinians.

Secondly : It is premised that, not a few men picked out for their badness or goodness must be taken on either side, but the great bulk of each party. And that the presence of hypocrites in a denomination is no argument against the truth of their creeds, but may be taken rather the other way.

Thirdly : That in an argument of this character, care must be taken to distinguish between that which is mere opinion and that which is *true principle*, viz., that which lies at the foundation of a man's spirit and conduct.

Lastly : That mere *zeal* is not morality, as men may be zealous in a very bad cause,—Acts the eighth and ninth chapters.

As in the discussion on Deism it was necessary to distinguish between the Deism of Paine and his times, and that of Parker and Newman and our times, so must we also notice here how different is the cold materialism of Dr. Priestley and his contemporaries from the teachings of Channing and some other representatives of modern Unitarianism. Both, it is true, agree in stripping our Lord of His proper deity, but the latter are so impressed with the depth of His spiritual perfection and the greatness of His sacrifice, that you feel, while reading their works, that you have laid before you the life of One whom their logic pronounces human, but whom their hearts would fain worship as Divine, so "express" is the image of the Father. Many of the points, therefore, of the

comparison would hardly hold good with some of the Unitarians of the present day; but at the same time much of the reasoning is equally forcible in both cases.

The mode of reasoning adopted throughout is twofold. We have first the *a priori* argument, in which the author compares the nature of the systems themselves with the nature of true holiness, and the agreement or disagreement of the one with the other; and, second, the *a posteriori*, which consists in "an appeal to plain and acknowledged facts, and a judging of the nature of causes by their effects." In the first of these the argument is always clear and is often strong, but it is in the appeal to facts and to effects that Mr. Fuller is especially powerful, and in which he often rises to a truly triumphant eloquence.

The chapters in which his argument from the nature of the case is especially conclusive, are those on "the comparison of the systems as to their tendency to convert profligates to a life of holiness,"—on "their influence in promoting love to Christ," and on "the resemblance between Socinianism and Infidelity, and the tendency of the one to the other." In reading these chapters, the remark as to the Unitarianism of that day must be specially borne in mind, as they would, in many ways, be wholly inapplicable to existing phases of belief. In the comparison of the two systems as to their tendency to convert profligates to a life of holiness, Mr. Fuller shows how essential is a true repentance toward God, involving a deep sense of a man's own wrongness. This, he says, the Socinian teaching would never produce, as their tendency is to make little of sin as an offence against the Creator, but rather regard it merely in the light of an injury to the creature, and, according to Dr. Priestley, resulting from a distinct and absolute *necessity*. Mr. Fuller states his own case thus :—

"Those who embrace the Calvinistic system believe that man was originally created holy and happy; that of his own accord he departed from God, and became vile; that God,

being in Himself infinitely amiable, deserves to be, and is, the moral centre of the intelligent system; that rebellion against Him is opposition to the general good; that, if suffered to operate according to its tendency, it would destroy the well-being of the universe, by excluding God, and righteousness, and peace, from the whole system; that seeing it aims destruction at universal good, and tends to universal anarchy and mischief, it is, in those respects, an infinite evil, and deserving of endless punishment; and that, in whatever instance God exercises forgiveness, it is not without respect to that public expression of His displeasure against it which was uttered in the death of His Son. These, brethren, are the sentiments which furnish us with motives for self-abhorrence; under their influence millions have repented in dust and ashes."

He then shews how essential a characteristic of salvation to a life of holiness is trust in the Lord Jesus Christ; he contrasts the way in which the Scriptures require the utter abandonment of ourselves to His keeping, with the cold way in which the Socinians merely regard Him as a great exemplar, and sums up thus:—

"That which I would here insist upon is, that, upon their principles, all *trust* or *confidence* in Christ for salvation is utterly excluded. Not only are those principles unadapted to induce us to trust in Christ, but they directly tend to turn off our attention and affection from Him. Dr. Priestley does not appear to consider Him as 'the way of a sinner's salvation' in any sense whatever, but goes about to explain the words of Peter, Acts iv. 12, 'Neither is there salvation in any other,' &c., not of salvation to eternal life, but 'of salvation, or deliverance, from bodily diseases.' And another writer of the same cast (Dr. Harwood), in a volume of Sermons lately published, treats the sacred writers with still less ceremony. Paul had said, 'Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ;' but this writer, as if he designed to affront the apostle, makes use of his own

words in order to contradict him. 'Other foundation than this can no man lay,' says he; 'other expectations are visionary and groundless, and all hopes founded upon anything else than *a good moral life* are merely imaginary, and contrary to the whole tenor of the Gospel.' "

His appeal is then made to facts. He asks Dr. Priestley, If it be true, as you maintain, that what you have to preach would have more effect in producing a holy life in men hitherto without it, why do not you, or some of your colleagues, go out into the highways and hedges? It is not enough, in this argument, to say that your own congregations are virtuous; the question now is as to the effect upon the ungodly. Hitherto you have no effect to show us. He exemplifies the results of the preaching of Calvinistic teachers by the labours of Whitfield and Edwards, and concludes the Letter by the following reference to the difficulties that Unitarians would meet with in any attempt to preach the Gospel:—

"Should they, in the course of their labours, behold a malefactor approaching the hour of his execution, what must they do? Alas! like the priest and the Levite, they must *pass by on the other side*. They could not so much as admonish him to repentance with any degree of hope, because they consider 'all late repentance, and especially after long and confirmed habits of vice, as absolutely and necessarily ineffectual.' Happy for many a poor wretch of that description, happy especially for the poor thief upon the cross, that Jesus Christ acted upon a different principle!

"These, brethren, are matters that come within the knowledge of every man of observation; and it behoves you, in such cases, to know, 'not the speech of them that are puffed up, but the power.' "

Various points are discussed in the subsequent Letters: as the first dealt with the tendency of the two systems to produce holiness of life in those hitherto without a true knowledge of God, so most of the others discuss under

various forms the character of the morality which is likely to grow up under each. Dr. Priestley charges Calvinism with a tendency to produce immorality by its doctrine of election. It will be seen at a glance that the Doctor's theory on the doctrine of necessity places him here quite at the mercy of Mr. Fuller, who on this subject thus writes :—

“As to *election*, Dr. Priestley cannot consistently maintain his scheme of necessity without admitting it. If, as he abundantly maintains, God is the author of every good disposition in the human heart; and if, as he also in the same section maintains, God, in all that He does, pursues one plan, or system, previously concerted, it must follow that wherever good dispositions are produced, and men are finally saved, it is altogether in consequence of the appointment of God; which, as to the present argument, is the same thing as the Calvinistic doctrine of election.

“If there be any difference between that election which is involved in Dr. Priestley's own scheme, and that of the Calvinists, it must consist, not in the original appointment, or in the certainty of the event, but in the intermediate causes or reasons which induced the Deity to fix things in the manner that He has done; and it is doubtful whether even this can be admitted. It is true Dr. Priestley, by his exclamations against *unconditional election*, would seem to maintain that, where God hath appointed a sinner to obtain salvation, it is on account of his foreseen virtue; and he may plead that such an election is favourable to virtue, as making it the ground or procuring cause of eternal felicity, while an election that is altogether unconditional must be directly the reverse.”

After referring to this idea of election as not Scriptural, he proceeds :—

“Secondly, let it be considered whether such an election will consist with Dr. Priestley's own scheme of necessity. This scheme supposes that all virtue, as well as everything else, is necessary. Now whence arose the necessity of it?

It was not self-originated, nor accidental; it must have been established by the Deity. And then it will follow that, if God elect any man on account of his foreseen virtue, He must have elected him on account of that which He had determined to give him; but this, as to the origin of things, amounts to the same thing as unconditional election."

The worship of Christ by Trinitarians has always been strongly condemned by Unitarians, and regarded by them as greatly dishonouring God. To this Mr. Fuller makes the following spirited and effective rejoinder:—

"Once more, it seems to be generally supposed by our opponents, that the worship we pay to Christ tends to divide our hearts; and that, in proportion as we adore Him, we detract from the essential glory of the Father. In this view, therefore, they reckon themselves to exercise a greater veneration for God than we. But it is worthy of notice, and particularly the serious notice of our opponents, that it is no new thing for an opposition to Christ to be carried on under the plea of love to God. This was the very plea of the Jews, when they took up stones to stone Him. 'For a good work,' said they, 'we stone Thee not, but for that Thou, being a man, makest Thyself *God*.' They very much prided themselves in their *God*; and, under the influence of that spirit, constantly rejected the Lord Jesus. 'Thou art called a Jew, and makest thy boast of *God*.'—'We be not born of fornication; we have one Father, even *God*.'—'Give *God* the praise: we know that this Man is a sinner.' It was under the pretext of zeal and friendship for God that they at last put Him to death as a blasphemer. But what kind of zeal was this, and in what manner did Jesus treat it? 'If *God* were your Father,' said He, 'you would love me.'—'He that is of *God* heareth *God's* words.'—'It is my Father that honoureth me, of whom ye say that He is your *God*; yet ye have not known Him.'—'I know you, that you have not the love of *God* in you.'

"Again, the primitive Christians will be allowed to have

loved God aright; yet they worshipped Jesus Christ. Not only did the martyr Stephen close his life by committing his departing spirit into the hands of Jesus, but it was the common practice, in primitive times, to invoke His name. 'He hath authority,' said Ananias concerning Saul, to bind 'all that call on Thy name.' One part of the Christian mission was to declare that 'whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved,' even of that Lord of whom the Gentiles had not heard. Paul addressed himself 'to all that in every place called upon the name of Jesus Christ.' These modes of expression (which, if I be not greatly mistaken, always signify Divine worship) plainly inform us that it was not merely the practice of a few individuals, but of the great body of the primitive Christians, to invoke the name of Christ; nay, and that this was a mark by which they were distinguished as Christians.

"Further, it ought to be considered that, in worshipping the Son of God, we worship Him not on account of that wherein He differs from the Father, but on account of those perfections which we believe Him to possess in common with Him. This, with the consideration that we worship Him not to the exclusion of the Father, any more than the Father to the exclusion of Him, but as one with Him, removes all apprehensions from our minds that, in ascribing glory to the one, we detract from that of the other. Nor can we think but that these ideas are confirmed, and the weight of the objection removed, by those declarations of Scripture where the Father and the Son are represented as being in such union that 'he who hath seen the one hath seen the other;' and 'he who honoureth the one honoureth the other;' yea, that 'he who honoureth not the Son honoureth not the Father who sent Him.'"

We have often, in the course of this book, remarked upon Mr. Fuller's plain way of speaking out what he considers to be the truth, and often thereby incurring the charge of harshness or bluntness. The following passage, which he

uses in repelling the charge of bigotry from the Calvinists in particular, will set forth the ground he takes in this matter, and will enable his readers, at least, to feel that his plain speaking came from no harshness of disposition, but from the depth of his convictions; and shows that he courted from his opponents equal plainness of speech, eschewing therein all unkindness of feeling or bitterness of thought :—

“What is there of bigotry in our not reckoning the Socinians to be Christians, more than in their reckoning us *idolators*? Mr. Madan complained of the Socinians ‘insulting those of his principles with the charge of idolatry.’ Dr. Priestley justified them by observing, ‘All who believe Christ to be a man, and not God, must necessarily think it idolatrous to pay Him Divine honours; and to *call* it so is no other than the necessary consequence of avowing our belief.’ Nay, he represents it as ridiculous that they should ‘be allowed to think the Trinitarians idolators without being permitted to call them so.’ If Socinians have a right to think Trinitarians idolators, they have doubtless a right to call them so; and, if they be able, to make it appear so: nor ought we to consider ourselves as insulted by it. I have no idea of being offended with any man, in affairs of this kind, for speaking what he believes to be the truth. Instead of courting compliments from each other in matters of such moment, we ought to encourage an unreservedness of expression, provided it be accompanied with sobriety and benevolence. But neither ought Socinians to complain of our refusing to acknowledge them as Christians, or to impute it to a spirit of bigotry; for it amounts to nothing more than avowing a necessary consequence of our belief. If we believe the Deity and atonement of Christ to be essential to Christianity, we must necessarily think those who reject these doctrines to be no Christians; nor is it inconsistent with charity to speak accordingly.

“Again, What is there of bigotry in our not allowing the Socinians to be Christians, more than in their not allow-

ing us to be *Unitarians*? We profess to believe in the Divine unity as much as they do in Christianity. But they consider a oneness of person, as well as of essence, to be essential to the unity of God, and therefore cannot acknowledge us as Unitarians; and we consider the Deity and atonement of Christ as essential to Christianity, and therefore cannot acknowledge them as Christians. *We* do not choose to call Socinians Unitarians, because that would be a virtual acknowledgment that we ourselves do not believe in the Divine unity; but we are not offended at what they think of us; nor do we impute it to bigotry, or to anything of the kind. We know that while they think as they do on the doctrine of the Trinity, our sentiments must appear to them as Tritheism. We comfort ourselves in these matters with this, that the thoughts of creatures uninspired of God are liable to mistake. Such are theirs concerning us, and such are ours concerning them; and if Socinians do indeed *love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity*, it is happy for them. The judgment of their fellow-creatures cannot affect their state; and thousands who have scrupled to admit them among the true followers of Christ in this world, would rejoice to find themselves mistaken in that matter at the last day.

“But why need I say any more? Dr. Priestley himself allows all I plead for: ‘The man,’ says he, ‘whose sole spring of action is a *concern for lost souls*, and a care to preserve the purity of that Gospel which alone teaches the most effectual method of their recovery from *the power of sin and Satan unto God*, will feel an ardour of mind that will prompt him strenuously to oppose all those whom he considers as obstructing his benevolent designs.’ He adds: ‘I could overlook everything in a man who I thought meant nothing but my everlasting welfare.’ This, and nothing else, is the temper of mind which I have been endeavouring to defend.”

It is very interesting to observe the way in which Mr.

Fuller is imbued with the spirit of the subject in hand. All through the letter on the tendency of the two systems to produce love to Christ, we find a softened and subdued tone; there is no loss of power, as an extract which we shall give will shew. He seems rather to be thinking of Christ than of his opponents in argument. It is true they are occasionally referred to, but only as necessity requires it. In the midst of a discussion on some of its aspects but little inviting, he seems to glory in the life-giving theme. It must have been to him like Sabbath labour, after his week's toilsome travelling.

"We find so much use for Christ, if I may so speak, that He appears as the *soul* which animates the whole body of our divinity; as the centre of the system, diffusing light and life to every part of it. Take away Christ; nay, take away the Deity and atonement of Christ, and the whole ceremonial of the Old Testament appears to us little more than a dead mass of uninteresting matter: prophecy loses all that is interesting and endearing; the Gospel is annihilated, or ceases to be that *good news* to lost sinners which it professes to be; practical religion is divested of its most powerful motives, the evangelical dispensation of its peculiar glory, and heaven itself of its most transporting joys.

"The sacred penmen appear to have written all along upon the same principles. They considered *Christ* as the *All in all* of their religion; and, as such, they loved Him with their whole hearts. Do they speak of the 'first tabernacle?' They call it a 'figure for the time then present, in which were offered both gifts and sacrifices, that could not make him that did the service perfect as pertaining to the conscience.'—'But Christ being come an High Priest of good things to come, by a greater and more perfect tabernacle, not made with hands, that is to say, not of this building; neither by the blood of goats and calves, but by His own blood, He entered in once into the holy place; having obtained eternal redemption for us.' Do they speak of pro-

phesy? They call the testimony of Jesus the 'spirit' of it (Rev. xix. 10). Of the Gospel? It is the doctrine of 'Christ crucified.' Of the medium by which the world was crucified to them, and they to the world? It is the same. The very 'reproach of Christ' had a value stamped upon it, so as, in their esteem, to surpass all the treasures of the present world. One of the most affecting ideas which they afford us of heaven consists in ascribing everlasting glory and dominion 'to Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood. Ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands, were heard with a loud voice, saying, *Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.*' "

On veneration for the Scriptures he sums up as follows:—

"I have heard of persons who, when engaged in a lawsuit, and fearing lest certain individuals should appear in evidence against them, have so contrived matters as to *sue the witnesses*; and so, by making them parties in the contest, have disqualified them for bearing testimony. And what else is the conduct of Dr. Priestley, with respect to those passages in the New Testament which speak of Christ as *God*? We read there that 'the Word who was made flesh, and dwelt among us,' *was God*. Thomas exclaimed: 'My Lord and my *God*!'—'Of whom, as concerning the flesh, Christ came, who is over all, *God* blessed for ever.'—'Unto the Son He saith, Thy throne, O *God*, is for ever and ever.'—'Feed the church of *God*, which He hath purchased with His own blood.'—'Hereby perceive we the love of *God*, because He laid down His life for us.' But Dr. Priestley asserts that 'in no sense whatever, not even in the lowest of all, is Christ so much as called *God* in all the New Testament.' The method taken by this writer to enable him to hazard such an assertion, without being subject to the charge of downright falsehood, could be no other than that of laying a kind of *arrest* upon the foregoing passages, with others, as

being either interpolations or mistranslations, or something that shall answer the same end, and by these means imposing silence upon them as to the subject in dispute. To be sure, we may go on, killing one Scripture testimony and stoning another, till, at length, it would become an easy thing to assert that there is not an instance, in all the New Testament, in which our opinions are confronted. But to what does it all amount? When we are told that 'Christ is never so much as called *God* in all the New Testament,' the question is, whether we are to understand it of the New Testament as it was left by the sacred writers, or as corrected, amended, curtailed, and interpreted by a set of controvertists, with a view to make it accord with a favourite system."

The deeper happiness felt by those who receive the mystery of redemption is given in a noble passage, of rare insight and beauty:—

"The Socinian system proposes to exclude *mystery* from religion, or 'things in their own nature incomprehensible.' But such a scheme not only renders religion the only thing in nature void of mystery, but divests it of a property essential to the continued communication of happiness to an immortal creature. Our passions are more affected by objects which surpass our comprehension than by those which we fully know. It is thus with respect to *unhappiness*. An unknown misery is much more dreadful than one that is fully known. Suspense adds to distress. If, with regard to transient sufferings, we know the worst, the worst is commonly over; and hence our troubles are frequently greater when feared than when actually felt. It is the same with respect to *happiness*. That happiness which is felt in the pursuit of science abates in the full possession of the object. When once a matter is fully known, we cease to take that pleasure in it as at first, and long for something new. It is the same in all other kinds of happiness. The mind loves to swim in deep waters; if it touches the bottom it feels disgust. If the best were once fully known, the best

would thence be over. Some of the noblest passions in Paul were excited by objects incomprehensible: ‘O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!’—‘Great is the mystery of godliness: God was manifest in the flesh, justified in the spirit, seen of angels, believed on in the world, received up into glory!’ Now, if things be so, it is easy to see that to divest religion of everything incomprehensible is to divest it of what is essential to human happiness. And no wonder; for it is nothing less than to divest it of God!”

In the next letter we have a reference to those things the thought of which must have often upborne him in the midst of oppressing sorrow and toil; and we read his own experience as he talks of men of old.

“You read in your Bibles that ‘the Lord will be our everlasting light, and our God our glory;’ that ‘our life is hid with Christ in God;’ that ‘when He shall appear, we shall appear with Him in glory;’ and that we shall then ‘be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is.’ Hence you conclude that *a full enjoyment of God, and conformity to Him, are the sum of heaven.* . . .

“These are very important matters, and must have a great influence in attracting your hearts towards heaven. These were the things which caused the patriarchs to live like strangers and pilgrims on the earth. They looked for a habitation, a better country, even a heavenly one. These were the things that made the apostles and primitive Christians consider their afflictions as light and momentary. ‘For this cause,’ say they, ‘we faint not; but though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day. For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.’”

In the concluding letter Mr. Fuller boldly assails Unitarianism as having a direct tendency to promote infidelity. His heart seems burdened with the solemnity of the issue raised between himself and his opponent, as he strikes right home in many a telling rebuke. He thus earnestly concludes his epistle:—

“Christian brethren, permit me to request that the subject may be seriously considered. Whether the foregoing positions be sufficiently proved, it becomes not me to decide. A reflection or two, however, may be offered, upon the supposition that they are so; and with these I shall conclude.

“First, If that system which embraces the Deity and atonement of Christ, with other correspondent doctrines, be friendly to a life of sobriety, righteousness, and godliness, it must be of God; and it becomes us to abide by it, not because it is the doctrine of Calvin or of any other man that was uninspired, but as being ‘the Gospel which we have received’ from Christ and His apostles, ‘wherein we stand, and by which we are saved.’

“Secondly, If that system of religion which rejects the Deity and atonement of Christ, with other correspondent doctrines, be unfriendly to the conversion of sinners to a life of holiness, and of professed unbelievers to faith in Christ; if it be a system which irreligious men are the first and serious Christians the last to embrace; if it be found to relax the obligations to virtuous affection and behaviour, by relaxing the great standard of virtue itself; if it promote neither love to God under His true character, nor benevolence to men as it is exemplified in the spirit of Christ and His apostles; if it lead those who embrace it to be wise in their own eyes, and instead of humbly deprecating God’s righteous displeasure, even in their dying moments, arrogantly to challenge His justice; if the charity which it inculcates be founded in an indifference to Divine truth; if it be inconsistent with ardent love to Christ, and veneration for the Holy Scriptures; if the happiness which it promotes

be at variance with the joys of the Gospel; and, finally, if it diminish the motives to gratitude, obedience, and heavenly-mindedness, and have a natural tendency to infidelity; it must be an immoral system, and, consequently, not of God. It is not the Gospel of Christ, but '*another gospel.*' Those who preach it preach *another Jesus*, whom the apostles did not preach; and those who receive it receive *another spirit*, which they never imbibed. It is not the light which cometh from above, but a cloud of darkness that hath arisen from beneath, tending to eclipse it. It is not the highway of truth, which is a way of holiness; but a by-path of error, which misleads the unwary traveller, and of which, as we value our immortal interests, it becomes us to beware. We need not be afraid of evidence, or of free inquiry; for if irreligious men be the first, and serious Christians be the last, who embrace the Socinian system, it is easy to perceive that the avenues which lead to it are not, as its abettors would persuade you to think, an openness to conviction, or a free and impartial inquiry after truth, but *a heart secretly disaffected to the true character and government of God, and dissatisfied with the Gospel way of salvation.*"

CHAPTER X.

LITERARY LABOURS CONTINUED.—DOCTRINAL AND PRACTICAL WRITINGS.

No common qualities are needed to expound for us God's dealings with His children in the early days of the world's history. Logic, power of thought, or directness of statement, will do but little towards reproducing a history beginning with the creation of the world, and coming down to the high

times when the "Divine presence shook the mercy-seat." There is in this part of Holy Scripture all the intense reality of human experience in living communion with God. The joys and sorrows of the patriarchs in their lonely pilgrimage, with their strange, beautiful dreams and solemn covenants of love with the Father of all; altars built on lonely wastes, where the pilgrim and the priest were one, calling down pledges of love resting on generations countless as the stars of heaven; the sorrows of the childless; the overflowing joys of a divinely-promised maternity; sins, sorrows, hopes, and fears, and all life's vicissitudes, strangely woven, by an unseen hand, into one beautiful tissue;—all these things, and many more, belong to the "Genesis" of Revelation—the story of the "Fathers of Israel."

All the varied power which can depict the scenery of life, and read its holy meaning, is needed in one who would help us to understand that wonderful chapter in sacred history. It is a far different task to that of tracing the workings of a principle, or defining the boundary of a doctrine. That Mr. Fuller succeeded in this latter work is what we should have expected, from the character of his mind and the nature of his training; but we may not be so fully prepared for the versatility of power revealed in his exposition of Genesis. It flows on like a tender pastoral. The description of scenery, manners, and character, are thrown in with living touches; while the reflections which ally the history to the experience of all, are given with such delicacy and judgment, that, while avoiding the feebleness of "spiritualising," they bring the deeper meaning right home to the heart. Now and then words come in savouring more of the polemical than the descriptive; but, as a whole, they are admirably varied to the requirements of the subject.

In a short and suitable dedication to his beloved friends at Kettering, he speaks of his practice, continued for fifteen years, of expounding to them some portion of the Word of God on the Lord's day morning, and asks their acceptance

of the discourses as memorials of the pleasure they had enjoyed together "in exploring the treasures of the lively oracles."

Without further preface, he enters upon his task. The reader will not expect in the opening chapters the elaborate disquisitions on "Science and Revelation" given by modern harmonists, and he may be possibly of opinion that they do not suffer from their absence. No pre-Adamite creation is referred to, because none had been declared by the geologists; but the comments on the great six days' work are simple and sufficing. It is, however, when he comes to the life that began to people the world, and to the sad experiences of men in the travail of their sin and woe, that we begin to feel the true power of the author,—“when the gold had become dim, and the most fine gold changed.” “Adam,” he exclaims, “thou didst murder an unborn world, and thou shalt see the fruit of it in thine own family! Thou hast, however, witnessed a human death: go, see the first victim of the King of Terrors in the mangled corpse of Abel thy son!” As he passes on to describe the deluge, with the events that follow, we find real power of description. Whatever may be thought of the theory involved in the paraphrase of the words, “On that same day were all the fountains of the great deep broken up, and the windows of heaven opened,” its picturesque strength will hardly be denied.

“What a scene of consternation and dismay must that day have exhibited, on the part of those who were left behind! The manner in which the rains set in would leave little or no hope of their being soon over. It was not a common rain: it came in torrents, or, as we should say, in a manner as though heaven and earth were come together. The waters of the subterraneous cavities from beneath, and of the clouds from above, all met together at God’s command, to execute his wrath on guilty men. The *great deep* seems to mean that vast confluence of waters said to have been gathered together on the third day of the creation into one

place, and called seas, chap. i. 9, 10. These waters not only extend over a great part of the surface of the earth, but probably flow, as through a number of arteries and veins, to its most interior recesses, and occupy its centre. This body of waters, which was ordained, as I may say, unto life, was turned, in just displeasure against man's sin, into an engine of destruction. Bursting forth in tremendous floods, multitudes were hereby swept away; while, from above, the clouds poured forth their torrents, as though heaven itself were a reservoir of waters, and God had opened its windows."

If we are introduced into any scene, in these solemn life-stories, where death or bitter distress are busy, he writes as one only can write who has himself been pierced with many sorrows. Most touchingly he describes the wanderings of Hagar and Ishmael, when Abraham sent them forth with the "portion of bread" and the "bottle of water," because, stung with envy, she had marred the joy of Sarah over the "child of promise."

"It was doubtless the design of Hagar, when she set off, to go to Egypt, her native country; but having to travel through a desert land, where there was ordinarily no water, it was necessary she should be furnished with that article. Whether 'the wilderness of Beersheba,' as it was called at the time Moses wrote the narrative, was directly in her way, or whether she went thither in consequence of having 'wandered,' or lost her way, so it was that she was reduced to the greatest distress. The bread might not be exhausted, but the water was; and no spring being to be found in this inhospitable place, she and Ishmael appear to have walked about, till he, overcome of thirst, could walk no longer. She had supported him, it seems, as long as she could; but fearing he should die in her arms, she cast him under a shrub, just to screen him from the scorching sun, and 'went and sat herself down over against him, a good way off, as it were a bow-shot; for she said, Let me not see the death of the child! And she sat over against him, and lifted up her voice and wept.'

“A more finished picture of distress we shall seldom see. The bitter cries and flowing tears of the afflicted mother, with the groans of her dying son, are heard, and seen, and felt, in a manner as though we were present. And wherefore do they cry? Had there been any ear to hear them, any eye to pity them, or hand to help them, these cries and tears might have been mingled with hope; but, as far as human aid was concerned, there was no place for this. Whether any of them were directed to Heaven we know not. We could have wished, and should almost have expected, that those of the mother at least would have been so; for surely she could not have forgotten Him who had seen and delivered her from a similar condition about sixteen years before, and who had then promised to ‘multiply her seed,’ and to cause this very child to ‘dwell in the presence of all his brethren.’ But whether any of these expressions of distress were directed to God or not, the groans of the distressed reached His ear. ‘God heard the voice of the lad; and the angel of God called to Hagar out of heaven, and said unto her, What aileth thee, Hagar? Fear not; for God hath heard the voice of the lad where he is. Arise, lift up the lad, and hold him in thine hand; for I will make him a great nation.’

“At this instant, lifting up her eyes, she saw a spring of water, which before she had overlooked; and, filling her bottle from it, returned to the lad, and gave him drink. ‘To God the Lord, belong the issues from death.’ He maketh strong the bands of the mocker; and again He looseth His prisoners, and delivereth those that were appointed to die. If Ishmael were at any future time possessed of true religion, he must look back upon these humbling but gracious dispensations of the God of his father Abraham with very tender emotions.”

Here is another short extract snatched from the history of Abraham’s hour of trial. Surely the man who penned these sentences is writing the story of something in his own

life, and has himself heard the voice of the Lord God, "Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest." Familiarly he seems to speak of those hushed pathways of sorrow and sacrifice, where the soul must be alone with its God, as one who had often walked in them without fear or dread :—

"‘Abide you here,’ said he, ‘with the ass, and I and the lad will go yonder and worship, and come again to you.’ This would intimate that he wished not to be interrupted. In hard duties and severe trials, we should consider that we have enough to struggle with in our minds without having any interruptions from other quarters. Great trials are best entered upon with but little company. Such was the precaution taken by our Lord himself. It is admirable to see how, in this trying hour, Abraham possessed his soul. He lays the wood upon his son—takes the fire and the knife—they go both of them together—he so evades the cutting question of Isaac as to prevent disclosure, and yet in such a manner as to excite resignation to God—built the altar—stretched forth his hand—and took the knife with an intention to slay his son !”

But with all this high spirituality of thought, there is mingled a great power of practical teaching. He never seems to forget that the men in the pews beneath him are still *men*, whatever may be his hopes of their renewed character. If there is a tradesman in Andrew Fuller’s congregation whose business transactions are not what they should be, he will not escape chastisement because the preacher is a spiritual man, and his thoughts (many of them) such as only the spiritual can understand. On the contrary, the eye of the speaker, that is flashing with the thought that seems to have borne him away with it, is watching all the while for an opportunity of rebuking him. Presently the narrative gives him a chance of doing so, and his swift thought descends at once upon its prey :—

“Abraham calls himself a stranger and a sojourner : but

they call him ‘a mighty prince among them;’ give him the choice of their sepulchres; offer any one of them gratis; and when he insisted on paying for it, mention its value in the most delicate manner, intimating that such a sum was as nothing between them. Were commerce conducted on such principles, how pleasant would it be! How different from that selfish spirit described by Solomon, and still prevalent among men: ‘Naught, naught, saith the buyer; but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth!’ Civility, courtesy, and generosity adorn religion. The plainness of Christianity is not a rude and insolent one; it stands aloof from flattery, but not from obliging behaviour.”

Farther on in the same history, when “Jacob erected an altar and called it El-elohe-Israel, *i.e.*, God the God of Israel,” I find this little snatch of beauty, as showing how earnestly his own heart was watching for its own lessons and rebukes through all his study of the lives of the patriarchs:—

“It were no less happy for us than consistent with our holy profession, if every distinguishing turn of our lives were distinguished by renewed resignations of ourselves to God. Such times and places would serve as memorials of mercy, and enable us to recover those thoughts and feelings which we possessed in our happiest days.”

But the history of Joseph is still more full of that intense personality which so makes us feel that he is flinging *himself* into every life he touches. See how carelessly he lifts to the surface an experience like this, with the fearlessness of a man who, if he has known the power of sin, has felt, too, the strength of communion and grace:—

“In some cases sin begins upon a small scale, and increases as it advances; but the very first proposal in this case is murder! This shows the height to which their hatred had been previously wrought up, and which, now that opportunity offered, raged like fire with uncontrollable fury. But have they no apprehensions as to consequences? What tale are they to carry home to their father? Oh, they are at no

loss for this. Malice has two intimate friends always at hand to conceal its dark deeds; namely, artifice and falsehood. 'We will cast him into some pit,' say they, 'and we will say, Some evil beast hath devoured him: and we shall see what will become of his dreams!' Who will say that the workers of iniquity have no knowledge? They have all the cunning as well as the cruelty of the old serpent."

Or again: "'They said one to another, we are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul, when he besought us and we would not hear; therefore is this distress come upon us!' God, in dealing with sinners, usually adapts the punishment to the sin, so as to cause them to read the one in the other. Hence adverse providences call our sin to remembrance; our own wickedness corrects us, and our backslidings reprove us. They would not hear Joseph in his distress, and now they could not be heard; they had thrown him into a pit, and are themselves now thrown into prison! These convictions are heightened by the reproaches of Reuben, who gives them to expect blood for blood. Reuben was that, methinks, to his brethren, which conscience is to a sinner; remonstrating at the outset, and, when judgment overtakes him, reproaching him, and foreboding the worst of consequences. His words are sharp as a two-edged sword: 'Spake I not unto you, saying, Do not sin against the child; and ye would not hear? Therefore behold, also, his blood is required!'"

The picture of Joseph's meeting with his brethren is beautifully drawn; the original outline filled in with tender touches of light and shade, which seem to show us something of the home life of the speaker. A brother's love and tenderness are here, such as the strong feel towards the weak and erring, with all the strange wonder of a child in the presence of the great mystery of human life; its separations,—wider than the grave—its sadder meetings, where we do not meet, but stand face to face, with a "great gulf" fixed between us.

His eyes seem to brim with tears as hot as Joseph's, as he bends over the scene, more touching, more alive and warm with human sorrow, than any of the fair Hebrew story that has come down to us.

"And now, the business of the morning being over, Joseph enters. They immediately request his acceptance of the spices and sweetmeats of Palestine, sent as a present by their father, bowing down their faces to the earth, as they had done before. Thus Joseph's dream, which was repeated to him, is repeated in its fulfilment. There is nothing said of his manner of receiving it; but doubtless it was kind and affable. And as they would present it in the name of their father, this would furnish a fair opportunity to inquire particularly respecting him; a subject on which his feelings would be all alive. It is charming to see how he supports the character which he had assumed, that of an Egyptian nobleman, who remembered what they had said about a venerable old man, of whose welfare he very politely inquires: 'Is your father well, the old man of whom ye spake? Is he yet alive?'

"They answer very properly, and call their father *his servant*, and again make obeisance. Thus, in them, Jacob himself bowed down to Joseph; and thereby that part of his dream was also fulfilled.

"When Joseph saw his brethren, his eyes, perhaps without his being aware of it, were fixed on Benjamin, ver. 16. But having detected himself in that instance, he appears to be more upon his guard in this. He receives the present, and converses with them about their father's welfare, without once turning his eyes towards his brother. But having done this, he thinks he may venture a look at him. He 'lifted up his eyes, and saw his brother Benjamin, his mother's son, and said' to the others, but still under the same disguise, 'Is this your younger brother, of whom ye spake unto me?' If he could have waited for an answer, they would doubtless have told him it was; but his heart is too full. No sooner

is the question out of his lips than (it may be with his hand upon his head) he adds, 'God be gracious unto thee, my son!' O Joseph, on what tender ground dost thou presume to walk! This benediction, though under the disguise of a good wish from a stranger, was in reality an effusion of a full heart, which in this manner sought for ease. Genuine love longs to express itself.

"This little indulgence of affection, however, had well nigh betrayed him. Ardent desires will always plead hard to go a little way, and presume not to go too far; but to indulge them a little is like letting air into a room on fire. Joseph is so affected by what has passed that he is obliged to quit the company, and retire into his chamber to weep there.

"Having recovered himself, and washed his face, that they might not discover his tears, he re-enters, and behaves with much hospitality and attention.

"And now I apprehend it was Joseph's wish to discover himself to his brethren, or rather to enable them to discover him. There are three things in particular, while they were at dinner, each tending to this end, and, as I conceive, designed for it. 1. The order of the tables. One for himself, one for the strangers, and one for the Egyptians. The design of this was to set them a thinking of him, and who he was, or could be. That the Egyptians and Hebrews should eat apart, they could easily account for: but who or what is this man? Is he not an Egyptian? Yet if he be, why eat by himself? Surely he must be a foreigner. 2. The order in which they themselves were seated: it was 'before him,' so that they had full opportunity of looking at him; and, what was astonishing to them, every man was placed 'according to his age.' But who can this be, that is acquainted with their ages so as to be able to adjust things in this order? Surely it must be some one who knows us, though we know not him. Or is he a diviner? Who or what can he be? They are said to have ' marvelled one at

another,' and well they might. It is marvellous that they did not hence suspect who he was. 3. The peculiar favour which he expressed to Benjamin, in sending him a mess five times more than the rest. There is no reason to suppose that Benjamin ate more than the rest; but this was the manner of showing special favour in those times; see chap. xlv. 22, 23. It was, therefore, saying, in effect, I not only know all your ages, but towards that young man I have more than a common regard. . . . Look at all this, and look at me. . . . Look at me, my brother Benjamin. Dost thou not know me?—But all was hid from them. Their eyes, like those of the disciples towards their Lord, seem to have been holden, that they should not know him. Their minds, however, are eased from all apprehension, and they drank and were cheerful in his company."

All who have read Mr. Fuller's exposition of Genesis must remember the account of Joseph's discovering of himself to his brethren. No one could have so thrown himself into the scene unless he had tasted something of the blessedness of meeting again those long-lost. We have seen how truthfully all the approaches of the lord of Egypt and his brethren are described. And now, when Joseph has made himself known, and explained all the mystery to his astonished kinsmen, we have some manly teaching concerning forgiveness. It takes a man of some greatness of soul to understand and appreciate true forgiveness. We are so accustomed, when we forgive, to enlarge upon the bounty of our gift, that we are tempted always to look for the same poverty of love in others. Mr. Fuller shows how he could himself forgive, by the beautiful delight which he takes in Joseph's conduct to his brethren. He seems to revel in Joseph's delicacy and in the wonderful way in which he sets his brethren at ease. Thus exquisitely the whole scene is rendered:—

"The close of Judah's speech must have been succeeded by a solemn pause. Every heart is full; but every tongue

is silent. The audience, if they understood the language, would be all in tears. The ten brethren, viewing the whole as the righteous judgment of God upon them, would be full of fearful amazement as to the issue. Benjamin would feel both for his dear father, and his beloved brother who had offered to give himself for him! But what saith the judge? How does he stand affected? I have no doubt but that he must have covered his face during the greater part of the time in which Judah had been pleading; and now this will not suffice. The fire burns within him, and it must have vent. 'Cause every man,' said he, 'to depart from me!' And then he breaks out in a loud weeping, so that the Egyptians from without heard him. Their minds no doubt must be filled with amazement, and desire to know the cause of this strange affair; while the parties within would be still more confounded, to witness such a burst of sorrow from him, who, but awhile before, was all sternness and severity. But now the mystery is at once revealed, and that in a few words—I AM JOSEPH!! DOTH MY FATHER YET LIVE? If they had been struck by an electrical shock, or the most tremendous peal of thunder had instantly been heard over their heads, its effect had been nothing in comparison of that which these words must have produced. They are all struck dumb, and, as it were, petrified with terror. If he had been actually dead, and had risen and appeared to them, they could not have felt greatly different. The flood of thoughts which would at once rush in upon their minds is past description. No words could better express the general effect than those which are used: 'They could not answer him; for they were troubled at his presence!'

"A little mind, amidst all its sympathy, might have enjoyed the triumph which Joseph now had over them who once hated him, and have been willing to make them feel it; but he has made them feel sufficiently already; and having forgiven them in his heart, he remembers their sin no more,

but is full of tender solicitude to heal their wounded spirits. ‘Come near unto me,’ saith he, ‘I pray you. And they came near. And he said, I am Joseph your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt.’ This painful event he does not seem to have mentioned but for the sake of convincing them that it was he himself, even their *brother* Joseph, and not another; and lest the mention of it should be taken as a reflection, and so add to their distress, he immediately follows it up with a dissuasive from over much sorrow: ‘Now, therefore, be not grieved, nor angry with yourselves, that ye sold me hither: for God did send me before you to preserve life. For these two years hath the famine been in the land; and yet there are five years, in the which there shall be neither earing nor harvest. And God sent me before you, to preserve you a posterity in the earth, and to save your lives by a great deliverance. So now it was not you that sent me hither, but God: and He hath made me a father to Pharaoh,’ &c.

“In this soothing and tender strain did this excellent man pour balm into their wounded hearts. A less delicate mind would have talked of forgiving them; but he entreats them to forgive themselves, as though the other was out of the question. Nor did he mean that they should abuse the doctrine of providence to the making light of sin; but merely that they should eye the hand of God in all, so as to be reconciled to the event, though they might weep in secret for the part which they had acted. And it is his desire that they should, for the present at least, view the subject much in that point of light which would arm them against despondency and a being swallowed up of over much sorrow. Their viewing things in this light would not abate their godly sorrow, but rather increase it: it would tend only to expel the sorrow of the world, which worketh death. The analogy between all this and the case of a sinner on Christ’s first manifesting Himself to his soul, is very striking. I cannot enlarge on particulars; suffice it to say, the more he views

the doctrine of the cross, in which God hath glorified Himself, and saved a lost world by those very means which were intended for evil by His murderers, the better it will be with him. He shall not be able to think sin on this account a less, but a greater, evil; and yet he shall be so armed against despondency as even to *rejoice* in what God hath wrought, while he *trembles* in thinking of the evils from which he has escaped."

No man has set forth his doctrinal belief with greater clearness and compactness than Mr. Fuller. We have not to labour through weary dissertations to get at his creed on any one point, but everything is arranged and paragraphed with such completeness, that it seems as if his views on these subjects were written designedly for ready reference. He gives us his opinions in a set of "Dialogues and Letters between Crispus and Gaius." A modern authority has objected to the dialogue form of controversial writing, on the ground that if an author pulls the strings of both puppets, he can make them cut what capers he pleases. Mr. Fuller's Dialogues are scarcely open to this objection, because the two companions do not discuss a great deal, but, by interrogations and conversational suggestions, bring out sharply the various points of the topics under consideration. Besides which, if he had employed it as a weapon of controversy, it may be fairly defended from the charge of unfairness. Any one who writes on controversial matters, has to represent his opponent; he, therefore, for the time being, "pulls both strings;" and the form in which he accomplishes it has little to do with his impartiality.

But the use of the dialogue with Mr. Fuller had nothing artificial in it. He turns to that which he so well loves as a medium for conveying his thoughts. Andrew Fuller had few deeper enjoyments than a quiet talk on Christian doctrine and practice. In the opening words of the Dialogue, we can almost hear Mr. Fuller welcoming a friend who has dropped in to discuss some recondite topic :—

“*Crispus*. Good morning, my dear Gaius; I am glad to see you. The world is busy in grasping wealth, in discussing politics, and in struggling for dominion; all trifles of a moment: let us retire from the tumultuous scene, and discourse on subjects of greater importance.

“*Gaius*. I am glad, my dear Crispus, to find your mind exercised on such subjects. The present agitated state of the world is doubtless a great temptation to many to let go their hold of heavenly things, and to bend their chief attention to subjects which originate and terminate in the present life.

“*C*. My mind has of late been much engaged on divine subjects. I find in them a source of solid satisfaction. Yet I must confess I feel as well a variety of difficulties which I should be happy to have removed. I have often found your conversation profitable, and should wish to avail myself of this and every other opportunity for improving by it.

“*G*. Suitable conversation on divine subjects is commonly of mutual advantage; and I must say there is something, I know not what, in the countenance of an inquisitive, serious friend, which, *as iron sharpeneth iron*, whets our powers, and draws forth observations where otherwise they never existed. I think I have been as much indebted to you for asking pertinent questions as you have been to me for answering them.”

The two friends discuss together the character of God and His law, the freedom and depravity of man. They have an introductory talk on the connexion between doctrinal, experimental, and practical religion; so that the reader is guarded at the outset against merely speculative love of doctrinal discussion. A few thoughts on this Third Dialogue are too good to escape us:—

“*C*. Experimental knowledge, we commonly say in other things, is knowledge obtained by trial.

“*G*. Very well; it is the same in religion. There are many truths taught us in the Divine Word, and which we

may be said to know by reading; but we do not know them experimentally till we have proved them true by having made the trial.

“C. Mention a few examples.

“G. We read in the Scriptures of the doctrine of *human impotency*, and we think we understand it; but we never know this truth properly till we have had proof of it in our own experience. Further, we read of the *corruption of the human heart*, and think in our early years that we believe it; but it is not till we have passed through a variety of changes, and had experience of its deceitful operations, that we perceive this truth as we ought. Again, we read much of the *goodness and faithfulness of God*, and we subscribe to each; but we never realize these truths till, having passed through those circumstances in which we have occasion for them, they become imprinted upon our hearts. It is then that we feel their force and taste their sweetness: hence it is that ‘tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience.’ It was, no doubt, a cheering truth at all times that God was the *portion* of His people; but never did they realize that truth so fully as when they were stripped of their earthly all, and carried into captivity. It was then that they sang, as taught by the prophet, ‘The Lord is my portion, saith my soul, therefore will I hope in Him.’

“C. All experimental religion seems then to bear some relation to truth. If taken generally, for the exercise of spiritual affection, truth is here the *cause*, and these exercises are its immediate *effects*. If taken more particularly, for that proof or trial which we have of Divine things as we pass through the vicissitudes of life, truth seems here to be the object of which we have experience.

“G. True; and the more we have of experimental religion, the more we shall feel ourselves attached to the great doctrines of the Gospel, as the bread and water of life, whence arises all our salvation, and all our desire.”

After a time the friends, instead of conversing with each

other, write letters on the same topics, for the purpose of discoursing with greater continuity and length. The views held by Mr. Fuller on these subjects, and already indicated in this Memoir, are set forth with the most careful minuteness. Then follows a dialogue on the kindred subjects of Substitution and Imputation, between Peter, James, and John; Mr. Fuller putting his opinions in the mouth of James. One protest against a too literal interpretation of the Scripture representation of the death of Christ is earnestly given:—

“*James.* I apprehend, then, that many important mistakes have arisen from considering the interposition of Christ under the notion of *paying a debt*. The blood of Christ is indeed the *price* of our redemption, or that for the sake of which we are delivered from the curse of the law; but this metaphorical language, as well as that of *head and members*, may be carried too far, and may lead us into many errors. In cases of debt and credit among men, where a surety undertakes to *represent* the debtor, from the moment his undertaking is accepted the debtor is free, and may claim his liberty, not as a matter of favour, at least on the part of the creditor, but of strict justice. Or should the undertaking be unknown to him for a time, yet as soon as he knows it he may demand his discharge, and, it may be, think himself hardly treated by being kept in bondage so long after his debt had been actually paid. But who in their sober senses will imagine this to be analogous to the redemption of sinners by Jesus Christ? Sin is a debt only in a metaphorical sense; properly speaking, it is a *crime*, and satisfaction for it requires to be made, not on pecuniary, but on moral principles. If Philemon had accepted of that part of Paul’s offer which respected property, and had placed so much to his account as he considered Onesimus to have ‘owed’ him, he could not have been said to have *remitted* his debt; nor would Onesimus have had to thank him for remitting it. But it is supposed of Onesimus that he might not only be in debt to his master, but have ‘wronged’ him. Per-

haps he had embezzled his goods, corrupted his children, or injured his character. Now for Philemon to accept of that part of the offer were very different from the other. In the one case he would have accepted of a pecuniary representative, in the other of a moral one, that is, of a mediator. The satisfaction in the one case would annihilate the idea of remission; but not in the other. Whatever satisfaction Paul might give to Philemon respecting the wound inflicted upon his character and honour as the head of a family, it would not supersede the necessity of pardon being sought by the offender, and freely bestowed by the offended.

“The reason for this difference is easily perceived. Debts are transferable, but crimes are not. A third person may cancel the one, but he can only obliterate the *effects* of the other; the *desert* of the criminal remains. The *debtor* is accountable to his creditor as a *private* individual, who has power to accept of a surety, or, if he please, to remit the whole without any satisfaction. In the one case he would be just, in the other merciful; but no place is afforded by either of them for the *combination* of justice and mercy in the same proceeding. The *criminal*, on the other hand, is amenable to the magistrate, or to the head of a family, as a *public* person, and who, especially if the offence be capital, cannot remit the punishment without invading law and justice, nor, in the ordinary discharge of his office, admit of a third person to stand in his place. In extraordinary cases, however, extraordinary expedients are resorted to. A satisfaction may be made to law and justice, as to the *spirit* of them, while the *letter* is dispensed with. The well-known story of Zaleucus, the Grecian lawgiver, who consented to lose one of his eyes to spare one of his son’s eyes, who, by transgressing the law, had subjected himself to the loss of both, is an example. Here, as far as it went, *justice and mercy were combined* in the same act; and had the satisfaction been much fuller than it was, so full that the authority of the law instead of being weakened should have been

abundantly magnified and honoured, still it had been *perfectly consistent with free forgiveness.*

“Finally, in the case of the debtor, satisfaction being once accepted, justice *requires* his complete discharge; but in that of the criminal, where satisfaction is made to the wounded honour of the law and the authority of the lawgiver, justice, though it *admits* of his discharge, yet no otherwise *requires* it than as it may have been matter of promise to the substitute.

“I do not mean to say that cases of this sort afford a competent representation of redemption by Christ. That is a work which not only ranks with extraordinary interpositions, but which has no parallel; it is a work of God, which leaves all the petty concerns of mortals infinitely behind it. All that comparisons can do is to give us some idea of the *principle* on which it proceeds.”

Besides the volumes briefly analysed, Mr. Fuller contributed several practical and expository sketches of more or less value. The discourses on the “Apocalypse” and the “Sermon on the Mount” may be especially named. If the former of these has not greatly added to his reputation, he has but shared the fate of most interpreters of prophecy, while he can, at least, claim the negative virtue of abstaining from those prophetic nostrums so often palmed upon the religious public.

Instead of noticing these and many other “notes and sketches” separately, such extracts are given in a succeeding chapter as are likely to be of interest to the reader.

CHAPTER XI.

A MEMOIR AND MEMORIAL.

WE are not surprised to hear that the *Memoirs of Samuel Pearce* were waited for with some impatience, and that when they appeared they were eagerly read. The beautiful life they portrayed, as well as the hand that was to draw the picture, provoked an expectation which was not disappointed. The deep, true friendship of these holy men gives a flavour to the book nothing else could have supplied. Perhaps its chief charm is the contrast between the character of the biographer and the life he sketches,—a charm that had before attached itself to their friendship. If a man's work reveals his character, so also does his love.

The experience of men in the highest regions of spiritual affection is often in singular contrast to the acquaintanceships of ordinary society. A friendship upon equal terms is that commonly recognised by the world. But in nobler fellowships, like does not flow to like, but the most opposite qualities make haste to meet and help each other. The strong man, with that sense of imperfection which belongs to every true nature, leans upon some one gentler and possibly feebler than himself, sighing for the childlike tenderness and humility of his fellow; while the man of more gentle mould looks up to the strength that is bending over him, and clings in its turn to the nature that is in reality resting upon him. When two such spirits meet each other, a friendship is formed far richer than that which results from similarity of disposition.

Such appears to have been the character of the love that knit together the souls of Andrew Fuller and Samuel Pearce.

Their friendship did not last many years; but it was not in the length of time they were permitted to enjoy it, that its significance was found. Death parted the hands of these two

men, as they struggled together to realize a common purpose, but it could not separate their spirits, and to the last hour of Andrew Fuller's life the shade of Samuel Pearce walked by his side.

There was everything in the close of Mr. Pearce's life calculated to excite a deep interest in his Memoir. Consumption was the gentle messenger that summoned him away :—

“It was observed,” Mr. Fuller tells us in his Introduction, “by this excellent man, during his affliction, that he never till then gained any personal instruction from our Lord's telling Peter by *what death* He should glorify God. To die by a consumption had used to be an object of dread to him; but, ‘O my dear Lord,’ said he, ‘if by *this death* I can most *glorify Thee*, I prefer it to all others.’ The lingering death of the cross, by which our Saviour himself expired, afforded Him an opportunity of uttering some of the most affecting sentences which are left on sacred record; and to the lingering death of this His honoured servant we are indebted for a considerable part of the materials which appear in these Memoirs. Had he been taken away suddenly, there had been no opportunity for him to have expressed his sentiments and feelings in the manner he has now done in letters to his friends. While in health, his hands were full of labour, and consequently his letters were written mostly upon the spur of occasion; and related principally to business, or to things which would be less interesting to Christians in general. It is true, even in them it was his manner to drop a few sentiments, towards the close, of an experimental kind; and many of these hints will be interspersed in this brief account of him; but it was during his affliction, when being laid aside nearly a year, and obliged to desist from all public concerns, that he gave scope to all the feelings of his heart. Here, standing as on an eminence, he reviewed his life, re-examined the ground of his hope, and anticipated the crown which awaited him, with a joy truly *unspeakable and full of glory*.”

“Like Elijah, he has left the ‘chariot of Israel,’ and ascended as in a ‘chariot of fire;’ but not without having first communicated of his eminently Christian spirit. Oh that a double portion of it may rest upon us!”

There are few things more beautiful than to see rough hands busy at gentle work. Mr. Fuller’s hand, so accustomed to wield the sledge-hammer and draw the sword, might be thought to be hardly at home in tracing the delicate graces of Mr. Pearce’s life and character. But he has all the tenderness of a child in the handling of his theme; with a gentle touch he brings out all the low soft notes which made such welcome music amidst many jarring sounds. How delicately drawn is the following little description, given when introducing a letter of Mr. Pearce’s. “The letter,” says the biographer, “seems not to be more than a common letter, yet it shows not only the tenderness of his affection, but his heavenly mindedness, his gentle manner of persuading, and how every argument was fetched from religion, and every incident improved for introducing it!”

Mr. Pearce’s “passion for the mission,” as he calls it, bound him to Mr. Fuller with a love that only fellow-labourers know. “Mr. Pearce,” he says, “was uniformly the active servant of Christ; but neither his spirituality nor his activity would have appeared in the manner they have but for his engagement in the introduction of the Gospel among the heathen.” No wonder the two men were drawn together, when Mr. Fuller received from his Birmingham brother such letters as the following:—

“I am willing to go anywhere, and do anything in my power, but I hope no plan will be suffered to interfere with the affecting—hoped for—dreaded day, March 13 (the day of our brethren Carey and Thomas’s solemn designation at Leicester). Oh how the anticipation of it at once rejoices and afflicts me! Our hearts need steeling to part with our much-loved brethren, who are about to venture their all for the name of the Lord Jesus. I feel my soul melting within

me when I read the 20th chapter of the Acts, and especially verses 36-38. But why grieve? We shall see them again. Oh yes; them and the children whom the Lord will give them:—we and the children whom the Lord hath given us. We shall meet again, not to weep and pray, but to smile and praise.”

It would seem that Mr. Pearce himself earnestly desired to go as a missionary to India. Mr. Carey, as he bade him farewell, exclaimed: “You will follow me soon.” The committee only refused his application because he could not be spared at home. It would have been difficult to find a man more fitted for such a work. Nothing delighted him more than to find his way into the heart of the Forest of Dean, conversing and praying with the colliers. In a poor hut, with a stone to stand upon, and a three-legged stool for his desk, surrounded with thirty or forty of the smutty neighbours, he felt such an “unction from above,” that the whole auditory were melted into tears while he directed them to the “Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world;” while he, weeping among them, could scarcely speak, or they hear, for interrupting sighs and sobs. Surely such holy fervour must have found its way even to the cold hearts of the Hindoos! Although he was bitterly disappointed at the decision of the committee, yet he received it with resignation: his zeal for the mission was, however, unabated. “I long to raise,” he says, “my Master’s banner in climes where the sound of His fame hath scarcely reached. He hath said, for my encouragement, that all nations shall flow unto it.” Mr. Fuller devotes a whole chapter of the Memoir to “Mr. Pearce’s laborious exertions in promoting missions to the heathen, and his offering himself to become a missionary.”

Mr. Fuller pursues the plan of letting the subject of his Memoir speak for himself, through his Diary, and in those letters so overflowing with love to God and man, concluding with a “general outline” of his character. The “ruling principle” of Samuel Pearce’s life is held up to view with a

most satisfying completeness in the opening paragraph of this chapter. Surely no summary of life was ever more beautifully or truthfully rendered.

"The governing principle in Mr. Pearce," writes Mr. Fuller, "was beyond all doubt HOLY LOVE. To mention this is sufficient to prove it to all who knew him. His friends have often compared him to 'that disciple whom Jesus loved.' His religion was that of the heart. Almost everything he saw, or heard, or read, or studied, was converted to the feeding of this Divine flame. Every subject that passed through his hands seemed to have been cast into this mould. Things that to a merely speculative mind would have furnished matter only for curiosity, to him afforded materials for devotion. His sermons were generally the effusions of his heart, and invariably aimed at the hearts of his hearers.

"For the justness of the above remarks I might appeal not only to the letters which he addressed to his friends, but to those which his friends addressed to him. It is worthy of notice how much we are influenced in our correspondence by the turn of mind of the person we address. If we write to a humorous character, we shall generally find that what we write, perhaps without being conscious of it, will be interspersed with pleasantries; or if to one of a very serious cast, our letters will be more serious than usual. On this principle it has been thought we may form some judgment of our own spirit by the spirit in which our friends address us. These remarks will apply with singular propriety to the correspondence of Mr. Pearce. In looking over the first volume of 'Periodical Accounts of the Baptist Mission,' the reader will easily perceive the most affectionate letters from the missionaries are those which are addressed to him.

"It is not enough to say, of this affectionate spirit, that it formed a prominent feature in his character; it was rather the life-blood that animated the whole system. He seemed, as one of his friends observed, to be baptized in it. It was holy love that gave the tone to his general deportment: as

a son, a subject, a neighbour, a Christian, a minister, a pastor, a friend, a husband, and a father, he was manifestly governed by this principle; and this it was that produced in him that lovely uniformity of character which constitutes the true *beauty of holiness*.

“By the grace of God he was what he was; and to the honour of grace, and not for the glory of a sinful worm, be it recorded. Like all other men, he was the subject of a depraved nature. He felt it, and lamented it, and longed to depart that he might be freed from it; but certainly we have seldom seen a character, taking him altogether, ‘whose excellences were so many and so uniform, and whose imperfections were so few.’ We have seen men rise high in contemplation, who have abounded but little in action. We have seen zeal mingled with bitterness, and candour degenerate into indifference; experimental religion mixed with a large portion of enthusiasm; and what is called rational religion void of everything that interests the heart of man. We have seen splendid talents tarnished with insufferable pride; seriousness with melancholy; cheerfulness with levity; and great attainments in religion with uncharitable censoriousness towards men of low degree:—but we have not seen these things in our Brother Pearce.

“There have been few men in whom has been united a greater portion of the contemplative and the active—holy zeal and genuine candour—spirituality and rationality—talents that attracted almost universal applause, and yet the most unaffected modesty—faithfulness in bearing testimony against evil, with the tenderest compassion to the soul of the evil-doer—fortitude that would encounter any difficulty in the way of duty, without anything boisterous, noisy, or overbearing—deep seriousness, with habitual cheerfulness—and a constant aim to promote the highest degrees of piety in himself and others, with a readiness to hope the best of the lowest; not ‘breaking the bruised reed,’ nor ‘quenching the smoking flax.’”

The concluding sentences of the volume are in the old vein,—such a clear flowing of wise thoughts. The reader is left with just the right lesson, impressed so quietly and yet so earnestly, that he cannot well forget it.

“Finally, In him we see that *the way to true excellence is not to affect eccentricity, nor to aspire after the performance of a few splendid actions; but to fill up our lives with a sober, modest, sincere, affectionate, assiduous, and uniform conduct.* Real greatness attaches to character; and character arises from a *course of action.* The solid reputation of a merchant arises not from his having made his fortune by a few successful adventures, but from a course of wise economy and honourable industry, which, gradually accumulating, advances by pence to shillings, and by shillings to pounds. The most excellent philosophers are not those who have dealt chiefly in splendid speculation, and looked down upon the ordinary concerns of men as things beneath their notice; but those who have felt their interests united with the interests of mankind, and bent their principal attention to things of real and public utility. It is much the same in religion. We do not esteem a man for one, or two, or three good deeds, any further than as these deeds are indications of the real state of his mind. We do not estimate the character of Christ himself so much from His having given sight to the blind, or restoring Lazarus from the grave, as from His *going about continually doing good.*

“These single attempts at great things are frequently the efforts of a vain mind, which pants for fame and has not patience to wait for it, nor discernment to know the way in which it is obtained. One pursues the shade, and it flies from him; while another turns his back upon it, and it follows him. The one aims to climb the rock, but falls ere he reaches the summit; the other, in pursuit of a different object, ere he is aware, possesses it; seeking the approbation of his God, he finds with it that of his fellow Christians.”

Amongst all the remains of Andrew Fuller, not one is

more treasured by his friends than the Memoir of Samuel Pearce. They cherish it as a memorial of a friendship fruitful in most blessed results to the church of God; and, moreover, as revealing the character of the biographer as faithfully as the life he sketches,—the stern, strong hand that drew the picture, bringing out in bold relief the gentle features on the canvas, while the heavenly sweetness of the face flings back its toned reflection on the painter's figure.

Perhaps the last character under which we should expect Mr. Fuller to appear would be that of a poet; and yet, though he can scarcely claim that name, he wrote some verses not unworthy of attention. The lines already quoted on his dying child are perhaps the best. The reading of the prayer on the child's face, and bearing its meaning to the throne of God, when its tiny lips are dumb, is an exquisite thought, rendered impressively, though perhaps the clothing is scarcely delicate enough for the conception. The verses to the memory of his dear and venerable friend, Robert Hall, of Arnsby, are probably, with the exception of the last three or four lines, almost unknown. The lines which we have consecutively italicised have in them a very felicitous comparison; and the poem, taken as a whole, is a complete, well-drawn picture of his friend. Now and then, a line comes in with a rather matter-of-fact sound; but the blank-verse measure is well caught, and shows plainly that he had read one whom he calls "our admired Milton."

TO THE MEMORY OF MY DEAR AND VENERABLE FRIEND,
THE REV. ROBERT HALL,

Who died in the sixty-third year of his age, on March 13th, 1791.

AND is my much-respected friend no more?
How painful are the tidings to my heart!
And is that light extinguished which so long
Has burned with brightest lustre, and diffused,
Through all his loved connexions round about,
Pure rays of evangelic light and joy?

Is all that stock of true substantial worth
Become as water spilt upon the ground?—

That *universal knowledge*, which embraced
 A compass wide and large, of men and things?—
 That well-known solid *wisdom*, which, improved
 By long experience, made his face to shine?—
 That *uprightness of character*, by which
 He lived down slander, and of foes made friends?—
 That ardent and *affectionate concern*
 For truth, for righteousness, for Zion's good,
 Which, with a *social kindness*, long endeared
 His name, and renders him a public loss?—
 That *grace* that ruled and seasoned all his soul,
 And as with sacred unction filled his lips,
 In which as life declined he ripened fast,
 And shone still more and more to perfect day?—
 That tender *sympathy* that often soothed
 The sorrowing heart, and wiped the mourner's tear?—
 That sweet *humility*, and *self-abasement*,
 With which we heard him oft invoke his God;
 Which ne'er assumed, though first in counsel skilled,
 The lordly look, or proud dictator's chair?—
 That guileless *pleasantry* that brightened up
 Each countenance, and cheered the social hour?—
 (If he were there, it seemed that all were there:
 If he were missing, none could fill his place.)
 That *store of excellence*, in short, to which
 (As to a ship well fraught) one might repair,
 And be enriched with treasures new and old?
 Is all, as by a kind of fatal wreck,
 Destroyed, and sunk at once to rise no more?

Dear friend (for still I fain would talk to thee!),
 Shall I discern thy cheering face no more?
 And must thy gladdening voice no more be heard?
 And when I visit thy much-loved abode,
 Shall I not find thee there as heretofore?
 Nor sit, nor walk, as erst with pleasure wont,
 Nor mingle souls beneath the friendly bower?
 No. . . this is past. . . nor aught seems left for me,
 Except to walk, and sigh upon thy stone!

Dear friend! I saw thee burdened years ago
 With heavy loads of complicated grief;
 And grief more complicate, though less intense,
 I'm told thou didst in earlier days endure;
 But tribulation patience in thee wrought,

And such a stock of rich experience *this*,
That few like thee could reach the mourner's case,
Or ease the burdens of the labouring heart.

We saw thee ripen in thy later years,
As when rich-laden autumn droops her head :
That theme on which thy thoughts of late were penned,*
None knew like thee, nor could have touched so well ;
It seemed thy element, the native air
Thy holy soul had long been used to breathe.
Such things we saw with sacred pleasure ; yet
'Twas pleasure tinged with painful fear, lest these
(As fruit when ripe is quickly gathered in)
Should only prove portentous of thy end.

O Thou Great Arbiter of life and death !
Thy ways are just, and true, and wise, and good ;
Though clouds and darkness compass Thee around,
Justice and judgment still support Thy throne.
Had it been left to us, he still had lived,
And lived for years to come, and blessed us still ;
But thus 'tis not : Thy thoughts are not as ours.
Had poor short-sighted mortals had their will,
The Great Redeemer had not bled or died.
Teach us to say, " Thy will, not ours, be done ;"
To drink the cup Thou givest us to drink.

Dear relatives and friends, his special charge !
Bereaved at once of him whose life was spent
In unremitted labours for your good ;
We must not call on you to mourn, but try
To stem the tide, or wipe the o'erflowing tear.
'Tis true his course is finished, and your ears
Shall hear no more the long-accustomed sound ;
But 'tis as he desired, when late we heard
Drop from his lips, what seemed his last farewell.
The prize for which he counted life not dear
Is fully gained ; his course *with joy* he closed.

*What did I say ? the ship was wrecked and lost ?
No, it is not ; 'tis safe arrived in port,
And all the precious cargo, too, is safe ;
His knowledge, wisdom, love, and every grace,
Are not extinct, but gloriously matured,*

* *Communion with God*, the subject of the Circular Letter for 1789, which was Mr. Hall's last printed performance.

Beyond what'er he grasped in this frail state.
 A fit companion now for purer minds,—
 For patriarchs, prophets, martyrs, and for those
 Whom once he knew and loved, who went before;
 For HIM whose name was dear to him on earth,
 And whose sweet presence now creates his heaven.

Nor is all lost to those who yet survive :
 Though he is gone, his mantle's left behind.
 Kind *memory* may recall his words, and deeds,
 And prayers, and counsels ; and conviction aid
 Or cheer the heart, or guide the doubtful feet,
 Or prompt to imitate his holy life.
 Nor memory alone ; the *faithful page*
 Is charged with some remains, in which the man
 And his communications yet are seen ;
 In these, though he be dead, he speaketh still.

Yes, here's Elijah's mantle : may there too
 A double portion of his spirit rest
 Upon us all ; and, might I be indulged
 In one more special wish, that wish should be,
 That he who fills his father's sacred trust
 Might share the blessings of his father's God,
 And tread his steps ; that all may see and say,
 "Elijah's spirit on Elisha rests."

CHAPTER XII.

SECRET THOUGHTS AND WEIGHTY SAYINGS.

SCATTERED up and down the pages of Mr. Fuller's Remains there are to be found a number of wise and weighty sayings ; many of them almost buried in the midst of polemical disquisition the interest of which has passed away, along with the phases of doubt and faith peculiar to the age in which he lived. It has been thought well to collect a number of these together. Some of the simplest and most personal in character are from unpublished parts of his Diary, and others from fugitive pieces, for the most contributed to magazines.

RELIGION AND TIMES OF TRIAL.

“We have no more religion than what we have in times of trial.” Exod. xvi. 4.

“POOR IN SPIRIT.”

“One of my friends observed yesterday that it was a difficulty in many cases to know *wherefore* God contended with us. But I thought that was no difficulty with me.”

WALKING IN THE SPIRIT.

“Sin is not to be overcome so much by a direct or *mere resistance of it*, as by opposing *other principles and considerations to it*. This sentiment has been abundantly verified in my experience. So far as I have walked in the Spirit, so far my life has been holy and happy. We may heal an eruption in a particular part of the body, and yet the root of the disease may remain, and even be gathering strength. We may also be employed in thinking of our sins without gaining any ascendancy over them; on the contrary, they may by those very means obtain an ascendancy over us. If we go about to quench a fire by directly contending with it, we shall presently be consumed by its flames; but, by applying the opposite element, it is subdued before us. It is thus that the Scriptures direct us: ‘Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lusts of the flesh.’ The heart cannot be reduced to a vacuum; if spiritual things do not occupy it, carnal things will. It is by walking with God and conversing with the doctrine of the cross, that we shall become dead to other things; and this will go to the root of the evil, while other remedies only lop off the branches.”

GOOD AND EVIL REPORT.

“*Good report*, though more agreeable, may not be less trying than *evil report*.”

COVETOUSNESS.

“It seems a lovely thing which is said of Christ: ‘He went about doing good!’ Oh that, whatever I may possess of this world’s good, I may be preserved from the mean vice of covetousness.”

TRUTH LOSING ITS SENSES.

“At E——n I felt a good deal of tenderness. Much grieved to find the spirits of people hurt in that part of the country by controversy. I find, too, there are several whose conversation almost entirely, and on all occasions, turns on these subjects. It seems to be one of the devil’s devices in order to destroy the good tendency of any truth, to get its advocates *to hackney it out of its senses*; dwelling always upon it in every sermon or conversation, to the exclusion of other things.”

AFTER-THOUGHTS.

“Rode home to-day.—Very little exercise, unless it were in reflections on some foolishness of mine in applauding a person to his face who is superior to my applause.”

A PHRASE IN PRAYER.

“A saying of Mr. Hall’s has been much in my thoughts of late, which I heard him use in prayer: ‘Lord,’ said he, ‘we are bound this night to love Thee more than ever before.’”

FATHER AND CHILDREN.

“Tenderly affected, I think on Wednesday night, in singing Dr. Watts’s forty-seventh hymn, second book, with my child Bobby in my arms. Could not help weeping while I sung concerning *him* :—

‘Oh may’st thou live and reach the place
Where He unveils His lovely face;
Where all His beauties you behold,
And sing His name to harps of gold.’

If I should die before *Bobby*, let him remember this; and Sally, the verses in the Diary, August 11th, 1780."

AN ANTIDOTE TO DESPAIR.

"Blessed is he *that feareth always*."

SECRET SIN.

"If we cherish secret sins we have reason to fear they will not be secret long."

THOUGHTS ON A DIARY.

"Surely it can answer no end to write when there is nothing material to write about; in future, therefore, I think only to write some of the most material exercises and events of my life, *which I mean merely for my own use*."

TRUTH "FITTED IN THE LIP."

"We (ministers) want to read and study the Scriptures more as *Christians*, for the edification of our own souls. We are apt to study them merely to find out *something to say to others*, without living upon the truth ourselves. If we eat not the book before we deliver its contents to others, we may expect the Holy Spirit will not much accompany us. If we study the Scriptures as *Christians*, the more familiar we are with them the more we shall feel their importance; but if otherwise, our familiarity with the Word will be like that of soldiers and doctors with death; it will wear away all sense of its importance from our minds. 'The words of the wise will be pleasant if thou keep them within thee; they shall, withal, be *fitted in thy lips*.'"

YEARNINGS FOR HOME QUIET.

"I am weary of being out from home so much. I want to be more at home, that I may be more with God.

"In company all to-day. Preached at Carlton with some freedom to-night, but I want to be more alone.

"I feel weary of journeys, on account of their interfering

so much with my work at home. I long to visit my congregation, that I may know more of their spiritual concerns, and be able to preach to their cases."

DIFFERENT ESTIMATES OF THE SAME PERSON.

"It is good to observe the difference between the accounts of the same person as communicated by a friend, and by himself. As given by the former, the character appears nearly faultless; as depicted by the latter, it abounds with imperfection. Whence this difference? We *know* more of ourselves than any other person can know of us. What, then, will our lives be when declared by Him who knoweth all things? Well might one of the greatest and best of men desire that he might be *found in Him!*"

SIN MEASURED BY GOD'S GOODNESS.

"If God be thus good, *what must sin be*, that can induce Him to load this world with such a degree of misery!"

THE LIVES OF HOLY MEN.

"It is good to read the lives of holy men; and the more holy they have been the better. Some readers, it is true, are not satisfied unless they discover in others the same low, grovelling, half-hearted kind of life which they find in themselves. But satisfaction of this sort is better missed than found. It is good to be reprov'd, and stirred up to labour after greater degrees of spirituality than any which we have hitherto attained."

SIN WORN AWAY INSTEAD OF CRUCIFIED.

"If thou hast in any degree been drawn aside, give no rest to thy soul till thy sin is crucified, and thy conscience reconciled by the blood of the cross. It is too common for sin to be worn away from the memory by time and new occurrences, instead of being washed away at the Gospel fountain; but where this is the case, the stain is not

removed, and its effects will sooner or later appear, perhaps in a form that may cause the ear of every one that heareth it to tingle.”

FELLOW PILGRIMS.

“It is pleasant that in the same years, months, and days that we have been walking in the ways of God ourselves, others, whom we know not, were travelling in the same direction, and with kindred sensations. What a society shall we find assembled, when we get home !”

“LIFE ETERNAL, TO KNOW THEE.”

“The perception which we have of this great subject, however, is termed ‘comprehending,’ or *taking hold of it*. It is not peculiar to sublime and elevated genius to soar above the skies. The Christian borne on the wings of faith may adopt the language of Milton, and in a much more real and interesting sense :—

‘Up-led by Thee,
Into the Heaven of heavens I have presumed,
An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air.’

“One more step remains ere we reach the top of this Divine climax. In proportion as we comprehend the love of Christ, we are supposed to be ‘filled with all the fulness of God.’ If there be a sentence in the Bible expressive of ultimate bliss, I say again, surely it is this. To be filled with God, with the fulness of God, with all the fulness of God—what things are these? Yet by being strengthened with might by the Holy Spirit in our inner man, by Christ’s dwelling in our hearts by faith, and by being rooted and grounded in love, we are supposed to be *able*, in measure, to grasp the mighty theme of redeeming love, and so to partake of the Divine fulness.”

GET BACK ! GET BACK !

“I remember, when a boy of about ten years old, I was bathing with a number of other boys near a mill-dam, and,

the hat of one of my companions falling into the stream, I had the hardihood, without being able to swim, to attempt to recover it. I went so deep that the waters began to run into my mouth, and to heave my feet from the ground. At that instant the millers, seeing my danger, set up a loud cry, 'Get back ! get back ! get back !' I did so, and that was all. What the millers said to me, modesty, sobriety, and right reason say to all such objectors as the above, 'Get back ! get back ! get back !' You are beyond your depth ! It is enough for you to know that God HATH created men and angels, and this notwithstanding He knew what would be the result ; that He HATH NOT blotted them out of existence ; and that He HATH NOT prevented the propagation of the human race in their fallen state. These being FACTS which cannot be disputed, you ought to take it for granted, whether you can understand it or not, that they are consistent with righteousness ; for the contrary is no other than *replying against God.*"

ROOTED AND GROUNDED IN LOVE.

"If Christ's dwelling in our hearts be expressive of love to Him, it may seem as though this part of the prayer was a mere repetition ; but the emphasis appears to lie upon the terms *rooted* and *grounded*. They are both metaphorical : one referring to a tree or plant, and the other to a building. Now, seeing it was the desire of the apostle that believers should soar upward in one respect, he is concerned that they should be prepared for it by descending downward in another. If a tree be not well rooted, or the building well grounded, the higher it rises the greater will be its danger of falling. And what is that in love to Christ, it may be asked, which is analogous to this ? It may be its being accompanied in all its operations by a *knowledge* of His true character. One is greatly enamoured of a stranger who has saved his life, and thinks at the time he should be happy to spend his days with him ; but as he comes to *know* him, he finds they cannot live

together. He regards him as a deliverer, but dislikes him as a man. Another in similar circumstances not only feels grateful for his deliverance, but is attached to his deliverer. The more he knows of him, the better he loves him, and wishes for nothing more than to dwell with him for ever. The regard of the former, we should say, is not 'rooted,' or 'grounded;' but that of the latter is. It is easy to apply this to the love of Christ, and thus to account for the fall of many fair and towering professors, as well as for the growth of true believers."

SOME THINGS INTERPRET OTHERS.

"I may add, there are some things which, when known, wonderfully facilitate the knowledge of other things. It is thus that a view of the glory of the Divine character and government opens the door to the whole mystery of redemption. It is thus also that a lively faith in the sufferings of Christ, and the glory arising out of them, is a key which unlocks a large part of the sacred oracles. While the disciples remained ignorant of His death, they knew but little of the Scriptures; but, having learned the design of this great event, a flood of light poured in upon them, and the Old Testament became plain and deeply interesting."

A PARABLE IN MUSIC.

"I recollect, some years ago, when in a very dejected state of mind, hearing some turtle-doves cooing to one another. Their mourning notes made a deep impression upon my heart, their tones being, as I suppose, in unison with its feelings. Had I so much skill in music as to compose a tune to this song, I would ingraft the very moan of the turtle to those words, *I did mourn as a dove.*"

CHANTING.

"I have long wished to see introduced into the churches (and I almost believe it will be at some future time) *a selection of Divine hymns or songs*, taking place of all human compo-

sitions. By Divine hymns or songs, I mean the pure Word of God translated without any respect to rhyme or number, after the manner of Lowth's Isaiah, and set to plain, serious, and solemn music, adapted to the sentiments.

"It has been observed by some of the ablest critics, that the spirit of David's psalms (and the same would hold true of the other poetic parts of Scripture) can never be preserved in a translation of them into modern verse; but in a translation like our common Bibles, or that of Lowth's Isaiah, it is generally allowed, I believe, that the spirit of them is well preserved. Why then do we not set them as they are to sacred music? It is of a thousand times more importance to preserve the spirit of a psalm or Scripture song than to have it in numbers, even supposing a uniformity in numbers were of advantage."

"WHIPPING IT INTO FROTH."

"Consider whether the motive that stimulates you to such a manner of treating the sacred oracles be any other than *vanity*. If you preached to a people possessed of anything like good sense, they would consider it as perverting the whole Word of God, and whipping it into froth. Instead of applauding you, they would be unable to endure it. But if your people be ignorant, such things will please them; and they may gaze, and admire, and smile, and say one to another, it may be in your hearing, too, 'Well, what a man! Who would have thought that he would have found so much Gospel in that text?' Ah, very true: who, indeed? But what would the apostle Paul say? 'Are ye not carnal?' Is it for a man of God to 'court a grin when he should woo a soul?' For shame! desist from such folly, or lay aside the Christian ministry. You are commanded to 'feed the church of God, which He hath purchased with His own blood;' but it is not everything pleasing to a people that feeds them in the sense of the apostle. He did not mean to direct the Ephesian elders to feed men's fancies, and still less their

prejudices; but their spiritual desires: and this is accomplished only by administering to them the words of truth and soberness. If your preaching be such as God approves, and if you study to show yourself approved of Him, it will lead the people to admire your Saviour rather than you, and render Him the topic of their conversation."

A "MOB OF IDEAS."

"Many sermons are a *mob* of ideas."

MR. WORLDLY WISEMAN.

"Be not righteous over-much, neither make thyself over-wise: why shouldest thou destroy thyself?"

"My son, if you wish to go through the world with applause, hearken to me. You must not be very *righteous*, I assure you, nor yet very *wise*. A man whose conscience will stick at nothing will get promoted before you; and a vain, confident fool will gain the popular applause, while you, with your sterling but modest wisdom, will be utterly neglected. Be not over-much wise nor righteous, my son: why should you ruin yourself?"

"Be not over-much wicked; neither be thou foolish: why shouldest thou die before thy time?"

"Only take care you be not *too much* wicked; for, however mankind are averse to tenderness of conscience, they do not like an *arrant* villain. If you play too much at that game, you may lose your life by it. Neither must you be *too much* of a *fool*; for however mankind are not fond of sterling wisdom, yet barefaced folly will not always go down with them: if you would please the world, and get honour among the generality of men, you must be neither a sterling wise man nor a stark fool.

"It is good that thou shouldest take hold of this; yea, also from this withdraw not thine hand: for he that feareth God shall come forth of them all."

"As if he should say, But hearken, my son; another word

before we part. Notice what I say to you, and abide by it. Let the world say what they will, and let things go as they may in the world, righteousness and wisdom shall be found best at last; and he that feareth God will not dare to sacrifice these excellences to obtain a few temporary honours: he will sooner live and die in obscurity."

THE POOR BROTHER COMFORTED.

"The poor brother's part, by which he is taught to rejoice in adversity, is one in which every Christian heart will rejoice with him. A state of poverty, viewed by itself, is both chilling and cheerless. Nature revolts at it. A lowly habitation, a dry and scanty morsel, mean attire, hard labour, and the want of respect among men, are things which cannot be agreeable. If all were alike, it would be somewhat different; but the poor man is affected by the disparity between his condition and that of others. Plenty daily passes by his door; but he scarcely tastes it. If the fig-tree blossom, it is not for *him*; there is no fruit on *his* vine, nor flock in *his* fold, nor herd in *his* stall. But, 'Let the brother of low degree rejoice in that he is exalted.' Come hither, poor man, says the Gospel; art thou but withal a Christian? here is a feast for thee. **ALTHOUGH** thy fig-tree blossom not, and there be no fruit on thy vine, nor flock in thy fold, nor herd in thy stall; yet mayest thou rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the God of thy salvation! Say not, I am a dry tree; God hath given thee an everlasting name, that shall not be cut off. Art thou a servant? care not for it; thou art the Lord's free-man. To be an heir of God, a joint-heir with Christ, a son or daughter of the Lord God Almighty, a fellow citizen with the saints, is an honour which princes might envy! Nor is it altogether in hope. As there is a meanness in sin which renders the character of the sinner, in spite of all his efforts and pretences, contemptible even in his own eyes; so there is a dignity in uprightness which ennobles the mind, whatever be its outward circumstances.

This it was emboldened the prisoner, while the want of it caused his judge to tremble." Acts xxiv. 25.

THE COST OF REDEMPTION.

"What a quantity of vegetable and animal food is daily consumed in one town! What a quantity in a city like London! What a quantity in a nation; in the whole world! But *men* do not compose a hundredth part of 'every living thing!' Oh what innumerable wants throughout all animate nature; in the earth, in the air, in the waters! Whence comes their supply? 'Thou openest Thy hand,' and all are satisfied. And can all these wants be supplied by only the *opening of His hand*? What then must sin be, and salvation from it? That is a work of wonderful expense. God openeth His hand, and satisfieth all creation; but He must purchase the church *with His blood*!"

HANDLING THE SCRIPTURES.

"It is an easy thing for a man of a luxuriant imagination, unencumbered by judgment, to make anything he pleases of the Scriptures, as well as any other book; but in so doing he must destroy their simplicity, and, of course, their efficacy; which in fact is reducing them to nothing. If they be not applied to their appropriate uses, they are perverted; and a perverted good proves the greatest of evils. Thus it is that characters abound who are full of Scripture language, while yet they are awfully destitute of Scripture knowledge, or Scriptural religion."

A THOUGHT FOR A CHRISTIAN PATRIOT.

"The 21st of September, 1803, was fixed upon, by several dissenting ministers in London, as a day of fasting and prayer on account of the state of the nation; and they expressed a wish that their brethren in the country would unite with them. Being at one of those meetings in the country, I was forcibly struck with an idea suggested in a passage of

Scripture which was read on that occasion. It was Isaiah v. 5: 'And now, go to: I will tell you what I will do to my vineyard. I will take away the hedge thereof, and it shall be eaten up; and break down the wall thereof, and it shall be trodden down.'

"I had often heard it observed, from the intercession of Abraham in behalf of Sodom, and other Scriptures, that God might spare a country for the sake of the righteous few; but never recollect hearing it noticed before that the sins of professing Christians might also be the principal cause of a nation's overthrow. Certainly the *church* is here represented as God's vine, the grand object of His care. He *fences* it by His providence, cultivates it by the means of His grace, and looks that it should bring forth grapes or fruit to His glory. But if instead of this it bring forth wild grapes, what inducement can He have to continue the fence?

A TRUE TEST.

"If there be any true religion in us, it is much more likely to be discovered and drawn into actual exercise by an exhibition of the glory and grace of Christ, than by searching for it in the rubbish of our past feelings. To discover the small grains of steel mixed among a quantity of dust, it were much better to make use of a magnet than a microscope."

INFLUENCE OF AFFLICTION.

"It is said of the wild ass used to the wilderness, that 'in her month they shall find her.' There is a time, in almost every man's life, in which his spirit is brought down; and in which he will give ear, at least, to those things which in the season of health and prosperity he despises. Affliction is the *month* in which every man is to be found; and, therefore, is a time of which we ought to avail ourselves. It is then, if ever, that the want of a solid ground of hope is sensibly felt. It is then that worldly supports fail. Like

vicious companions, they withdraw from the bed of affliction, and leave men to die alone. This, therefore, is the time for religion to obtain at least a hearing. And when, in subserviency to the good of men's souls, we relieve their temporal wants, they cannot but perceive the sincerity of our counsels, and must, ordinarily, be induced to regard them with candid attention. Such was the conduct of our Lord himself; He went about continually doing good to men's bodies, as the means of gaining access to their minds."

THE SPIRITUAL TEMPLE.

"If God overlook the heavens and the earth, the work of His own hands, in order that He may look on His despised servants, surely He will not be detained from looking upon them by the most magnificent building erected by men. Christians worshipping God in a barn, are themselves 'a building fitly framed together, and grow unto a holy temple in the Lord; in whom they are builded together for a habitation of God through the Spirit.' The same apostle also says, 'Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?' It is a dangerous thing to despise the servants of God; for the Lord is their avenger."

CONSOLATION AND ADVICE.

"It concerns me to hear that you are not materially better. Possibly, if the weather were different, it might be in your favour: but all is of God, and He will do that for us which is best. I have been very ill, for some time, myself; but the soft southern breezes of to-day have a little revived me. Cleave to the Lord, my dear boy, and your heart will live. If it please God to restore your health, this school of affliction may be as necessary for you as that in which you learn Hebrew and Greek; and it may be more so. It is good to bear *this* yoke in youth (Lam. iii. 27, 30). The mind, in youth, is in danger of being carried away with vain company; but early afflictions, sanctified, cause us to sit alone and think."

THE RIGHT PLACE OF PHILOSOPHY.

“What is philosophy but human opinion? Has it not varied in every age? I have no objection to such a way of advancing truth as consists in pointing out its rationality. On the contrary, it is a great satisfaction to feel both Scripture and reason on our side; and so it is to find great and good men agreeing with us in important doctrines; but, as I would not make an *oracle* of them, neither would I of a set of human opinions, though they may go under the name of philosophy. Philosophy seems to be out of its place, when seated upon the *bench* by the side of God’s Word. The *bar* is the highest situation to which it ought to be admitted.”

“THE LOADED BRANCH.”

“*Fruit* is more than regularity of conduct or respectability of character. We may be kept from God-dishonouring crimes, and yet be ‘unprofitable servants.’ *Much* fruit is necessary to do honour to a gardener. Here and there a berry may ascertain the nature of a plant or tree; but it is the *loaded branch* that honours him who planted it. I have been thinking also on Psalm xcii. ‘Fruit in old age.’ I am turned of fifty-four. I want to find the cluster mentioned in Romans v.—‘patience, experience, hope.’”

POWER OF A SINGLE IMPRESSION.

“I am struck with the importance that may attach to a *single mind receiving an evangelical impression*. I knew Carey, the missionary, when he made shoes for the maintenance of his family; yet even then his mind had received an evangelical stamp, and his heart burned incessantly with desire for the salvation of the heathen; even then he had acquired a considerable acquaintance with Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and French; and why? Because his mind was filled with the idea of his being, some day, a translator of the words of God into the languages of those that sit in dark-

ness; even then he had drawn out a map of the world with sheets of paper pasted together with shoemakers' wax, and the moral state of every nation depicted with his pen."

SUBSERVIENCY TO GOD.

"If any object, that the direction of Paul, that whether we eat or drink, or whatever we do, should be done to the glory of God, is a metaphysical subtlety, too minute for practice, let them consider that men are at no loss in comprehending the idea of subservience where they are the head. A father can understand the doctrine with respect to his children; and a master with respect to his servants; yea, the whole species with respect to the inferior creation, which God made subservient to us. We are sufficiently ingenious to convert to our own use air, earth, fire, water, light, vegetables, minerals, beasts, birds, fishes, insects,—everything, in short, in heaven above, or in the earth beneath; yet we will not understand how we ourselves are to be subservient to the glory of Him who made us."

THE LIFE OF FAITH.

"I have here two religious persons, who were intimately acquainted in early life. Providence favoured one of them with a tide of prosperity. The other, fearing for his friend lest his heart should be overcharged with the cares of this life and the deceitfulness of riches, one day asked him whether he did not find prosperity a snare to him. He paused and answered, 'I am not conscious that I do; for I enjoy God in all things.' Some years after, his affairs took another turn: he lost the greater part, if not the whole, of what he had gained. His old friend being one day in his company, renewed his question, whether he did not find the trials which had lately befallen him to be too much for him. Again he paused, and answered, 'I am not conscious that I do; for now I enjoy all things in God.' This was truly a life of faith."

OLD AGE.

“Old age, thought I, is a time in which *tribulations* commonly bear down the spirit; and, if unsanctified, they work *peevishness*; but, if sanctified, *patience*. I have known many a good old Christian whose heart was softened and mellowed by them. His firmness became tempered with gentleness, and his zeal with tenderness and prudence. When a youth, it may be he was full of fire, and would hardly be persuaded to put up with an injury; but now he will give up everything, but truth and a good conscience, for the sake of peace.

“Old age, thought I, farther, is a time in which *experience* becomes mature. Observation and reflection are now ripened into decision. This, if unsanctified, works *obstinacy*; but, if sanctified, ‘*the meekness of wisdom*.’ The aged Christian has had large experience of his own ignorance, weakness, and depravity; and this renders him humble and forbearing.

“Old age is a time in which heaven draws near, and *hope* goes forth to meet it. Old age, if unsanctified, commonly increases in *covetousness*. Strange as it may seem, when men are about to leave the world, they cleave the fastest to it. ‘The lust of the flesh’ has nearly spent its force; ‘the pride of life’ has lost its charms; depravity, therefore, has only one channel left—‘the lust of the eye;’ and this commonly flows deeper and stronger. But, sanctified by the grace of God, we shall look higher, and *seek after a better portion*. How charming is it to see the mind soar, while the body bows, and to hear the venerable saint uttering, with broken but affecting accents, the words of the apostle, ‘I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.’ Or of the dying patriarch, ‘I have waited for Thy salvation, O Lord.’ Such ‘hope maketh not ashamed;’ for, having received the earnest, in the shedding abroad of God’s love in the heart, we shall receive the inheritance; and so shall not be ashamed nor

confounded before Him, at His coming. Excuse the freedom of my seeming to sermonize. Grace and peace be with you."

SECRET FAULTS.

"When David prayed, in the nineteenth psalm, 'Cleanse Thou me from secret faults,' he probably did not intend those sins which are committed in secrecy, and of course unknown to our neighbours and most intimate friends; but rather those which are secret and unknown to ourselves. This view of the matter seems to be strongly favoured by the connection in which the passage stands."

TWO EXTREMES.

"There are two extremes into which great numbers of the religious world have fallen. One is, an idea of *self-sufficiency* to obey God's commands; and the other is, a spirit of *self-justification* in neglecting them. Those who entertain the *first*, seem not to know the plague of their own hearts; they suppose it inconsistent for the Divine Being to enjoin that on them which they are unable to perform; so that, if God command, saying, 'Make you a new heart, and a new spirit,' they conceive themselves sufficient to effect it. Those who imbibe the *last*, deny their obligations: they suppose it to be inconsistent, that those things which God has graciously promised to bestow upon us, should yet continue to be required of us; so that if God promise, saying, 'A new heart will I give you, and a new spirit I will put within you,' it frees them from all obligation in the affair."

PROGRESS OF SMALL BEGINNINGS.

"As great things arise from small beginnings, so they commonly fetch a compass in their accomplishment in some degree proportioned to their magnitude. God made promise of a son to Abraham; but *five-and-twenty years* elapsed before it was performed. He also promised the land of Canaan for a possession to his posterity; there the performance

required a period of *nearly five hundred years*. At the same time Abraham was assured that the Messiah should descend from his loins, and that in him all the nations of the earth should be blessed; this promise was nearly *two thousand years* ere it came to pass. These events resemble the oval streaks in the trunk of a tree, which mark its annual growth; each describes a larger compass than that which precedes it, and all which precede are preparatory to that which follows. The establishment of Abraham's posterity in Canaan, was a greater event than the birth of Isaac, and greater preparations were made for it; but it was less than the coming of Christ, and required less time and labour to precede it. All that the patriarchs and prophets were doing for thousands of years was introductory to the Gospel. Their work was to go through and through the gates, to prepare the way, to cast up the highway, to gather out the stones; and when the way was thus prepared, and a standard lifted up for the people by the preaching of the cross, then are they seen to walk in it"

CHAPTER XIII.

CONVERSATIONS AND CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTES.

It has been said of Mr. Fuller, that though he was an admirable controversialist, he was not a ready reasoner, and therefore would not have been able with the best advantage to encounter "the dexterous evasions and extemporaneous plausibilities of the more learned or witty of the Oriental disputants." To support this view, an anecdote is related of a vehement discussion between him and Robert Hall. The latter, it is said, with his characteristic acuteness and volubility, "fairly perplexed, and not a little displeased, his

antagonist." "Fuller's replies were slowly conceived, and slowly uttered, and stood little chance before the never-ceasing torrent of powerful reasoning or confusing eloquence, rapid words and pungent satire, of his friend." He was at length compelled, in his own emphatic manner, to exclaim: "Well, brother Hall, I cannot answer you off-hand; but put it down on paper, and I will meet you."

Without wishing to throw any discredit on this narrative, the statement it is quoted to support cannot be received without great hesitation. It is somewhat remarkable that there are very full memoranda of sharp argumentative encounters carried on between Mr. Fuller and various opponents whom he met with in the course of his busy life. These memoranda prove him to have been a most skilful and persistent dialectician, readily detecting the sophistry of a reply, and pushing his opponent into a corner with the ease of a master. No doubt he was calm and measured in his retorts; but to suppose that he was so easily bewildered as to want any unusual time before he could perceive the drift of an opponent's reasoning and furnish a suitable reply, is contradicted by every passage of his life. It was seldom, indeed, he would have to do battle with so dexterous and well-armed an opponent as Robert Hall; and we can well imagine he would ask for breathing time beneath the bewildering torrent of words that was rained upon him. Yet he came into collision with men of knightly renown, and never failed to acquit himself admirably. It would be of little moment to show he could fight in close combat as well as at a "long range," if it were not that some of these hand-to-hand conflicts furnish us with many deeply-interesting and truly characteristic incidents.

It may excite a little surprise that so many of the conversations and anecdotes recorded of Andrew Fuller assume the tone of censure and rebuke, as if he lived in an element of perpetual strife, and saw only that side of life which called for stern treatment. It must be remembered that

God called him to a soldier's work; and it must not excite surprise if, into his ordinary intercourse, he brought somewhat of the soldier's tone and manner. Some one has told us of a certain artist, who, entering upon severe toil to gain the laurels of his art, painted a picture of himself with the mission of his life before him. He drew a fierce soldier's face, with a battle-axe in the hand. "Who is that?" said a friend, looking over his shoulder at his easel. "It is myself," exclaimed the eager student, "with my work before me!" "Then," said his friend, "you have not painted a *man*, but a *soldier*." Thus it is that the severity of chosen toil may give a severe tone to our work and our words. One of his biographers has cleverly said that Mr. Fuller's notions of a church undoubtedly coincided with those of the "great Mr. Howe," viz., "the true and proper notion of the Christian church, or the churches of Christ in general, is, that they are hospitals,—or, rather, one great hospital,—wherein are persons of all sorts under cure. There is none that is sound, none that is not diseased, none that hath not wounds and sores about him." We may add that, as in the treatment of the sick, one class of men use the knife, and another apply the healing remedies, so it is with the sick and sore in another realm, and with the ministers whom God has sent to heal them.

Not only from the sort of work given to him was much of this sternness to be accounted for, but from the great independence of his character, and the stern, unbending integrity of his life. "The severest suspicion never reached him; his elevation on this part of the moral scale placed him beyond the keenest eye of jealousy, and nearer to the throne of Eternal Justice than is common to the most distinguished mortals." To such a man, cutting out a new path for himself, great forbearance would be the hardest of virtues, and a certain "pride of consistency" the most easily besetting sin. He tells us himself, in a good story, how he had resolved never to be an imitator. A friend was con-

versing with him on the philosophical character of Dr. Franklin, when Mr. Fuller inquired, "What do you call a philosopher, or in what respect was he one?" "Oh! he seems to have made rules for himself in childhood which regulated him even in old age." Mr. Fuller replied: "If this be any mark of a philosopher, you will make me one. My father was a farmer, and in my younger days it was one great boast among the ploughmen that they could plough a straight line *across* the furrows or ridges of a field. I thought I could do this as well as any of them. One day, I saw such a line, which had just been drawn, and I thought, 'Now I have it.' Accordingly, I laid hold of the plough, and, putting one of the horses into the furrow which had been made, I resolved to keep him walking in it, and thus secure a parallel line. By and by, however, I observed that there were what might be called wriggles in this furrow; and, when I came to *them*, they turned out to be *larger* in mine than in the original. On perceiving this, I threw the plough aside, and determined never to be an imitator."

He was himself, it is said, often reminded of his proneness to severity, though it is a curious fact that in the heart-searching sentences of his Diary he scarcely ever alludes to it, except he humbly bewails not being severe enough with *himself*. And herein is the truthfulness of his character revealed. Though stern, he was not censorious; he uttered as severe things about his own doings as he ever did concerning others. One day, it is said, he ventured to mention to a company of ministers the complaint about his sternness, and ventured to appeal to them as to its truth. One of them replied: "Why, Sir, you do not appear likely to make war without some just occasion; but it is pretty evident (pointing to his eyebrows) that you keep up a formidable peace establishment." The company of course enjoyed the pleasantry of the remark, till another, perceiving that the "establishment" might suddenly alter its footing, exclaimed: "We had better stop, or we shall be in danger of putting Brother Fuller's troops in motion."

Ah! it was something to see those troops in motion, when an enemy was near. It seemed impossible to keep them in their tents when vice, or error, or any unfair dealing was at hand. He was never ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, but asserted boldly and fearlessly his Christian character wherever he went. At inns, and in coaches, in his many journeyings, bad, bold men were hushed into silence by his presence and words.

On one occasion, travelling in the Portsmouth mail, he was much annoyed by the profane conversation of two young men who sat opposite. After a time, one of them, observing his gravity, accosted him with an air of impertinence, inquiring, in rude and indelicate language, whether on his arrival at Portsmouth he should not indulge himself in a manner evidently corresponding with their own intentions: Mr. Fuller, lowering his ample brows, and looking the inquirer full in the face, replied in measured tones: "Sir, I am a man that fears God." Scarcely a word was uttered during the remainder of the journey.

If ever a conversation was commenced on sacred subjects, involving a difference of opinion on belief or forms of doctrine, it is very wonderful to see how, all the while, Mr. Fuller, while patiently pursuing the argument, pierces the surface of syllogisms and words to the moral and spiritual aspect of the question, and watches his opportunity to press it home right to the heart of his opponent. His conversation with a Jew has been already referred to in describing his journeys for the mission, but with no intention of letting the whole dialogue escape us. While arguing on the great day of atonement, and the greater sacrifice its oblations prefigured, with what sudden and almost startling earnestness he declares its relation not only to the types and shadows of the law, but to a guilty sinner; nay, to the guilty man before him, and, joining himself humbly with his fellow-traveller, saying: "Sir, if *our* sins be not atoned for by a greater sacrifice than any that were offered under the law of Moses, *we are*

undone!" But Mr. Fuller shall give his own account of the interview:—

"Finding I had a compound of infidelity and profligacy to contend with, and about a fifty-hours' journey before me, in which I should be cooped up with him night and day, I did not oppose him much at first; but let him go on, waiting for fit occasions. I asked for a proof of Moses's ignorance.

"*'Jew.* He spoke of the earth as stationary, and the sun as rising and setting.'

"*'Fuller.* And do not those that you call learned men speak the same in their ordinary conversation?'

"*'J.* To be sure they do.'

"*'F.* They could not be understood, nor understand themselves, could they, if they were to speak of the earth's rising and setting?'

"*'J.* True.'

"After a while, he praised the ten commandments. I acquiesced, and added: 'I have been not a little hurt, Sir, in observing, since we have been together, how lightly you treat one of them, *Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain!*'

"*'J.* I must own that is a bad habit: I have been told of it before.' We had no more swearing.

"He talked, after this, of the *merit* of good works, and told me, at my request, much about their worship and ceremonies; particularly their *great day of atonement*, which he said was very impressive.

"*'F.* Do you offer sacrifices?'

"*'J.* No; not since the destruction of the temple; except it be a fowl or so, just as a representation of what has been.'

"*'F.* And do you really think that the blood of any animal, or any of those ceremonies, can take away sin?'

"*'J.* If you deny that, you deny the law of Moses.'

"*'F.* No; the sacrifices of Moses were not designed to take away sin, but to prefigure a greater sacrifice.' He paused. . . . I added, 'Sir, you are a sinner, and I am

a sinner; we must both shortly appear before God. I know not upon what you rest your hopes. You have talked of human merit; I have nothing of the kind on which to place my trust. I believe we have all merited the displeasure of our Creator, and if dealt with according to our deserts must perish for ever. Sir, if our sins be not atoned for by a greater sacrifice than any that were offered under the law of Moses, we are undone.' He seemed impressed by this, and owned that according to their law, and confessions on the day of atonement, they were all sinners, and that their good works could not save them. I then endeavoured to point him to Christ as the only hope; but he began to make objections to His conception by the power of the Holy Spirit.

"*F.* That was no more impossible than God's making the first man and woman.'

"*J.* True; but God having made these, the rest are born by ordinary generation.'

"*F.* You might as well say that God having given the sea its laws, it moves in future according to them, and therefore the Red Sea could not have been divided. Your argument goes to destroy all miracles.'

"*J.* We think charitably of you, but you do not of us.'

"*F.* How can you think well of us, when you consider us as deluded by an impostor?'

"*J.* We think well of all that do good.'

"*F.* So do we. But what a singular impostor must Jesus have been, if He was one! Did you ever know or read of such a one, either as to doctrine and manners?'

"*J.* Who wrote the life of Jesus?'

"*F.* Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.'

"*J.* Very well: were they not His disciples, and, therefore partial to Him?'

"*F.* You might as well object to all the books of the Old Testament, that they were not written by adversaries.'

. . . .

“‘*J.* Ah! He should have come down from the cross, and then all would have believed in Him!’

“‘*F.* If evidence had been the thing that was wanted, why did not the resurrection of Lazarus satisfy them?’

“‘*J.* That was a doubtful matter. I reckon Jesus was a learned man; Lazarus might not be dead, but only apparently so; and He might make an experiment upon him, as many have done since, and restored suspended animation.’

“‘*F.* Did you ever read the New Testament?’

“‘*J.* Yes; I read it when a boy of eight years old.’

“‘*F.* And not since?’

“‘*J.* No.’

“‘*F.* What then can you know about it? You only take the objections of your rabbi (whom he had, a little before, acknowledged to be, many of them, no better than learned knaves); if you had read and considered the history of the resurrection of Lazarus, you could not object as you do.’

“After this, I asked him what he thought of *prophecy*? ‘Prophecy!’ said he, ‘I have often, when a boy, looked at the clouds, and seen in them horses and chariots, and I know not what!’

“‘*F.* I understand you; but it is strange that imagination should find in the prophecies the substance of all succeeding history. Were not all the great empires that have been in the world from the times of Daniel to this day, namely, the Babylonian, the Persian, the Grecian, and the Roman, with their various subdivisions, clearly foretold by him?’ He would make no answer to this, but treated it all as fable. ‘They talk,’ said he, ‘of our being restored to the Promised Land. I will tell you the whole mystery of it. Those of us who have plenty, wish for no other promised land; but those that are poor would be glad enough to better their condition.’

“He complained of the *persecutions* that the Jews had undergone from Christians. I disavowed all such treatment, as the conduct of wicked men. ‘But,’ said he, ‘you have

been, even in this war, *fighting for your religion.*' I answered, 'Those who profess to fight for religion, fight for the want of it; and Christianity employs none but spiritual weapons.' I also assured him that real Christians felt a tender regard towards them, and loved them for their fathers' sake. 'Yes,' said he, sneeringly, 'the good people at Glasgow pray, every Sunday, for our conversion!' I answered, 'Very likely; it is what I have often done myself.'

"When we got to Liverpool he requested that, when I came to London, I would call and see him. I told him I would on one condition, which was that he would permit me to present him with a New Testament, and promise to read it carefully. He consented; but, that he might put far from him the evil day, proposed that if, when I called to see him, I would bring one with me, he would read it. I saw no more of him; but meeting with a '*Gospel its own Witness*,' in Liverpool, in which is an '*Address to the Jews*,' I wrapt it up in paper, and sent it to him at his inn, having written withinside as follows: '*A small token of respect from the author, to Mr. D. L. A., for his friendly attentions to him on a journey from Glasgow to Liverpool, September 23, 24, 25, 1802.*'"

This conversation does not look as if Mr. Fuller was not a "ready reasoner." The replies are all clearly and appropriately given; while some of them cut to the very bone. Better still is it to notice with what humble thoughts Mr. Fuller regarded it afterwards. No thought of his having crossed swords skilfully with his opponent, and clearly gained the victory, seems to have entered his mind. "After all," he exclaims, in reflecting upon it, "I felt guilty in having said so little to the purpose, and was persuaded that, if I had been more spiritually minded, *I should have recommended my Lord and Saviour better than I did.*"

Very often the "troops" were put in formidable motion by the Antinomian and other heresies, of which he was the

known opponent. Having once made up his mind as to the obligation to preach the Gospel to all men, he would give no encouragement to any other practice, and would carry this principle into all his public engagements. It is related of him that, having engaged to take part in an ordination service, he rode over, as was often his wont; but finding the minister's confession of faith not quite up to the mark on this matter, he threatened, if it were not altered, to have his nag saddled, and ride back again. On one occasion, one of the high Calvinists, then to be found, no doubt, in almost every congregation, accosted him, after he had been preaching, with the impertinent remark: "You left Christ at home, Sir." "Did I, indeed?" was the reply: "then I hope to find Him there when I return."

A keen discussion is reported between him and a minister well known for his great powers on the question of the innocence of error. The initial will probably suggest to the reader the name of Mr. Fuller's opponent. He gives an account of it in a letter to Dr. Ryland.

"I find you have heard, though by what channel I cannot conceive, that I have had a little dispute with a certain ingenious gentleman, who has been used to plead for the innocence of mental error. The point was, *Whether every one ought to believe the truth*. If this had been granted, his innocence of error must have fallen. The substance of the conversation, as far as I can remember, was this:—

"*R.* Well, Mr. Fuller, I am told there is a revolution of principles among some of you. Mr. L., of N., tells me we are all going to be learned (taught) how to preach. Mr. Hall, of Arnsby, has written a book (*"Help to Zion's Travellers"*), and Mr. Fuller another; but it is only the old story over again about repentance and faith being the duty of sinners. Now I told him faith could not be a duty, because that is the effect of examination, and what, when a person does, he cannot help doing.'

"*F.* It is as you have heard as to Mr. Hall's having

written a book. His book, however, is not wholly on that subject. He had occasion to say something on natural and moral inability, and so touches on the subject you mentioned.'

" 'R. Natural and moral inability! Well, I think that is a very just distinction.'

" 'F. Do you not think, Sir, that it is every one's duty to believe the truth?'

" 'R. No; it is every one's duty to examine the truth; and, if they do that fairly, they will necessarily believe it. But believing, itself, can no more be said to be a duty than it is my duty to be warm when I stand by the fire. Being warm, is the *effect* of my standing by the fire: it is the influence of fire upon me. So faith is the effect of examination; the effect, or influence, of truth upon the mind.'

" 'F. If to be the effect of some prior cause cannot consist with duty, then *love* is not a duty; for love is the effect of discerning the beauty of an object; and it has also the other property of faith you mentioned; that is, when we love, we cannot help doing as we do, can we?'

" 'R. No.'

" 'F. And is not love the effect of discernment, too?'

" 'R. Yes.'

" 'F. Well, is not love a duty?'

" 'R. No; properly speaking, it is our duty to examine the excellence of an object; and if we do that, we must love it, if it be lovely; but love itself is not, properly speaking, a duty.'

" 'F. What, then, did God mean by commanding us to love Him with all our hearts; and Christ, by commanding us to love one another? Are we commanded to do what is not a duty?'

" (No answer, that I remember.)

" 'F. Is it not our duty to choose the good and refuse the evil?'

" 'R. Not philosophically speaking.'

" 'F. What duty, Sir, can you point out that is not the

effect of some prior cause? No action, I presume, of any kind; for that is the effect of thought and choice.'

"*R.* Yes; but whatever is a *good action*, I allow to be *duty*; but faith is not an *act*.'

"*F.* Nor love! Nor choice!'

"*R.* No.'

"What, then, are mental acts? and why are the verbs, to *believe*, to *love*, to *choose*, actively expressed?'

"(No answer.)

"*F.* What think you of 1 John v. 10, "He that believeth not God, hath made Him a liar?"'

"*R.* Ay, that is, he believeth not the Gospel.'

"*F.* Very well; is it no sin to make God a liar?'

"(No answer.)

"*F.* Suppose you should go home and tell a fact from your own knowledge. Your son affects to doubt it. "What, cannot you believe me?" "Father," replies the boy, "I am examining the affair. Possibly you may be mistaken, or tell me a lie."'

"*R.* Very well; it would be his duty merely to examine.'

"*F.* I should be unwilling to be in the boy's clothes, if you had a stick in your hand. I think, Sir, the sum is, we each suppose the soul to move, by a number of movements, as it were, by gradation. First, I think, judge, then choose, love, act, &c. Now, I suppose duty to be predicable of each of these; you only of the *first* in the series. I judge it to be every one's duty to *act* right; and in order to do that, to *judge* right, *choose* right, &c. You suppose it duty to *examine* in a right manner; and then, because the other will follow of course, they can be no duties. And so there is no virtue in doing a good action, or vice in an evil one; nor in good choice or evil; but barely in examining these matters. This, I own, reduces good and evil to a very narrow compass.'"

Perhaps nothing more quickly moved his anger than the sight of any vanity or display, particularly in ministers of

the Gospel. He said of two young preachers, whom he thought somewhat ambitious : "There are two birds fluttering and fluttering, and they will be D.D.'s some day." In each case the prediction was realised. At a ministers' meeting, in administering a rebuke to some brother, he was laying it on so heavily that Dr. Ryland exclaimed, in his own peculiar voice, "Brother Fuller ! Brother Fuller ! you can never admonish a mistaken friend but you must take up a sledge-hammer and knock his brains out." A young man calling on him on a Saturday, announced in a rather consequential manner, that he was going to preach on the following day. Mr. Fuller asked him for his text. He readily answered : "'One thing is needful.'" "And what is that one thing ?" said Mr. Fuller. The young man replied without hesitation : "*Christ*, certainly." "Why, then," said he, "you are worse than the Socinians. They *do* allow Him to be a man, but you are going to reduce Him to a *mere thing*." It would be quite a mistake, however, to suppose that this was his habitual manner. He was most ready to give help in every way to his younger brethren, and often would take no little pains to assist them, but he could not endure a vain and pretentious manner.

Mr. Fuller, it must be remembered, felt himself charged, in a way, with the interests and honour of the Baptist denomination, and the troops were often set in motion on their behalf. They were in that day, or at least a little *before* that day, to a great extent looked down upon, for the names of Foster, Hall, Fuller, Carey, and others, had already done much to raise them in the estimation of the world. While, on the one side, there might be the temptation, on the part of richer bodies, to hold them in some contempt, and possibly to regard their rising influence with a little jealousy, there was very likely on the part of those who, like Mr. Fuller, were deeply attached to the practice of believers' baptism, in guarding the interests of a weak body, a little proneness to suspect insult, or coldness where none was intended.

In such union meetings as then existed, Mr. Fuller sternly upheld what he deemed to be the rights of his brethren. One of the occasions which frequently called together the leading men of different denominations, was the committee meeting of the Evangelical Magazine. At one of the meetings held at St. Paul's Tavern, January 22nd, 1802, an amusing and somewhat sharp discussion took place between the assembled brethren. There were present Messrs. Eyre, Wilks, Rowland Hill, Waugh, Beck, Williams, and Andrew Fuller. The minutes of this meeting, in the handwriting of Mr. Fuller, have hitherto been withheld from the public, from a commendable delicacy of feeling. But the matter in dispute is so remote, and the character of the excellent men who joined in it is so well known, and the discussion itself so well illustrates Mr. Fuller's sturdy assertion of denominational rights, that it seems a pity to keep it back. It appears that the dispute in question was occasioned by the refusal of three Baptist widows, whose cases had been presented by Dr. Ryland; and this, although the committee had abundance of money at their disposal, and were even funding it. The truth of the matter appears to have been, that the Baptist applications were unusually large, from the poverty of their ministers, and so it was thought that they had a rather undue share of the proceeds. Mr. Fuller, as it will be seen, maintained that the question of denomination ought not to be taken into account, if there were really need and enough to relieve.

We may slip into a room at St. Paul's Tavern as the chairman is inquiring of Mr. Fuller if he can inform them why Dr. Ryland is hurt at some proceedings of the committee, a letter from him having been read. The colloquy then proceeds:—

“ ‘*Chair.* It appears that Dr. R. feels himself hurt: can you, Mr. F., inform us of particulars?’

“ ‘*F.* The refusal of three widows which he has presented, and which he considers as deserving cases, has doubtless

rendered him cool towards the Magazine, and even careless whether his name continues any longer in it.'

"*Beck.* I have presented several cases myself, which have been refused. There must be some rule.'

"*F.* I do not attribute the whole of these refusals (I mean of such as I consider as deserving cases) to party prejudice. I think them partly owing to your *funding* system, which may induce you to be penurious.'

"*Hill.* I abhor the very name of parties: we are of no party.'

"*F.* You are as really a party man as I am. You, Mr. H., are a Methodist as much as I am a Baptist. You go to bed every night a Methodist, and a Methodist you rise every morning. I might add, your party is the most intolerant of any. Other parties, like independent nations, have learnt to respect each other's flag; but yours respects none but its own, and, under the name of Catholicism, aims to swallow up every other in its vortex.'

"*Chair.* What ground have you for suspecting a party spirit to have influenced the decision of the committee in the distribution of the profits?'

"*F.* I appeal to every one of you whether there have not been for a considerable time past murmurings on account of the number of Baptist cases?'

"All acknowledged this was true, but denied that this had influenced their decisions.

"*Wilks.* I have always been the advocate of the Baptist widows.'

"*F.* I know you have, Mr. W., and I thank you for it. Yet it is not very pleasant to understand that our widows should have stood in need of such an advocate. Though you say that such things have not influenced your decisions, while three Baptist widows have lately actually been refused, and you acknowledge that many grumblings have existed, I cannot but suspect the one to have arisen, in part at least, from the other.'

“ ‘*Hill*. I think you must balance accounts: their grumblings against your evil surmisings. I wish all party spirit and bigotry at an end.’

“ ‘*F*. A party spirit is not peculiar to one party. The parade which you have made about the funeral of bigotry has furnished you with a little fun: that is all. Bigotry still lives among you, and is likely to live. If I should separate from you, it will be on account of your bigotry.’

“ Here the conversation being rather too warm, Mr. Williams, to give it a turn of pleasantry, asked leave to read a very short dialogue between Bigotry and Candour, which went to confirm his being alive and in good health.

“ ‘*Hill*. Have not the Baptist widows received nearly one-half of the profits of the Magazine; that is, as much as all the other denominations put together?’

“ ‘*F*. I suppose they have.’

“ ‘*Hill*. How is it, then, that you speak of partiality? I should have thought you should have been the last to have complained.’

“ ‘*F*. If our widows have received so large a proportion, it is because we have more poor ministers than any other denomination;—as many, it should seem, as all the others put together. And if on this account you choose to decline a connection with us, you have a right to do so; but while that connection exists, and the profits are professedly distributed to the widows of poor ministers, as such, without any respect to denomination, the number of any one denomination ought not to be mentioned nor thought of. I acknowledge, however, that, on account of the number of our widows, we, as editors, stand on unequal ground; and you appear, by your murmurings on that head, to think the same. I have, therefore, partly in justice to you, serious thoughts of a *secession*, and of taking all our widows upon our own hands.’

“ To this *all* replied, that if it were so, it would be our own doing, not theirs, and that they should be sorry.

“ ‘*F*. I cannot bear to have deserving cases refused, nor

to receive what is received as a favour. Therefore now declare that I am ready from this time to take all our widows off your hands.'

" '*Beck*. What are the cases of the widows which have been rejected? One, I perceive, is objected to as being an Irish widow; and it has been said we might as well admit the American widows; but I question whether the case ought to be reckoned an Irish one. Was her husband an Englishman?'

" '*F*. Yes; one of the Bristol students.'

" '*Beck*. And was he settled as pastor at Dublin, or only a probationer?'

" '*F*. I am not certain, but I rather think the latter only.'

" If so, they all, except Eyre, said she ought not to be reckoned an Irish widow.

" I took no part in this question, and used no arguments to persuade them, but merely answered such questions as were put to me. They, however, brought it in an admissible case, and Eyre gave me immediately five pounds for her.

" The *next widow* was then brought up, whose husband had served a congregation for twenty years, though not a pastor; and it was said that the money had already been sent her for this year; and an inquiry was to be made into the particulars of her case.

" The *Welsh widow* was supposed to be the widow of a *preaching tradesman*, many of whom had been refused among the Methodists, and must be refused in equity.

" '*F*. You should define what you mean by a preaching tradesman. If you include under that character every minister who follows business in aid of his ministry, you will exclude a very large proportion of our widows, and of the most deserving cases.'

" '*Wilks*. That is just. We have had much difficulty where to draw the line; but I now see where it ought to be drawn. Every minister that devotes his life to the ministry, and follows business only in aid of it, or on account of the

inability of his people to support him, he is to all intents and purposes a minister, and his widow is entitled to relief. But he that follows trade as his main pursuit, and preaches only occasionally, is not, and his widow must not, be admitted.'

"I could not speak to the case of the Welsh widow, but told Wilks afterwards that I strongly suspected they would find her to be of the former description, or Dr. R. would not have presented her case. To this he replied: 'If so, let her case be stated again, and it will be attended to.'

"'F. I conceive that whenever you refuse a case, you ought to communicate to the presenting editor the *particular reasons* for which you cannot admit it.'

"To this they assented.

"'F. I must also be free to speak my sentiments of your *funding system*. I am a trustee for the regular and faithful application of the profits: yet you have appropriated £600, I am told, to the purchase of stocks, and that in the name of only two persons. If I had been consulted, I am doubtful whether I should have consented to any fund; but if I had, I should have insisted on four persons being chosen by the editors—one of each denomination.'

"'Wilks. The country editors have given way to jealousies without grounds. They talk of "embezzlement." I disdain the insinuation.'

"'F. I never suspected either you or Mr. Eyre of *private* embezzlement; but you are neither of you incapable of *party* attachment. The love of power, Mr. W., is your besetting sin.'

"Mr. Eyre read the copy of a letter which had been, or was to be, sent to Mr. Burder, who had required an explanation on this business. It alleged that the final editor was sometimes obliged to lay out his own money for the widows, before things could come round—as much as £150, and that there ought to be something to cover his risk; that it was their wish to be able to allow the widows more than five

pounds, which, by funding the overplus, might in time be effected; that, meanwhile, they had not knowingly refused any case that came within the rules of the society; and that as to Messrs. Wilks and Eyre being the names in which the stocks had been purchased, it was so ordered at a committee meeting, merely on account of their being the most active persons in the Magazine, with whom it originated, and who were never likely to withdraw from it.

“‘*F.* I admit that Mr. Eyre, if obliged to lay out his own money, should be made secure; but that is a small matter compared with what is funded; and I must insist that whatever is funded, it should be by the concurrence of all the editors, and in the names of four persons—one of each denomination.’

“R. Hill exclaimed against the jealousy of such a measure. *The rest*, however, consented that two more editors of the other denominations should be added to the trust, and seemed willing to discontinue the funding of the profits, unless there were a want of suitable objects to receive them.

“‘*Chair.* Will Dr. Ryland withdraw his name from the editorship of the T. M.?’

“‘*F.* I cannot tell. Were I in his place I would, so long as I continued connected with the Evangelical Magazine.’

“‘*Chair.* Will you repeat to him the substance of this conversation, and ask for his answers?’

“‘*F.* I will; and I suppose I may say that, according to the opinion of the committee, he must either withdraw from them or you?’

“To this they *all* assented, as being inconsistent with their engagements with the bookseller that any editor should lend his name to another periodical work of the same kind.

“‘*F.* I wish to say a few words on the concern I have had in the Biblical Magazine. At the beginning of that work I was against it; and attempted to dissuade the editor from it. He, however, *persisted*. I soon after this learned that there had long been surmisings among our editors on account

of the number of our widows. From that time I was not sorry that it existed, and gave it more support than at first, as judging that it might be necessary for the support of our widows, when they should be thrown upon it; an event which appeared to be neither impossible nor very distant. From this motive I had hitherto acted; and till I saw that there was no danger, at least, I should continue to do so.'

"*R. Hill*. If what has been now said do not satisfy you, you will never be satisfied: and if you be not united with us in heart, we had better part at once.'

"To this last they all assented, and I also: I added, that my union with them should be cordial or not at all. To this, also, they expressed their assent.

"After this the conversation became more tender and affectionate; and all expressed what regret the secession would occasion. I told them I did not wish to give them a final answer at this time. I should consider, and advise; and when I had made up my mind, in conjunction with Brother Ryland, with whom they must expect me to act, I would write them.

"The chairman then left the chair, and departed. He and Waugh, and some others, conducted themselves with great moderation and propriety.

"Wilks and Eyre, and another or two, tarried longer, and we talked over things in a tender way. They thought our disunion would greatly injure religion.

"Eyre complained that the Baptists were not cordial with them; that Dr. Ryland's letter was dictated by temper; and that my conversation during the day had been all in the style of complaint, without expressing any regard to the work itself.

"There was one subject which formed a part of the conversation while the chairman was present, which I have forgotten to mention. I complained of the advertisements on the blue covers of the Magazine, as being, some of them, the grossest insults upon the Baptists.

“ ‘There was such an advertisement, some years ago, written by a scurrilous pen at St. Alban’s. And now another, still more scurrilous, has appeared, in which we are called Anabaptists, and accused of tricks in our dealings with men. We are no more Anabaptists than you are. We baptize none whom we consider as having been baptized before; and as to “tricks,” I know not that we are more addicted to such things than other Christians. As to the effects which such pieces produce, they are of no account: we despise them. But to advertise them on the Magazine, on which some of our names are inserted as editors, is making us the slanderers of ourselves.

“ ‘In this light the public must consider us, or, at least, as tame simpletons, who, for the sake of a few pounds for our widows, can connive at the grossest insults on the whole denomination.’

“ ‘*Eyre*. The covers of the Magazine are the bookseller’s. He has the perquisites of advertisements upon them; so that we have nothing to do with them. We dislike them as much as you do.

“ ‘As to the work itself, you know that from the time of the revises of Peter Edwards, of which I saw the impropriety, nothing of the kind has appeared. There was lately an advertisement which much provoked us all,—a man advertising for a wife. We have talked to Chapman about it, but as his interest is concerned, we are at a loss how to remedy it.’

“ ‘*F*. The public make no distinction between the covers and the work itself. They suppose it all to pass under your inspection; and under your inspection it ought to pass.’

“ ‘At the outset of this conversation I expressed a wish to see Mr. Chapman, and to ask him a question. As he will not be here, I will mention it to you. He is very tenacious of Dr. Ryland’s *name* where his own interest is concerned; how is it that he should, on the same cover, wantonly insult it, and the names of all his brethren? For a few shillings, it seems, Mr. Chapman will turn either way.’

"They all agreed that this was an abuse that must be remedied. Various methods were proposed. To counteract the last scurrilous piece, from one Nash, addressed to Dr. Rippon, they agreed to review it in their next number. And all advertisements in future should be inspected by Eyre or Williams. We parted very amicably.

"The above is the substance of what passed; but in a five hours' conversation, in which I was so fully engaged as to be almost laid by when it was over, there are, doubtless, many omissions; and what is said is not in the exact words that were spoken.

"Next morning I took down the above from memory, in shorthand, and carried it to Williams, to have his opinion whether I had done justice to the conversation. He made a few corrections, which I have adopted."

Mr. Fuller was said to have been a man "without nerves;" and, certainly, though capable of the deepest emotion, he pursued the even tenour of his way with singular calmness and regularity. "He would often," says Mr. Morris, "divert himself with the saying of Lady Huntingdon, who, on noticing the effeminacy of modern ladies, would 'thank God she was born before nerves were in fashion.'" About the year 1793 the shock of an earthquake was felt across the kingdom, a little before eleven o'clock at night. Mr. Fuller had preached that evening at Braybrook, a few miles from Kettering, and had just retired to rest. The friend at whose house he lodged being much alarmed, awoke him by reporting the dreadful news of an earthquake. "Very well," said he, "I must sleep;" . . . and with perfect composure he nestled down to rest, while the frightened family were filled with consternation and dread.

Mr. Fuller was singularly simple and plain in his habits; and would frequently remark that the great difference between the comfort of one man and another often depended on the fact that the one *simplified* his wants,—the other *multiplied*

them. "He never allowed himself in night studies; and when persons wondered how he could write so much, he was wont," says the biographer just mentioned, "to tell a tale about Dr. Gill." A gentleman having heard of his great learning and voluminous writings, called upon him to inquire by what extraordinary means he had achieved so much, and wherein his peculiar habits consisted. The Doctor answered: "He did not know that there was anything extraordinary about it; for he ate, and drank, and rose like other people."

CHAPTER XIV.

PREACHING.

It is strange that, almost at the same time, the Baptist denomination should have produced three preachers so known to fame as Robert Hall, John Foster, and Andrew Fuller. Perhaps it would be difficult to find any three men whose powers were more utterly different. The three faces of the men, as we have caught them even in pictures and engravings, will bring home the contrast. Robert Hall, with his full and lighted eye; John Foster, with his head slightly inclined, and his downcast gaze lingering among the shadows; Andrew Fuller, with his stern and solemn look, piercing the very depths of the souls before whom he is pleading.

Robert Hall poured forth to the assembled crowds at Bristol, that torrent of burning words which held his congregation spell-bound as he uttered those sentences of faultless finish, which, with all their symmetry, never gave the idea of elaboration or effort. It has been said by no common teacher that a picture half-finished and sketchy has a

power of its own, because it is power in strife to reach the ideal of the artist, while the last colourings tone down the effort of the painter. It is the same in speech; oftentimes there is more felt power in a rugged half-finished outline, than in a discourse well-matured in all respects; but it is none the less true that, with the artist and the speaker, real completeness is to be desired. It must be borne in mind, however, that there is a difference between true finish and that shallow elegance which only glosses over poor work. The common grain of the wood, and the mark of badly-handled tools, *will* show through the stain and varnish. But life has its own finish, which is inseparable from the beautiful work beneath, and which while it reveals, yet in a more wonderful sense veils, the toil of the workman. In such finish lay the beauty and the power of Robert Hall's discourses; they did not come into his brain rough-hewn, for him to polish afterwards, but seemed to well forth from the depths of his mighty soul in all their marvellous perfection. By such power is he still remembered: he has left no great grasping thoughts for succeeding generations to draw their strength from, and see in new lights with new experiences, but the stream of his sacred eloquence still flows by us to gladden and refresh.

In John Foster's Lectures and Essays there was far more of the appearance of effort, yet it was not effort opposed to the full and free exercise of power. The style of composition, with its long-drawn sentences, exactly harmonized with the meaning to be conveyed. He uttered and wrote great thoughts, that slowly struggled into birth. He lived too deeply in the realm of mystery, and his thoughts were too sorrowful, to express himself in pointed epigrams. As an idea grew in his mind, it gathered round it so many elements, that when it was uttered it came loaded with strange and beautiful relationships.

Andrew Fuller possessed neither the rich genius and polished diction of Hall, nor the reflective life of Foster.

To an ever-present and profound feeling of the reality of eternal things, he added strong and sterling sense, ripe judgment, mature wisdom, and a pungent and pausing utterance. Though his words did not glow with the inspiration of his great contemporaries, his discourses were full of striking and weighty thoughts, arranged and illustrated with the ease of a master. Far more than either Foster or Hall, he touched men in their sins and sorrows, and reached the common experiences of life. Living men who were privileged to hear Andrew Fuller preach, speak of it with hushed awe, as a solemn visitation haunting their souls through half a century of changing experience. They bear in remembrance not only the matter of the discourse, but the deep-measured tones in which it was uttered, the searching look, which seemed as if it pierced the veil of the flesh, and reached the inmost recesses of their soul. Those deep tones seemed equally powerful in tracking out the soul's sins, and in soothing and quieting its sorrows. It is related of him, that once, at the close of a discourse, almost consumed with the solemnity of the theme upon which he was speaking, he seemed unable to find language adequately to express his meaning. He stopped and said, "I pause for a word." The effect was far more powerful than if he could have commanded at that moment the most appropriate phrase. It has been said of the ministry of two preachers, that after hearing the one, people went away exclaiming "How beautiful!" while after hearing the other they were unable to say anything. This may serve to indicate the difference between Andrew Fuller and some of his more brilliant contemporaries. His hearers felt much more inclined to be alone with themselves than to talk over his discourse.

The assemblies whom these men addressed answered to the character of their teaching. Many still remember the congregations that thronged Broadmead. It was not uncommon to see ministers of various denominations gathered as if by a common attraction towards the pulpit; while men of

letters, members of the bar, and even statesmen, formed part of the crowd in the body of the chapel. Andrew Fuller, Sutcliffe, and Ryland, have been seen sitting with bowed heads, weeping like children under the passionate appeals of the preacher, and Denman and Brougham audibly whispered their admiration to each other. Foster drew out his analogies, and set forth the royal dignity of faith, to a scanty but appreciating audience; while Andrew Fuller addressed crowds of almost every class in England and Scotland. Here and there would be seen the sullen Antinomian listening with lowering brow, and more numerous scattered were some who were eagerly yearning for a broader faith, and rejoicing in the annunciation of a free and full salvation. Others, again, long wedded to a different style of preaching, listened half doubtfully, yet wistfully, to the preacher's bold words. Above all, "the common people heard him gladly;" and there fell oftentimes upon him "the blessing of him who was ready to perish." On one occasion, he saw a little ragged child pressing in vain to gain admission to the crowded meeting; he took him by the hand, and led him through the crowd, placing him in a convenient place for hearing. That child became one of the most impassioned preachers of the midland counties.

Andrew Fuller has himself given us an outline of his own manner of preaching;—not, indeed, designedly so; but in some letters to a young minister he describes, insensibly but most accurately, his own methods of discourse. No man felt more the solemn character of the preacher's work. "To declare," he says, "'the whole counsel of God' in such a way as to save yourself and them that hear you, or, if they are not saved, to be pure from their blood, is no small matter. The character of the preaching in an age contributes more than most other things to give a character to the Christians of that age; a great and solemn trust, therefore, is reposed in us, of which we must shortly give an account."

These thoughts reveal the secret source of his strength.

The power to stir men's hearts in such a fashion as Andrew Fuller was able to do, is not *born* with any man: it is rather the purchase of his own inward growth,—a “trust” it is; but it is a trust committed to the keeping of the man who can suffer to buy it. As we look into the history of this preacher's life, we find how true it is that “he proved the power not else than by the pain.” The man in whom a large portion of the Christian church throughout the country is resting as a bulwark of strength, is himself overwhelmed with a sense of his own weakness. He is expected to preach here and there to crowded and expectant audiences, who are running to and fro through the day in eager anticipation of his coming. How conscious of his power and influence must this man be! How like a conqueror he must feel as he enters the town! No! Andrew Fuller is sitting on the top of the coach, his face “turned away from the company,” and big tears are rolling down his cheeks, and the noise of the coach-wheels drowns his stifled sobs, as he cries: “May the God of Samuel Pearce be my God!”

But all this the congregation knows nothing about, as the giant preacher walks with a firm and measured tread into the pulpit. His cheeks are tearless now, and his face is set like flint, “to pull down and to destroy,” and no one ever dreams that those slow, pausing lips a few hours since were quivering in an agony of weakness. It is the old story:—“Oh, my Lord, I cannot speak, for I am a child! But the Lord answered me, Say not, I am a child; for behold thou shalt go to all to whom I send thee, and I am with thee to deliver thee. Be not afraid of their faces, lest I confound thee before them.”

He laid great stress in public teaching on a faithful exposition of Holy Scripture. He believed most deeply that a fair and full unfolding of the narratives and exhortations of Holy Writ would yield everything that men could need. In this way he went over the greater part of the Old and New Testament during eighteen years of his ministry. It was his

opinion that while it was advantageous to a *minister* to feel himself necessitated to understand every part of Scripture, in order to explain it to the people, it was advantageous to the *people* that what they heard should come directly from the Word of God, and that they should be led to see the scope and connection of the sacred writers. He preferred this method to that of topical preaching, by which, he was wont to say, the text was wrested from its connection with neighbouring passages, and so its true meaning often lost.

"The great thing necessary," he said, "for expounding the Scriptures, is to enter into their true meaning. We may read them, and talk about them, again and again, without imparting any light concerning them. If the hearer, when you have done, understand no more of that part of Scripture than he did before, your labour is lost. Yet this is commonly the case with those attempts at expounding which consist of little else than comparing parallel passages, or, by the help of a Concordance, tracing the use of the same word in other places, going from text to text till both the preacher and the people are wearied and lost. This is troubling the Scriptures rather than expounding them. If I were to open a chest of oranges among my friends, and in order to ascertain their quality, were to hold up one, and lay it down; then hold up another, and say, This is like the last; then a third, a fourth, a fifth, and so on, till I came to the bottom of the chest, saying of each, It is like the other; of what account would it be? The company would doubtless be weary, and had much rather have tasted two or three of them."

The correction of a verse or sentence he thought to be of more importance than the most critical examination of terms, or the most laborious comparison of the use of them in different places. For want of attention to this, not only particular passages, but whole chapters, were frequently misunderstood. He most happily illustrates this opinion in a paragraph in the letters in question:—

“The reasonings of both Christ and His apostles frequently proceed not upon what is true in fact, but merely in the estimation of the parties addressed; that is to say, they reason with them *on their own principles*. It was not true that Simon the Pharisee was a *little* sinner, nor a *forgiven* sinner, nor that he *loved Christ a little*; but he thought thus of himself, and upon these principles Christ reasoned with him. It was not true that the Pharisees were just men, and needed no repentance; but such were their thoughts of themselves, and Christ suggested that, therefore, they had no need of Him; for that He came ‘not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.’ Finally, It was not true that the Pharisees who murmured at Christ’s receiving publicans and sinners had never, like the ninety-nine sheep in the wilderness, gone astray; nor that, like the elder son, they had served God, and never at any time transgressed His commandment; nor that all which God had was theirs: but such were their own views, and Christ reasons with them accordingly. It is as if He had said, ‘Be it so, that you are righteous and happy; yet why should you murmur at the return of these poor sinners?’ Now, to mistake the *principle* on which such reasonings proceed, is to lose all the benefit of them, and to fall into many errors.”

It is almost needless to add, that he insisted on the necessity of “drinking into the spirit” of the writers, in order to understand their meaning. “Who,” he exclaims, “but a Pope or a Cowper could have translated Homer; and who can explain the oracles of God but he who, in a measure, drinks into the same spirit?” Every Christian knows by experience that in a spiritual frame of mind he can understand more of the Scriptures in an hour than he can at other times, with the utmost application, in a week.

It is by an unction from the Holy One that we know all things. “A humble sense of ignorance,” he declared, “would often give us knowledge;” and “that which we communicate will freeze upon our lips, unless we have first applied it to

ourselves;" or, to use the language of Scripture, "Tasted, felt, and handled the Word of Life."

It was always his wont, in seeking out the meaning of a psalm or chapter, first to examine it thoroughly by himself, and then *afterwards* to consult other expositors. It was his opinion, that if you first sought the judgment of the commentators, it would preclude the free exercise of your own; and that that which was furnished by the labours of another, though equally good, or even better, was of far less worth than that which was gained by your own application. The reader will remember his old experience, when he found his plough made wriggles by following the furrow of another man, and the prayer recorded in his Diary: "Oh, Lord, Thou hast given me a firm determination to take no truth at secondhand."

The subject-matter of his preaching was equally clear and impressive. It was a practical exposition of his own treatise on "The Gospel 'worthy of all Acceptation.'" He would quote as the motto of his mission to men, "Thus it is written, and thus it behoved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day; and that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem." In one of his letters to the young minister, he sets forth in earnest language what he felt to be his own true mission. "*In every sermon we should have an errand, and one of such importance that if it be received or complied with, it will issue in eternal salvation.* I say nothing of those preachers who profess to go into the pulpit without an errand, and to depend upon the Holy Spirit to furnish them with one at the time. I write not for them, but for such as make a point of thinking before they attempt to preach. Even of these I have heard some who, in studying their texts, have appeared to me to have no other object in view than to find something to say in order to fill up the time. This, however, is not preaching, but merely talking about good things. Such ministers, though they think of something

beforehand, yet appear to me to resemble Ahimaaz, who ran without tidings. I have also heard many an ingenious discourse in which I could not but admire the talents of the preacher; but his only object appeared to be to correct the grosser vices, and to form the manners of his audience so as to render them useful members of civil society. Such ministers have an errand, but not of such importance as to *save* those who receive it; which sufficiently proves that it is not *the Gospel*."

But while he thus impressively urged a direct errand in a sermon, and the plain setting forth of the Gospel of Christ, he never encouraged that "fastidious humour" manifested by some hearers, who objected to a sermon unless the cross of Christ were the *immediate and direct* topic of discourse. "There is," he says, "a rich variety in the Sacred Writings; so there ought to be in our ministrations. There are various important *truths supposed* by this great doctrine, and these require to be illustrated and established. There are various *branches* pertaining to it, which require to be distinctly considered; various *consequences* arising from it, which require to be pointed out; various *duties* corresponding with it, which require to be inculcated; and various *evils* inimical to it, which may require to be exposed." Thus, he always followed resolutely wherever a text might lead him, without bringing in a formal statement of doctrine into every discourse; while, at the same time, he ever kept in view the relation of these secondary matters to the leading doctrines of the Gospel. Pointed, practical teaching, the reproof of sin, or the exposition of narrative, he regarded as vain, unless, like lines of light, they radiated from the Great Sacrifice.

In the composition of his sermons, as in all other matters, Mr. Fuller was a lover of order. His short and pithy saying, "Many sermons are a *mob* of ideas," has already been quoted. "They may contain," he says, "very good sentiment, but they have no object in view; so that the hearer is continually

answering the preacher, 'Very true, very true; but what then; what is it you are aiming at? What is this to the purpose?' A preacher, then, if he would interest a judicious hearer, must have an object at which he aims, and must never lose sight of it throughout his discourse. This is what writers on these subjects call *a unity of design*; and this is a matter of far greater importance than studying turned periods or forming pretty expressions. 'One thing at once,' is a maxim in common life, by which the greatest men have made the greatest proficiency."

The introductions to his sermons much resemble the prefaces to his books. In a few concise, compact sentences he takes the heart out of his subject, and gives a clear notion of what he is going to do. In a short and simple discourse on John xiv. 2-4, "I go to prepare a place for you; and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also; and whither I go ye know, and the way ye know," we have a good illustration of his compact summarising in the introduction.

"If our Saviour had been going to some unknown place, where we must not follow Him, we might well be unhappy; but 'whither I go ye know.' It is true we know nothing of an hereafter beyond what God in His Word hath told us; but these lively oracles are a light in a dark place, whose cheering beams pierce the otherwise impervious gloom of futurity. When a dying heathen was asked whither he was going, he replied, 'O my friends, we know nothing of an hereafter!' Such also must have been our answer, but for the glorious Gospel of the blessed God. As it is, we know whither our Redeemer is gone. He is gone to His Father, and to our Father; to His God, and to our God. He is gone to Mount Zion, the city of the living God, to the innumerable company of angels, to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to God the Judge of all. Whither He is gone we know, for we have had a foretaste of the bliss. As

believers we also are already come to Mount Zion. The church below and the church above are only different branches of the same family, so that he who is come to one is come to the other.

“But how are we to follow Him, unless we ‘know the way?’ If He ‘come and receive us,’ He will be our guide. And this is not all: ‘the way we know.’ Thomas thought he knew not whither his Lord was going, nor the way that led to Him; yet he knew his Lord, and believed in Him as the Son of God and the Saviour of sinners. Jesus, therefore, answered him, ‘I am the way, the truth, and the life;’ knowing me, you know the way to the heavenly world. Yes, we not only know whither our Saviour is gone, but the way that leads to Him. The doctrine of the cross, as dear Pearce observed, is the only religion for a dying sinner.

“If an affectionate father had resolved to remove to a distant country, he might not take his family with him in the first instance, but might choose to go by himself, to encounter and remove the chief difficulties in the way, and make ready a habitation to receive them. Such in effect was the conduct of our Saviour. ‘I go to prepare a place for you; and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also.’ His passage through the territories of death was attended with the most dreadful of all conflicts; but, having overcome, it renders ours an easy one. Death to us is Jesus ‘coming to receive us to Himself.’”

He always avoided the mistake made by so many preachers, of dwelling on the *terms* of the text instead of the *proposition*. Sometimes, if the words looked at singly yielded anything he deemed of importance to his subject, he would run over them rapidly before proceeding to his subject, but would never mistake this for the theme of his discourse. Thus, for example, in the text, “Thou openest Thy hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing,” he dwells upon the terms to take advantage of what he calls “the judicious use of

contrast. ‘Thou *openest* Thy hand.’ What an idea does this convey of the paternal goodness of the great Father of His creation ! How opposite to the conduct of many of His creatures, one to another, whose hands and hearts are *shut* ! What an idea also does it convey of the *ease* with which the wants of the whole creation are supplied. In what a *variety of ways* are our wants supplied. The earth is fruitful ; the air is full of life ; the clouds empty themselves upon the earth ; the sun pours forth its genial rays ; but the operation of all these second causes is only *the opening of His hand*.” Sometimes he would dwell on a *term* to give force to an appeal at the close, as in this same verse : “If *Thou* openest Thy hand, should I shut mine against my poor brother ?”

The divisions of his subject are generally admirable, quietly yet thoroughly bringing out the meaning of his text. He had that most rare gift, the power of accurate generalization, carefully guarding against the needless multiplication of divisions. He seems to have been thoroughly weaned in this respect from the Puritan models. The sermon of the seventeenth century must certainly ever remain a problem in literature. It was not uncommon for the preacher to have twelve or fourteen divisions in his introduction. In a sermon on the Song of Solomon, the preacher inquires in his exordium why it is called a Song ; then why it is called *the* Song ; then why it is described as the Song of Songs ; then how it came to be written by Solomon ; the hearer all the while being bewildered with Hebrew points and emphaticums. Thus the shape and the form of the whole is utterly lost in the number of parts into which it is split. In Mr. Fuller’s well-known sermon on “The Magnitude of the Heavenly Inheritance,” we have a fair illustration of his method of division. Quietly and patiently he draws out the meaning of each member of the sentence. In the first place he shows, SUCH IS THE MAGNITUDE OF THE GLORY TO BE REVEALED IN US, THAT THE SUFFERINGS OF THE PRESENT TIME ARE NOT WORTHY TO BE COMPARED WITH IT. Secondly,

SUCH IS THE MAGNITUDE OF THE GLORY TO BE REVEALED IN US AT THE RESURRECTION, THAT ITS INFLUENCE EXTENDS TO THE WHOLE CREATION. Thirdly, SUCH IS THE MAGNITUDE OF THE GLORY TO BE REVEALED IN US AT THE RESURRECTION, THAT THOSE CHRISTIANS WHO HAVE POSSESSED THE HIGHEST ENJOYMENTS IN THIS WORLD, WERE NOT SATISFIED WITH THEM, BUT GROANED WITHIN THEMSELVES, WAITING FOR THE POSSESSION OF IT. He did not always employ subdivisions, and seemed to have had little faith in the magic charm of the three times three.

Any display of vanity or attempt at ingenious spiritualizing moved Andrew Fuller's anger almost more than anything else. "Can you," he writes in the 'Evangelical Magazine,' "think the Scriptures to be a book of riddles and conundrums? and that a Christian minister is properly employed in giving scope to his fancy in order to discover their solution? If we must play, let it be with things of less consequence than the Word of the Eternal God." The idea of marring the simple dignity of the preacher's message by a sort of solemn buffoonery, or interjecting poor puns and sharp sayings for the sake of attracting attention, was to him too awful a thought to endure for a moment. He used to quote the saying that such men would "court a grin when they should woo a soul." He described the practice as "whipping the Word of God into froth." "No doubt," he said, "ignorant men would gaze, admire, and smile, and say one to another, 'Well, what a man! who would have thought that he would have found so much in that text!' Ah, very true! who, indeed?"

But the mechanical skill exhibited in the construction of his discourses was little compared with the living breath that filled them. He never read a discourse; there was so much of earnest *persuasion* in his addresses that he could as soon understand reading a remonstrance to *one* man as a sermon to a congregation. Although there was so much skill in the manner in which his materials were arranged, yet he did not

consciously give much time to this sort of work; his materials fell into order, as troops fall into line at the word of command. "We must not," he said, "imitate the orator, whose attention is taken up with his performance, but rather the herald, whose object it is to publish or proclaim good tidings. There is in the one an earnestness, a fulness of heart, a mind so interested in the subject as to be inattentive to other things, which is not in the other. 'We believe, and therefore speak.'" In some of his sermons he breaks off almost suddenly from the expository part of his subject into discourse that glows and burns with a sort of inner fire. Thus he speaks to us in the third division of his sermon on "The Peace of God," under the heading of the great use of peace in the Christian conflict.

"'The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds.'—The word here translated '*keep*' is very expressive: it is a military term, and alludes to soldiers that are in a besieged town; or rather to soldiers that come in aid of others that are besieged. So the peace of God is that to a believer's heart and mind which a relieving army is to those who are besieged. The heart and mind are supposed to be besieged by the temptations of the present world, and in danger of being taken; and the peace of God, like a reinforcement thrown in, affords relief, and prevents their being obliged to give up the contest. This word might perhaps be expressed by the term *fortified*—'the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall *fortify* your hearts and minds.' The terms *heart* and *mind* comprehend the whole soul; the one is put for the affections, the other for the judgment—the peace of God serves as a relief, a fortification, for both. Let us here be a little more particular.

"There is one set of temptations which assail the heart, another the mind; and the peace of God serves to fortify our souls against them both.

"1. Let us inquire *what are those temptations which assail*

the heart. In times of persecution, the wrath, enmity, and outrage of a wicked world were such as assailed the heart. It must have been trying to the feelings of the primitive Christians, and all others who have lived in times of persecution. As for our parts, we have so long enjoyed religious peace that we can scarcely realize the scene. But only consider that those who were persecuted were men like you and me, and their property was, perhaps, obtained by the sweat of their brow—and it was hard to have that wrested from them by fines and imprisonment. They had families. It was hard to be torn flesh from flesh—bone from bone. Perhaps the tears of the wives and children might say, ‘Spare him for our sakes!’ It was cruel—it must needs come close to the heart—they had the feelings of men. Nothing but the peace of God could fortify them. ‘Behold, I send you forth as lambs among wolves.’ If they throw you into dungeons—if they deprive you of the honest fruits of your industry—of your friends—your liberty—if they deprive you of all these, they shall not deprive you of one thing—the peace of God! This you shall be able to carry with you into the darkest dungeons, and it shall cause you to sing praises to God at midnight.

“There is another set of temptations which assail the heart—these are the allurements of the world. The former were in the days of yore principally—these in our times. The world seems to be friendly to us; its pleasures melt resistance. It sometimes captivates the heart; and I know not but enemies of this description are more dangerous to Christians than the others. Many have stood in the hour of persecution—they could fight like Samson against thousands when the Philistines set on them; but when the smiles of a Delilah come upon them, they, like him, would fall. There is nothing so good an antidote to this as the peace of God in the heart. But peace in the heart does not include carnal ease. I grant that this is no friend, but an enemy. Peace and union with God are the best fortification of the heart

against the allurements of sense. Not all the terrors of Sinai, nor the curses of the law, are so good a preservative as the peace of God in the heart—and why so? It affords superior pleasure to that of the world. It rises infinitely above it. You know very well that when a superior light shines forth it eclipses an inferior one; so, when the sun shines forth, the smaller lights, the moon and stars, hide their heads—they are lost. The peace of God affords a so much superior pleasure in the soul as to overcome flesh and sense. Thus it is that faith overcomes. You have often read that expressive passage—‘Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus Christ is the Son of God?’ Faith penetrates futurity; it rends the veil and pierces into an unknown world; it fixes its eye on eternity, and these little worlds disappear—the heart becomes dead to the pleasures of sense. It was thus that Moses, ‘seeing Him that was invisible,’ became dead to the pleasures of the Egyptian court. It is not, then, very difficult to perceive how the peace of God—a solid, well-grounded peace, communion with God through our Lord Jesus Christ—tends to make a man dead to the world through the cross of Christ.”

But all this earnestness is accounted for if we seek him in his study before he goes into the pulpit, and hear him thus communing with himself and his God on the solemn task before him:—

“When I have been thinking of the approach of the Lord’s day, the questions have occurred to my mind, What message have I to deliver to the people of my charge? What important doctrine to establish? What sin to expose? What duty to inculcate? What case to meet? What acknowledged truth to improve? The method frequently used seems to afford an answer to none of these questions; but is rather saying, None at all, only I have a text of Scripture, on the different parts of which I may say something that will fill up the time.”

Or again:—“I am expected to preach, it may be to some

hundreds of people, some of whom may come several miles to hear ; and what have I to say to them ? Is it for me to sit here studying a text merely to find something to say to fill up the hour ? I may do this without imparting any useful instruction, without commending myself to any man's conscience, and without winning, or even aiming to win, one soul to Christ. It is possible there may be in the audience a poor miserable creature, labouring under the load of a guilty conscience. If he depart without being told how to obtain rest for his soul, what may be the consequence ? Or, it may be, some stranger may be there who has never heard the way of salvation in his life. If he should depart without hearing it now, and should die before another opportunity occurs, how shall I meet him at the bar of God ? Possibly some one of my constant hearers may die in the following week ; and is there nothing I should wish to say to him before his departure ? It may be that I myself may die before another Lord's day : this may be the last time that I shall ascend the pulpit ; and have I no important testimony to leave with the people of my care ?”

Without any further analysis, the reader may not be displeased to have some specimens of the compass and power of Mr. Fuller's preaching :—

THE WOMAN OF CANAAN.

“When John the Baptist sent a message to Jesus, saying, ‘Art Thou he that should come, or do we look for another?’ Jesus gave an indirect answer, an answer containing a reproof. Whether John himself, retaining, like the apostles, the notion of a temporal kingdom, and therefore expecting on his being put in prison that a great revolution would follow in favour of the Messiah, and hearing of nothing but companies of poor people repairing to Him to be healed of their infirmities, began to hesitate whether he might not have been mistaken, or whether He only personated some of his disciples, somebody appears to have been stumbled at

the simplicity of Christ's appearance. Hence the indirect answer of Jesus : 'Go and show John again those things which ye do hear and see : the blind receive their sight, and the lame walk ; the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear ; the dead are raised up, and the poor have the Gospel preached to them. And blessed is he whosoever shall not be offended in Me.' To be encompassed by crowds of afflicted people supplicating for mercy, and employed in relieving them, was sustaining a character, though far from what the world calls splendid, yet truly great, and worthy of the Messiah. The short account of this poor woman is more profitable to be read than a long and minute history of military exploits."

THE DISCIPLES AND THE PETITIONER.

"Here is a *second* application made on her behalf ; and that is by the disciples ; they 'came and besought Him to send her away.' I hope they meant that He would grant her petition. One might have expected something considerable from the intercession of the twelve apostles. He had consented to go and heal the centurion's servant at the request of the Jewish elders ; and surely His own disciples must have an interest with Him equal to theirs. If the poor woman knew of their becoming her advocates, it is natural to suppose her expectations must have been raised : and this it is likely she did ; for while they were speaking, she seems to have held her peace. Neither need they have been at a loss for a precedent ; for though she was a heathen, yet they had lately witnessed His kind attention to a Roman centurion ; and had they pleaded this, He might have shown mercy at their request. But to what does their intercession amount ? Alas, it is mean and pitiful ; it does not appear to have a spice of benevolence in it, but to have been merely the effect of self-love : 'Send her away,' said they, 'for she crieth after us.' O disciples ! and does the voice of prayer trouble you ? How little at present do you resemble your Master ! We never read of *His* being troubled with the cry of the poor and

needy. And this is all you have to urge, is it? Your charity amounts to just so much as that of some wealthy persons, who give a poor man a penny, not out of compassion, but in order to get rid of him!

“What is the answer to this miserable petition? Our Lord takes no notice of the mercenary nature of the plea; and this was like *Himself*: amidst the numerous faults of His disciples, He often exercised a dignified forbearance towards them. But what answer did He make? ‘I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel.’”

THE TRUE GROUND OF PRAYER.

“Let us hear the *fourth* and last application: ‘Truth, Lord; yet the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from their master’s table.’ Most admirable! Such an instance of spiritual ingenuity, of holy and humble acumen, was perhaps never known before, or since. Now the conflict is at an end; the victory is gained; the kingdom of heaven is taken by the prayer of faith. Jesus, like Joseph, can restrain Himself no longer, but appears in His true character: ‘O woman, great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt!’ Let us review this charming crisis, and mark the ground from which this last and successful plea proceeded. *It was the ground on which the Lord had placed her.* He intimated that she was a dog, unworthy of the children’s bread; she readily admitted it, and as a dog presented her petition. Here, then, is the grand secret how to succeed in our approaches for mercy. We must stand upon that ground where the Scripture places us, and thence present our petition. Does the Lord tell us in His Word that we are guilty, unworthy, ungodly, deserving of eternal death? On this ground we must take our stand, and plead for that mercy which is provided for characters of this description. All applications for mercy, on any other ground, will be unsuccessful.”

ST. JOHN AT PATMOS.

“On seeing Him, the apostle fell at His feet as dead. He on whose bosom he could formerly lean with all the familiarity of a friend, is now possessed of a glory too great to be sustained by a mortal man. But yet how sweetly is this awful grandeur tempered with gentleness and goodness! ‘He laid His right hand upon me, saying unto me, Fear not, I am the first and the last; I am He that liveth and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death.’”

APPROVING THINGS THAT ARE EXCELLENT.

“But, to go on a step further, the apostle prays not only that it may abound in knowledge, but *‘in all judgment.’* This is still more. There is a difference between knowledge and judgment; knowledge is more of the speculative, judgment more of the practical. Judgment is knowledge ripened into maturity; knowledge, as I may say, collects the evidences, and judgment sums them up and passes a decision. A man may possess much knowledge, but little judgment. We have known characters who have been very learned, have read many books, have seen many things, have had large acquaintance, and yet had no talents at associating the particulars, so as to form a solid and practical judgment of things. This I speak even of temporal and natural things. That which the apostle here calls judgment is in the margin called sense; that ye may abound in all sense; and wherefore? Because the judgment of which he speaks is that which arises very much from a holy sense of right and wrong; it is a compound of the feelings of the heart. That which is here called judgment, or sense, is that to a Christian which a delicate sense of propriety is to a well-educated mind. You know what this is; it is something different from mere learning; it is different from mere knowledge; it is that quick sensibility which promptly, and, as I may say, instinctively, determines the right from the wrong, the good

from the evil; it dictates the path of propriety in the twinkling of an eye. This is what we call a delicate sense of propriety in common life; and that which this is to a natural man, such is a holy tenderness of heart, such is a holy tenderness of conscience, to a good man. This is what he means in the next phrase, 'That ye may approve things that are excellent,' or, as the margin renders it, that ye may try things that differ. As a delicate sense of propriety enables a man in the common concerns of life to try things that differ; that is, he judges of propriety and impropriety by an immediate instinct, as I may say; so he that possesses a holy tenderness of heart, and a holy tenderness of conscience, tries instinctively those things which differ; chooses the good and rejects the evil. Perhaps you may ask, What things are they that differ, to which the apostle may here refer, and which such a holy judgment tends to distinguish? I answer, things earthly, and things heavenly; things true, and things false; things good, and things evil. Now all these things are continually passing before us, perpetually presenting themselves to our choice, to our practical judgment, as I may say, and we must decide upon them every day and every hour. Every hour you must decide either in favour of things heavenly or things earthly. Oh that your love may abound yet more and more in knowledge and in all judgment, that you may try things that differ, and prefer the excellent! Choose heavenly things in preference to earthly, as your portion. Things true and things false are continually presenting themselves before your eyes or your ears; false doctrine as well as true doctrine is continually soliciting your attention. In books, in sermons, in company, and in conversation, you are continually hearing of false doctrine; atheistical, or some corruption of the pure doctrine of the text. Here is the beauty of things—to have such a holy sense maintained in our souls as in a moment to see which is false that you may reject it, and the truth that you may imbibe it. Things good and things evil are also

continually passing before your eyes; the temptations and snares of the world are continually soliciting you; gold sparkles in your eyes, sensual pleasure is continually presenting itself and soliciting your affection, and God himself deigns to stoop and ask your heart, and He says: 'Set your affections on things which are above, and not on things below.' How happy you and I, if we possess that spiritual judgment, that Divine sense, to abhor the one and embrace the other! This is that holy judgment which the apostle prays for on behalf of the primitive Christians, and which is accompanied with nearness of communion with God."

RELIGIOUS SELFISHNESS.

"I may mention, besides this, a sort of religious narrowness of mind in that person whose chief concern it is to get comfort to his own mind—whose chief and almost sole concern it is that he may obtain a good ground to hope for everlasting life in the world to come—who cares little or nothing about the interest of Christ on the earth, the cause of God, the cause of righteousness, truth, and humanity—who does not grasp within the circle of his prayers his fellow men, his fellow Christians—he whose religion centres principally in himself. Alas! it is doubtful whether that man can be a Christian: at any rate he cannot have a prosperous soul; and I have generally remarked that those religious people who are continually poring over their own case, who are only anxious to discover evidences of their Christianity, who are perpetually poring over past experience to spell out whether they were truly converted or not, who hear sermons and read the Scriptures only to find out whether they can come in for anything to comfort them—I say I have found that those who spend their whole time in this are, generally, disappointed. You, selfish soul, that care little for the souls of others, take a course directly opposed to your own interest. Seek to bring peace to the souls of others; that will be the way to find comfort for

yourself. Seek the good of the poor and the afflicted, and in seeking that you will find your own. By seeking the public good we should find a private good. I never knew a man of a large heart—whose soul grasped the well-being of others, who laid out his time and property for the good of others—greatly troubled about his own interest in Christ. It is in seeking the good of God's cause in the world, and promoting the good of our fellow creatures, that God will give us the earnest of eternal life. A public spirit is the spirit of the Gospel, and largeness of heart is the mark of a prosperous soul."

WITHOUT SOUND OF AXE OR HAMMER.

"It is further observable from the foregoing prophecies, that whatever evils may precede the triumph of the Gospel, yet the thing itself will take place without bloodshed, treachery, intrigue, tumult, or parade. The overturning of those governments which set themselves against the preaching of it may be necessary to prepare the way; and this may be accomplished by wicked men and wicked means: but this will be only as the wind, the earthquake, and the fire, to the still small voice. The noise of hammers and axes, though necessary in preparing for the temple, was not to be heard in the building of it. The kingdoms of this world are commonly founded either in violence or in deceit, and often in both; but that of 'the Prince of peace' will correspond with His character: justice and judgment will be the basis of His throne. He himself hath '*done no violence,*' neither was '*any deceit* in His mouth,' and however He may turn such measures in His enemies to the advantage of His cause, He will never allow His servants to have recourse to them. The *peace* produced by other conquerors is merely the effect of fear; it is the stillness of the oppressed, who dare not complain, lest their oppression should be increased: but the peace promised under the reign of Christ is ascribed to the earth being 'filled with the knowledge of the Lord,

as the waters cover the sea.' His conquests are those of the heart. His subjects will be such from conviction and choice.

"The kingdoms of this world are introduced and supported by parade; but it will not be so with the kingdom of Christ. This, as he told the Pharisees, came 'not by observation,' or outward show; neither should they say, 'Lo here, or Lo there;' for it was already among them. And thus we may conclude it will come, when it shall fill the whole earth. Men shall not be able to point to this place or that and say, 'Lo, it is here, or, Lo, it is there;' for before they are aware it shall be among them. Worldly men may at the time be pursuing their schemes with such earnestness as to think no more of it than Festus did 'of one Jesus, who was dead, and whom Paul affirmed to be alive;' but while they are pursuing their schemes, God will have so pursued His as that they shall find themselves surrounded by it in every direction, and as unable to stop its progress as the Jewish rulers were, when they complained of the apostles for having 'filled Jerusalem with their doctrine.' In this silent and imperceptible way the Gospel continued to operate in the early ages, when it was left to its own evidence and the power of the Holy Spirit to recommend it. In the days of Tertullian, that is, in less than two hundred years after the death of Christ, that apologist could tell the Roman senate that it had overspread their empire. 'Your cities, islands, forts, towns, and assemblies; your very camps, wards, companies, palace, senate, forum, all,' said he, 'swarm with Christians.' Yet all appears to have been conducted without violence or tumult, save that which was found among unbelievers."

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF THE SAVIOUR.

"The connexion between the death of Christ on earth and His succeeding life in glory renders each of them more interesting. There is great joy derived from the consideration of salvation through the *death* of Christ. It is the burden of the heavenly song. But this would be no joy,

were it not for the consideration of His life. What if we could all have obtained salvation; yet if it must have been at the expense of the everlasting blessedness of our Deliverer, who could have enjoyed it? What would the feast be, if the Lord of the feast were not there? Though, in the enduring death of the cross, He had 'spoiled principalities and powers,' and 'made a show of them openly,' yet if He had not lived to enjoy His triumphs, what would they have been to the redeemed, and even to the angelic world? If the King's Son had been lost, the victory of that day would have been turned into mourning. If it had been possible for Him to be holden of death, the loss to the moral empire of God must have exceeded the gain, and the saved themselves must have been ashamed to appear in heaven at the expense of the general good! But we are not called to so painful a trial. Our salvation, expensive as it was, was not at this expense. He *was dead*, but He liveth! 'Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who according to His abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead!'

"And as the life of Christ adds to the joy arising from His death, so the death of Christ adds to the joy arising from His life. There is great joy, as we have seen, derived from His life; but it would not be what it is if this His life had not succeeded His death. The life of Isaac was dear to Abraham before he attempted to offer him up a sacrifice; but it would be much more so when he had received him *as from the dead*. The life of Joseph was dear to Jacob when he dwelt with him in the vale of Hebron; but it would be much more so after his having in a manner buried him. If Christ had never divested Himself of the glory which He had with the Father before the world was, it would not have been to us that which it will be. The very angels, though He died not for them, nor for any of their species, yet honour Him as 'the Lamb that was slain,' And as to the redeemed themselves, their song is sweeter still: 'Thou art

worthy,' say they, 'for Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation; and hast made unto our God kings and priests; and we shall reign on the earth.' "

HOLY BEAUTY.

"Holy beauty, in every stage and degree of it, is lovely. The character given to that generation of the Israelites which grew up in the wilderness, and which, warned by the crimes and punishments of its predecessors, clave in great numbers to the Lord, is charming: 'Thus saith the Lord, I remember thee, the kindness of thy youth, the love of thine espousals, when thou wentest after me in the wilderness, in a land that was not sown. Israel was holiness unto the Lord, and the first-fruits of his increase: all that devour him shall offend: evil shall come upon them, said the Lord.' It was then that Balaam endeavoured in vain to curse them; and that, instead of cursing, he was constrained to bless them. Like an old debauchee awed by the dignity of virtue, he was compelled to desist, and even to admire the object which he could not imitate: 'How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel!—Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!' Such, I may say, was the youthful beauty of the Jewish church; and that of the Christian church was still greater. To read the Acts of the Apostles, and to see the faith, the love, the zeal, the disinterestedness, the diligence, and the patience of the first disciples, is very affecting. It was then that they continued stedfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers; that great grace was upon them all; and that, having believed in Jesus, they rejoiced in being thought worthy to suffer for His name. But, lovely as both the Jewish and Christian churches were, neither of them could vie with the church made perfect. The disparity between the highest degrees of holiness and a state of sinless perfection, is inconceivable. The

deliverance of the captives from mere temporal thralldom, and which was only the *effect* of sin, was so overcoming that they were *like those that dream*, scarcely believing themselves to be what and where they were; but for the church of God, in full remembrance of its foul revolts, to feel itself *holy and without blemish*, is an idea too great for sinful creatures to comprehend."

AN APPEAL TO THE YOUNG.

"O young people, a thousand arguments and examples might be adduced to show the force and propriety of the petition! If you have a spark of ingenuousness towards God in your hearts, you would not desire to put Him off with the refuse of a life spent in the service of sin. You would offer Him the first-fruits of your days; the best of your time, strength, talents, and influence. And this is not all. Time flies. Years roll over in quick succession. Death sweeps away the young as well as the aged. Of the burials that we have had this year in our congregation, five out of six have been young people; some of them under twenty years of age, and others of them but little past that period. None of them seem to have thought much of dying, yet they are gone from the land of the living! Hark! from their tombs I hear the language of warning and solemn counsel! 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth thee to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge in the grave, whither thou goest.' Join with your pastor, join with your parents, join with all that seek your welfare, in praying, 'O satisfy us early with Thy mercy, that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.'

"What shall I say more? Will you, my dear young people, will you drink and be satisfied at the fountain of mercy; a fountain that is wide open, and flows freely through our Lord Jesus Christ? You cannot plead the want of sufficient inducements. Ministers, parents, Christians, angels, the faltering voice of death, the solemn assurance of a judg-

ment to come, and above all, the sounding of the bowels of Jesus Christ, all say, Come. But if, like those who refused the waters of Siloah, you prefer the follies and pursuits of the present life to the joys of immortality, our souls shall weep in secret places for you. Tribulation and anguish will overtake you even in this life; and under it, instead of the consolations and hopes of the Gospel, you will have to reflect, This I have brought upon myself; and these are but the beginnings of sorrows!"

ALL THINGS NEW.

"The Gospel is a system *in direct opposition to selfishness*. It not only enforces a benevolent disposition, but is fraught with principles adapted to promote it. It furnishes the mind with a new set of views and feelings, both toward God and toward man. It tells us of One who, when all other means failed, said, 'Lo, I come—to do Thy will, O my God; yea, Thy law is within my heart;' of One who laid down His life for us, even when we were yet enemies. Now, to imbibe this doctrine, is to become, in a measure, of the same mind. He that is born of God possesses the spirit of a little child. 'Old things are passed away, and all things are become new.' Laying aside all malice, and all guile, and hypocrisies, and envies, and all evil-speakings, as a new-born babe he desireth the sincere milk of the Word, that he may grow thereby."

DAVID DALE.

"In observing my own mind, and the behaviour of my acquaintance, I see matter for both pleasure and pain. I see a goodly number of professing Christians who appear to me to live 'not unto themselves, but unto Him that died for them and rose again.' I see some of this description into whose hands God is pouring plenty, and who, though continually imparting, still increase. The poor people of Glasgow used to say of a late great and good man in that city, 'David Dale gives his money by sho'elsful, and God Almighty sho'els

'it back again.' Characters like-minded still live; and long may they live and be blessings to the world! They afford a striking contrast to those described by David: 'Let them be as grass upon the housetop, which withereth before it groweth up; wherewith the mower filleth not his hand, nor he that bindeth sheaves his bosom; neither do they that go by say, The blessing of the Lord be upon you!—we bless you in the name of the Lord!'"

THE BEAUTY OF THE LORD.

"It is requested, *thirdly*, that God would impart to them His beauty: 'Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us.'—All God's works are beautiful; but saints, who are His workmanship, are the subjects of a *holy* beauty, or of the beauty of holiness. They are comely through the comeliness which He puts upon them. Conceive of the camp of Israel, after they had been humbled and taught to fear the Lord their God. Two or three hundred thousand godly young people, following Him implicitly in the wilderness, and trembling at the idea of repeating the iniquities of their fathers! This was a sight at which even a wicked prophet was struck with awe, and could not forbear exclaiming, 'How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel! Powerful are the charms of genuine piety. There is something in it that disarms malignity itself, and extorts admiration even from those who hate it. Milton represents the devil himself, on his approaching Paradise, as awed by innocence, as staggered, as half inclined to desist from his purpose, and feeling a kind of perturbation within him, composed of malignity and pity. Something like this existed, methinks, in Balaam. He wanders from hill to mountain, seeking for curses, but scattering blessings; sometimes half inclined to unite with God, and concluding with a vain desire to die the death of the righteous. Powerful, I repeat it, are the charms of genuine piety. Conceive of a society of Christians drinking into the spirit of Christ, and walking

according to His commandments ! What an amiable sight ! ‘Beautiful as Tirzah, comely as Jerusalem, and terrible as an army with banners !’ So much as we possess of the spirit of true religion, so near as we approach its original simplicity, so far as our doctrine is incorrupt, our discipline pure and impartial, and our conversation as becometh the Gospel, so much of ‘the beauty of the Lord our God’ is *upon us.*”

CHAPTER XV.

THE LAST YEAR.

AMIDST unwearied and increasing labours, Mr. Fuller entered on the year 1814 with the strong presentiment that his life was drawing near its close. His sickness was of so chronic a character, that the foreboding came long before the end, and before even the cessation of his work. Never did his favourite maxim, “Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might,” receive more earnest fulfilment. “No letters,” he says, under date of May 26th, 1814, “will reach me at Kettering until the first week in August.” So, ill as he was, he tasked himself with nearly three months of weary travel. During this time he visited most of the midland counties, as well as the great northern cities, Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle, Leeds, and Hull. In the midst of his wanderings, he was called to London to secure from the Government the passage for a missionary, in consequence of the continued obstruction of the East India Company. After an interview with the Earl of Buckingham, matters were satisfactorily arranged. So altered was he in appearance, that his friends in London declared that “though he had with him all his soul, he only brought half his body.”

In the week following, he went to Leicester to give a parting blessing to Mr. Yates,—the same *Dr.* Yates that afterwards acquired so brilliant a reputation as an orientalist and as a successor to Dr. Carey. He preached at Leicester, it is said, with unusual solemnity and affection. He never appeared more absorbed than then in the concerns of the mission; it seemed as if his soul had gone across the seas, to hold fellowship with the brethren at Serampore. On parting with the friends at Leicester, he told them he was very ill, that he should probably see them no more, that his work was nearly done, but that he could not spare time to nurse himself, and must labour as long as he could.

During these severe labours, his intimate friend and adviser, Mr. Sutcliffe, was taken to his rest and reward. "Well," said Mr. Fuller, when he received the sad tidings, "the government is on *His* shoulder: ours will soon be from under the load; but while we are reducing in number, and increasing in labour, it may be the heavier for a time: God grant we may finish our course with joy!" In the midst of his harassing toils, he wrote to Robert Hall, begging him to furnish some account of Mr. Sutcliffe's character to the public. Mr. Hall at first complied, but afterwards begged release from his promise in the following characteristic note:

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—I am truly concerned to be obliged to tell you that I cannot succeed at all in my attempts to draw the character of our dear and venerable brother Sutcliffe. I have made several efforts, and have sketched out, as well as I could, the outlines of what I conceive to be his character, but have failed in producing such a portrait as appears to me fit for the public eye. I am perfectly convinced that your intimacy with him, and your powers of discrimination, will enable you to present to posterity a much juster and more impressive idea of him than I can. I am heartily sorry I promised it. But promises I hold sacred; and, therefore, if you insist upon it, and are not willing to release me from my engagement, I will accomplish the task as well as I

can. But if you will let the matter pass without reproaching me, *sub silentio*, you will oblige me considerably. It appears to me, that if I ever possessed a faculty of character-drawing I have lost it, probably for want of use, as I am far from taking any delight in a minute criticism on character, to which, in my younger days, I was excessively addicted. Both our taste and talents change with the progress of years. The purport of these lines, however, is to request you to absolve me from my promise, in which light I shall interpret your silence; holding myself ready, however, to comply with your injunctions.—I am, my dear Sir, your affectionate Brother,

“R. HALL.”

Besides the heavy loss of that friend whom he was wont to say was second in counsel only to Abraham Booth, there therefore fell upon him the labour of preparing some account of his beloved brother. It was no easy task to improve the death of one so well loved by him. He asked, instead, to be indulged in silent grief. The memorial, while it was a fitting tribute to a valued and useful life, is of especial interest, as it sets forth the temper of his own soul. The calm survey of death and judgment is uttered plainly by one who is himself girt and ready for the last passage; the description of another's hope interpreted his own:—

“View the grave,” he says, “as a long, dark, and comfortless abode, and it is sufficient to appal the stoutest spirit; but take into consideration that here the Lord lay—that He was raised from the dead, that He might be the first-fruits of them that slept—and that of all that the Father gave Him He will lose nothing, but will raise it up at the last day—and it will wear a different aspect. Job, when contemplating the grave as a long and dreary habitation, describes it in the most plaintive language: ‘Man lieth down, and riseth not till the heavens be no more!’ But when his views are fixed on the deliverance which he should obtain at that great and glorious day, his complaints are

exchanged for triumphs. It is delightful to observe the erection of soul which a believing prospect of the resurrection gave him, after all his depression : ‘Oh that my words were now written ! oh that they were printed in a book ! that they were graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock for ever ! For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth ; and though, after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God ; whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another ; though my reins be consumed within me.’ In a strain very similar to this, the apostle Paul, in his Epistle to the Corinthians, describes the victory over death and the grave, representing believers as actually raised from the dead, and *as standing upon their graves, looking the conquered enemy in the face, and exclaiming*, ‘O death, where is thy sting ? O grave, where is thy victory ? The sting of death is sin ; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.’ By looking for this part of the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ, we shall be reconciled to death, even before we meet it.”

He speaks, moreover, as one who is going to his account in the full belief that all his actions, and those of his brother, must be revealed at the last day. “It was a mistake,” he said, “to suppose that the lives of Christians would be covered from that solemn scrutiny.” Then, he says, with touching beauty, “another *stream of mercy* shall visit us,” quoting impressively Paul’s prayer for Onesiphorus : “The Lord give mercy unto the house of Onesiphorus, for he oft refreshed me, and was not ashamed of my chain ; but when he was in Rome, he sought me out very diligently, and found me : the Lord grant unto him that he may find mercy of the Lord *in that day*. After this, nothing remains but that ETERNAL LIFE into which, as into an ocean, these streams of mercy will flow : ‘Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the

world.' Such was the object of your dear pastor's hope ; may such be yours and mine ! Let our last end be like his !" We can imagine the sympathetic earnestness with which the weary workman would repeat the lines on his friend's lips in his last hours :—

"We walk a narrow path, and rough,
And we are tired and weak ;
But soon we shall have rest enough
In those blest courts we seek.

"I once have tasted Canaan's grapes,
And now I long to go
To where my Lord His vineyard keeps,
And where the clusters grow."

Towards the close of 1814, he somewhat recovered from his sickness, and set out northward to complete the work he had left unfinished. But the shadow of the darkness to come does not leave him. It was all the deeper because his old friends were one after another being taken away. "Death," he says, "has been making havoc of late among us. Mrs. Sutcliffe died on the 3rd of September. Yesterday I preached a funeral sermon, if so it might be called, for three members of our church lately deceased. I feel as one who has the sentence of death, and whose great concern it is whether my religion will bear the test ! Almost all my old friends are dead or dying. Well, I have a hope that bears me up, and it is through grace. In reviewing my life, I see much evil. 'God be merciful to me a sinner !' "

In December of the same year he preached a sermon in London on behalf of the British and Foreign School Society. It was the last grand effort of his life. Never, it is said, will this discourse be forgotten by those who heard it. Though his body was enfeebled by sickness, it seemed as if all the powers of his soul had gathered themselves for one last appeal to the charity of the church. The occasion was just such as to call forth from the preacher's lips the most grateful and passionate utterances. For one short hour in

his life he might be permitted to compare the lonely strife of his past days with the signs of awakened zeal everywhere about him.

We can imagine the preacher's reflections as he travelled up to London that year to preach his farewell sermon in the metropolis; or if we wrong his humility in attributing to him such thoughts, we at least cannot help entertaining them concerning him. Twenty years before, he had travelled that same way on his solitary errand of missionary zeal. The church of Christ, both within and without the pale of the establishment, was to a mournful extent insensible to the guilt and sorrow of men both at home and abroad. They seemed absorbed in the contemplation of their own privileges, and unable to realise their appointed mission. But what had been accomplished in that twenty years! Not only had his own beloved Society passed from the eagerness of youth to the strength of manhood, but enterprises of a similar nature had been set on foot by other bodies. Besides those of a distinctly missionary character, many schemes of charity and beneficence—such as the one he was going to serve—had started into life; and all this awakened enterprise was mainly resulting from the toil of himself and his brethren. The church had been as a widow mourning at the tomb of her enshrined Lord, enshrined in the sloth and superstition of the church; but now she was arraying herself in her true bridal beauty, and challenging the love of her living Saviour!

If his thoughts turned from the altered face of things in England to the labours of his beloved brethren in India, the same cheering thought must have refreshed his soul. True it is, he could not boast of thousands converted to God, or a nation "having been born in a day;" but the Serampore band were translating the Word of God into languages that would bring it home to millions of the heathen. The dream of Pentecost was receiving its true interpretation. Turning our thoughts for a moment from the journey of the secretary

to the labours of the first missionary, we find a work accomplished at which the spirit of industry itself might stand aghast. Before William Carey languished into life in the warm eastern air, he and his co-workers had translated the whole, or part, of the Book of God into forty dialects and languages, covering a population of two hundred and seventy millions of immortal beings; that is, he had given the Bible to nearly a third part of the whole human family. Though that consummation was not quite reached when Andrew Fuller was on the way to London, the work had been planned and partly executed, and the glorious consummation was approaching.

Beside all this, the Society of which he was the secretary had sent missionaries into the dark and neglected parts of England, giving the lie to the oft-repeated charge that the churches neglect those near at home in caring for the heathen abroad, and proving the truth of the Divine proverb, "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; there is that withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty." The general advancement in the arts of life, the extension and improvement of the means of communication, the promise of peace to the nations long weary of war, would all give animation and vividness to the scene.

He took for his text the inspiriting words of the prophet: "Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased." Referring to the so-called philosophical illumination, which, by excluding the Bible, was to ameliorate the condition of men, he pointed to the barrenness of its promises, and the blighting effects it produced. He boldly declared that that knowledge "which should bring healing to the people, and such a stirring up of life as would justify the words of the prophet, was the knowledge of the one living and true God, and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent,—that fear of the Lord which is the beginning of wisdom;" the knowledge that the wicked would not understand, but the wise should know. The heralds of salvation were as lamp-

bearers, running eagerly into the dark places of the earth to dispel the darkness. He turned to the dark places of their own country, and bid them think of the many poor boys and girls who could not read or write, nor converse with wise men; who were very little, if anything, superior to savages. With impressive power he pointed to the graves of the poor in the country churchyards, who had lived and died in utter neglect, as witnesses to the church's indolence, quoting the lines of Gray:—

“Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart, once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

“But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.”

He then turns and glances at the wonderful work going on all around; and though the Society for which he is pleading for the most part confined its labours to England, he cannot in his present mood separate home and foreign affairs. “We might, all of us,” he said, “be like Abraham, who, although He was called and blessed alone, yet had given to him a covenant of blessing to the nations. If God gives us the cup of salvation, we must hand it round; if He gives us knowledge or riches, or any other gift, we must not keep it to ourselves, but run to and fro that we may impart it.”

“If it be the design of God,” he proceeded, “to diffuse the knowledge of Himself over the earth in these last days, it might be expected that suitable means and instruments would be employed to accomplish it. When He meant to rear a tabernacle in the wilderness, He raised up Bezaleel and Aholiat, and other wise-hearted men, in whom He put wisdom and understanding. Thus we might expect men to be gifted and qualified for the work appointed them, and to be stirred up to engage in it. It might be expected, suppo-

sing a great work was designed to be accomplished, that societies would be formed, some to translate the sacred Scriptures into the languages of the nations, some to give them circulation, some to scatter tracts which shall impress their leading principles, some to preach the Gospel, and some to teach the rising generation to read and write.

“Who can observe the movements of the present times without perceiving on them the finger of God? They may not have risen just in the order above described. The institution of Sunday Schools, as they are called, for the children of the poor, took the lead about thirty years ago; since then other institutions of various kinds have followed; but they have all risen nearly together, and all indicate a Divine design. They form a whole, and like the different parts of a machine, all work together.”

From the fact that he accepted the invitation to preach on behalf of this Society, and more especially from the following passage in the discourse, it will be seen that he was no narrow zealot, so absorbed in his own pursuits that he could not perceive the value of secondary influences.

“The British and Foreign School Society claims our attention; and such a Society is wanted to give success to all other institutions for the diffusion of knowledge; for if the world were full of Bibles, it would be of little avail if the people were not taught to read them. Is not the British system of education an engine capable of moving the moral world? From what I know of it, I am persuaded it is; and that God has caused it to be brought forward for this purpose. Its principle appears to me to be military. We all know that astonishing effects are produced in the political world by forming and organizing a number of men, every one filling the most advantageous post, and all acting together in concert. If this principle has been brought to bear in war, why should it not rather be employed in promoting knowledge, and diffusing the blessings of peace? It is but of small account whether it originated with a Bell or with a

Lancaster, and whether the societies act in concert or not, so that they do but act. It may be useful rivalry, and serve to provoke to good works. It requires to be supported, and I trust it will be so. If the nations of Europe who have sent and are sending messengers to learn the principles of our operations, should perceive our hands to slacken in the use of them, it must not only sink us in their esteem, but impede the progress of the work. It is only to be a little more economical, denying ourselves a few of the superfluities of life, and we may support all these institutions. The expense of one lust is greater than all the taxes of benevolence and religion."

In the commencement of the following year he was labouring under the most depressed state of mind and body, although his heart was calm and trusting. He would sing about the house, to a simple and plaintive air:—

"I sojourn in a vale of tears;
Alas! how can I sing?
My harp doth on the willows hang,
Distuned in every string.

"My music is a captive's chain,
Harsh sounds my ears do fill;
How can I sing sweet Zion's songs,
On this side Zion's hill?"

Yet in the midst of all this suffering he was working at his desk *twelve hours* in the day. An exclamation escapes the over-tasked workman as he glances at all the papers before him: "That which is lacking cannot be numbered, and that which is crooked cannot be made straight." His beloved wife sits by his side full of sadness, and ventures a remark on the closeness of *their* occupation; for, indeed, no small share of care devolved on her, in consequence of the severity of his labours. He replied to her tender remonstrance: "Ah, my dear, the way for us to have any joy is to rejoice in all our labour, and then we shall have plenty." "But you allow yourself no time for recreation," continues

the pleading wife. "Oh, no," he replies; "all my recreation is a change of work." She tries once more: "Yes, but you will wear yourself out." He replies, slowly and solemnly: "I cannot be worn out in a better cause; we must 'work while it is day.'"

From a scrap he wrote on February 1st to his brother at Isleham, we find that though so near his death he was still forming plans for another campaign: "Well," he writes, "'the Lord liveth, and blessed be my Rock!' I am conscious of no wicked way in me, but I feel myself to be an unprofitable servant; we shall soon finish our course, may it be with joy! If I am able next summer, it is in my mind to take a tour eastward, to Wisbeach, Lynn, Fakenham, Norwich, Yarmouth, and some other places in Norfolk and Suffolk, and return by Isleham Soham; but perhaps I may prove like Samson, who went out to do as at other times, and wist not that his strength was departed from him."

Men who really love work, oftentimes, in the feebleness of death, scheme plans which they are never permitted to carry out. We are reminded of one who, after he had "fought the good fight, and finished his course," earnestly demands fresh helpers, asking for a cloak, books, and parchments, as if he were commencing his apostolic work.

On the 29th of March he paid his last visit away from home. It was to attend at the ordination of Mr. Mack, of Clipstone. He addressed the assembled congregation in the most impressive manner, from the words, "Look to yourselves that we lose not those things which we have wrought, but that we receive a full reward." When he reached the vestry, under great exhaustion, he exclaimed, "I am very ill,—a dying man;" and on taking leave the next day, "All is over—my work is nearly finished—I shall see you no more—Farewell!"

The following Sabbath, April 2nd, was the last Sunday he ever spent with the beloved people of his charge. He discoursed from the words, "Thus saith the Lord, the heaven

is my throne, and the earth is my footstool," speaking with peculiar earnestness. After the service, he administered the ordinance of the Lord's Supper for the last time. During his short, but deeply solemn address, partly from weakness and partly from emotion, he was interrupted by long and painful pauses. There was scarcely one among the congregation who did not feel that they were receiving the memorials of a Saviour's love from his hands for the last time. Weak, worn, and faint, his eye kindled with an almost unearthly intensity of feeling, he seemed utterly absorbed in the contemplation of his dying Lord, and quoted with pausing emphasis the hymn of Dr. Watts :—

"Jesus is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach Him not;
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.

"He knows what wandering hearts we have,
Apt to forget His lovely face!
And, to refresh our minds, He gave
These kind memorials of His grace.

"The Lord of life this table spread
With His own flesh and dying blood;
We on the rich provision feed,
And taste the wine, and bless the God.

"Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem;
Christ and His love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fixed on Him.

"While He is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heavenly light,
And live for ever near His face.

"Our eyes look upwards to the hills,
Whence our returning Lord shall come;
To wait Thy chariot's awful wheels,
To fetch our longing spirits home."

On the Tuesday following he solemnly surrendered himself into the hands of God : "Into Thy hands I commend my spirit, my family, and my charge. I have done a little for God, but what I have done needs forgiveness. I trust in sovereign grace and mercy. I could be glad to be favoured with some lively hopes before I depart hence. God, my supporter and my hope ! I would say, not my will, but Thine be done :—

‘God is my soul’s eternal Rock,
The strength of every saint.’

I am a poor sinner, but my hope is in the Saviour of sinners."

Though his friends felt on the Sabbath day as if they had taken a public farewell at least of their beloved pastor, they resolved to use every means in their power to prolong his life. His medical advisers had often urged him to make a trial of the Cheltenham waters. Without delay his friends made him a present of £50 towards the expenses of his journey. Everything was arranged for him to leave home on the following Monday, but the pressure of increasing disease obliged him to give up the scheme. Among those who frequently visited his sick room was his beloved brother Mr. Toller, the pastor of the Independent church at Kettering. Though belonging to a different denomination, Mr. Fuller had enjoyed with his brother a most affectionate intercourse. "Though living," says Mr. Toller, in speaking of their friendship, "in the same town, engaged in the same profession, and that under the banners of different denominations, for about thirty years, I do not recollect that ever an angry word passed between us, or a single jar occurred by our means among our respective connexions." Robert Hall, in one of the happiest efforts of his pen, compares the characters of these two men :—

"It has rarely been the privilege of one town, and that not of considerable extent, to possess at the same time, and for so long a period, two such eminent men as Mr. Toller and

Mr. Fuller. Their merits as Christian ministers were so equal, and yet so different, that the exercise of their religious functions in the same place was as little adapted to produce jealousy as if they had moved in distant spheres. The predominant feature in the intellectual character of Mr. Fuller was the power of discrimination, by which he detected the minutest shades of difference among objects which most minds would confound. Mr. Toller excelled in exhibiting the commonsense of mankind in a new and impressive form. Mr. Fuller never appeared to so much advantage as when occupied in detecting sophistry, repelling objections, and ascertaining, with a microscopic accuracy, the exact boundaries of truth and error: Mr. Toller attached his attention chiefly to those parts of Christianity which come most into contact with the imagination and the feelings, over which he exerted a sovereign ascendancy. Mr. Fuller convinced by his arguments, Mr. Toller subdued by his pathos; the former made his hearers feel the grasp of his intellect, the latter the contagion of his sensibility. Mr. Fuller's discourses identified themselves after they were heard with trains of thought; Mr. Toller's with trains of emotion. The illustrations employed by Mr. Fuller (for he also excelled in illustration) were generally made to subserve the clearer comprehension of his subject; those of Mr. Toller consisted chiefly of appeals to the imagination and the heart. Mr. Fuller's ministry was peculiarly adapted to detect hypocrites, to expose fallacious pretensions to religion, and to separate the precious from the vile; he sat as 'the refiner's fire, and the fuller's soap.' Mr. Toller was most in his element when exhibiting the consolations of Christ, dispelling the fears of death, and painting the prospects of eternity. Both were original; but the originality of Mr. Fuller appeared chiefly in his doctrinal statements, that of Mr. Toller in his practical remarks. The former was unquestionably most conversant with speculative truth, the latter possessed, perhaps, the deeper insight into the human heart.

“Nor were the characters of these eminent men, within the limits of that moral excellence which was the attribute of both, less diversified than their mental endowments. Mr. Fuller was chiefly distinguished by the qualities that command veneration ; Mr. Toller by those which excite love.

“Laborious, zealous, intrepid, Mr. Fuller passed through a thousand obstacles in the pursuit of objects of public interest and utility. Mr. Toller loved to repose, delighting and delighted, in the shade of domestic privacy. The one lived for the world ; the other for the promotion of the good of his congregation, his family, and friends. An intense zeal for the advancement of the kingdom of Christ, sustained by industry that never tired, a resolution not to be shaken, and integrity incapable of being warped, conjoined to a certain austerity of manner, were the leading characteristics of Mr. Fuller ; gentleness, humility, and modesty those of Mr. Toller. The secretary of the Baptist Mission, attached, in my opinion, too much importance to a speculative accuracy of sentiment ; while his fellow minister leaned to the contrary extreme. Mr. Fuller was too prone to infer the character of men from their creed ; Mr. Toller to lose sight of their creed in their character.”

After reading such a comparison, we can well understand how closely their souls were knit together, and how solemn would be their parting. The difference in their nature, so far from keeping them apart, would only draw them the nearer to each other. At their last parting, Mr. Toller grasping the hands of his dying friend, observed with deep emotion, not expecting to see him more, “We have lived harmoniously many years in the same place, I trust we shall one day meet above.” Mr. Fuller caught up the closing words and replied, “Looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ, unto eternal life.”

Seven days before his death, he seems to have longed to have some communion with one of his dearest surviving friends, Dr. Ryland. Dear to him as a fellow-labourer, and,

perhaps, dearer still from the communion of sorrow. It was for his little sick one that Dr. Ryland had written the hymn :—

“Lord, teach a little child to pray.”

Such things as these bind men in death, even more than the fellowship of public work. Unable to hold his pen himself, he dictated the following letter, signing his initials with his own hand :—

“MY DEAREST FRIEND,—We have enjoyed much together, which I hope will prove an earnest of greater enjoyment in another world. We have also wrought together in the Lord’s vineyard, and He has given us to reap together in His vintage. I expect this is nearly over; but I trust we shall meet, and part no more. I have very little hope of recovery; but I am satisfied to drink of the cup which my Heavenly Father giveth me to drink. Without experience, no one can conceive of the depression of my spirits; yet I have no despondency. ‘I know whom I have believed, and that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him against that day.’ I am a poor guilty creature; but Christ is an Almighty Saviour. I have preached and written much against the *abuse* of the doctrine of grace; but that doctrine is all my salvation and all my desire. I have no other hope than from salvation by mere sovereign, efficacious grace, through the atonement of my Lord and Saviour. With this hope, I can go into eternity with composure. Come, Lord Jesus! Come when Thou wilt! Here I am; let Him do with me as seemeth Him good!

“We have some who hath been giving out, of late, that ‘if Sutcliffe and some others had preached more of Christ and less of Jonathan Edwards, they would have been more useful.’ If those who talked thus preached Christ half as much as Jonathan Edwards did, and were half as useful as he was, their usefulness would be double what it is. It is very singular that the mission to the East should have originated

with men of these principles; and, without pretending to be a prophet, I may say, if ever it falls into the hands of men who talk in this strain, it will soon come to nothing.

“If I should never see your face in the flesh, I could wish one last testimony of brotherly love, and of the truth of the Gospel, to be expressed by your coming over and preaching my funeral sermon, if it can be, from Rom. viii. 10. I can dictate no more, but am ever yours,

“A. F.”

On the same day, one of the deacons, to whom he had expressed himself as in great depression of body, replied, “I do not know any person, Sir, who is in a more enviable situation than yourself,—a good man on the verge of a blessed immortality.” He modestly assented, and lifting up his hands, exclaimed: “If I am saved, it will be by great and sovereign grace—BY GREAT AND SOVEREIGN GRACE.” On attempting to raise himself in bed, he said, “All my feelings are sinking, dying feelings.” Glancing round the room, and seeing his poor wife weeping, he said, “We shall meet again! It will be well.” He declared that he never before felt such depression of animal spirits, accompanied with such calmness of mind; so slowly and surely did the soul gain and assert its mastery over the disease that had so long preyed upon the body. How fully in keeping with his whole life, was its quiet yet calmly triumphant close. He came fully equipped, with weapons sharpened with long and severe conflict, to meet his last enemy, but he had vanished from the field. “My mind is calm,” he exclaimed; “no raptures, no despondency. MY HOPE IS SUCH THAT I AM NOT AFRAID TO PLUNGE INTO ETERNITY.” His dauntless courage did not desert him when he took the last step into the cold, dark river.

On Sabbath day, May the 7th, within an hour of his death, he caught the strains of a hymn being sung by his beloved congregation in the adjoining chapel. The last lingering sparks of life suddenly rekindled, and he said to

his eldest child at his bedside, "I wish I had strength enough." "To do what, father?" "TO WORSHIP, CHILD!" the dying man responds, adding, "my eyes are dim." His family seeing that the end was near, gathered round his bed, but as if in eager haste to join the melody, he still cried, "Come and help me." They raised him in bed for a few minutes, while, with hands clasped, he seemed as if his soul was borne upwards with the measure of the psalm. *He did worship*, but the strain mingled with other voices, and was heard on another shore.

"In nothing," says Mr. Toller, "can I so fully join issue with him as in the manner of his dying. Had he gone off full of rapture and transport, I might have said, 'O let me die the triumphant death of the righteous!' but it would have been far more than I could have realized or expected in my own case: but the state of his mind towards the last appears to have been, if I may so express it, 'after my own heart.' *He died as a penitent sinner at the foot of the cross.*" It is not the voice of congratulation on the best spent life, however just, that is most acceptable in those awful moments, to pious minds: *that* is often heard with trembling diffidence and conscious apprehension of contaminating motives and counteracting defects. The sweetest music in the ears of expiring piety must be struck from another string. This is the record, that God hath given us eternal life, and this life is in His Son.

The funeral services were attended by crowds of mourners from all parts of the country, and representing all denominations of Christians—clergymen and Dissenting ministers were drawn to the meeting at Kettering, some of them from a long distance, to pay their last tribute of affection and respect. Dr. Ryland and the Rev. Robert Hall, assisted by the ministers of the town, conducted the services.

A tablet erected to his memory by his beloved flock, bears a loving yet truthful witness to the value of the life that had

passed from them. We, at this distance of time, who still desire to perpetuate his memory, may well ask, humbly and reverently, to join the mourners in their words of grief and love :—

IN MEMORY

OF THEIR REVERED AND BELOVED PASTOR, THE

REV. ANDREW FULLER,

THE CHURCH AND CONGREGATION HAVE ERECTED THIS TABLET.

HIS ARDENT PIETY,

THE STRENGTH AND SOUNDNESS OF HIS JUDGMENT,

HIS INTIMATE KNOWLEDGE OF THE HUMAN HEART,

AND HIS PROFOUND ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE SCRIPTURES,

EMINENTLY QUALIFIED HIM FOR THE MINISTERIAL OFFICE, WHICH

HE SUSTAINED AMONGST THEM THIRTY-TWO YEARS.

THE FORCE AND ORIGINALITY OF HIS GENIUS,

AIDED BY UNDAUNTED FIRMNESS,

RAISED HIM FROM OBSCURITY

TO HIGH DISTINCTION IN THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

BY THE WISDOM OF HIS PLANS,

AND BY HIS UNWEARIED DILIGENCE IN EXECUTING THEM,

HE RENDERED THE MOST IMPORTANT SERVICES TO

THE

BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY;

OF WHICH HE WAS THE SECRETARY FROM ITS COMMENCEMENT, AND

TO THE PROSPERITY OF WHICH HE DEVOTED HIS LIFE.

IN ADDITION TO HIS OTHER LABOURS,

HIS WRITINGS ARE NUMEROUS AND CELEBRATED.

HE DIED MAY 7TH, 1815, AGED 61.

APPENDIX.

MR. FULLER had a daughter, Sarah, whose memory is cherished with an almost reverent affection by those of the family who remember her, and whose death was in a very solemn way linked to that of her dear father. Looking at his corpse, she exclaimed : " I shall lie there very soon ; " a presentiment which was shortly afterwards realized. In Dr. Ryland's Memoir of Mr. Fuller, and in that also by the Rev. A. G. Fuller, a short note is appended of Sarah Fuller, with a reference to the closing days of her mother's life, which we may well still hand down in its old association.

" Her disposition, from a child, was amiable. Integrity was a prominent feature in her character. She appeared to possess an habitual tenderness of conscience, and was the subject of early convictions of sin, which, though transient in childhood, were more permanent as she advanced in years ; but, owing to a natural reservedness, accompanied by a fear of deceiving herself and others, it was very difficult to ascertain the real state of her mind and feelings ; and when she had unbosomed herself, she seemed to repent, as though she had said something which, after all, might not be true : and this suspicion of herself continued almost to the last. About the beginning of her last illness, in reply to the affectionate inquiries of her sister, she said : ' I feel a great deal ; but am afraid to speak it, lest I should deceive myself and others. Having had a religious education, it is easy to talk about religion ; and I am afraid lest what I have felt should be merely the effect of having enjoyed such a privilege, and so entirely wear off. I know religion in theory, but am fearful lest it

should be in theory only.' She wept much, and promised to communicate as much of her mind as she could; begging, however, that her sister would not mention it to any one; 'for,' said she, 'possibly what I now feel may be only on account of my affliction; and then, if I recover, it may all wear off, and I may bring a disgrace upon religion.'

"On being told of a young person who wished that, whenever she died, it might be of a consumption, that time might be afforded her to repent, she said it was 'so *unreasonable* to expect mercy, after having lived in sin as long as she *could*!'

"In public worship she was a very attentive hearer, and clearly understood and approved the doctrines of the Gospel. Prayer-meetings were her peculiar delight; and her punctuality in attending them was truly exemplary: if any of her friends seemed indifferent to them, observing, 'It is only a prayer-meeting,' she would express great disapprobation.

"It was pleasing to observe the earnest desire she manifested for the spiritual welfare of others, especially of the young. Her diligence as a teacher in the Sunday School was worthy of observation; and she was extremely anxious for the adoption of a plan which had been proposed for the private religious instruction of some of the elder children of the school, nor would she rest till she saw it accomplished, though her diffidence would not allow her to take any active part in it. She once said to her mother, in reference to this subject: 'Mother, when will you speak about it? I feel as if we were doing no good; and it is so *wicked* to live here only to eat and drink, and sleep!'

"During her illness, she spent most of her time, when able, in reading the Psalms and the New Testament; and when too weary herself to read, she would hear the Bible read with great pleasure.

"Though, doubtless, she felt the natural love of life, yet she was never heard to express the smallest degree of impatience under her long and trying affliction; and her mind

became more calm and composed, as her prospects of being restored to her friends declined. The only concern she manifested in this particular was in the idea of leaving her mother, to whom, after her father's death, she was especially endeared by her tender and dutiful attentions, and who, she knew, would deeply feel the loss of her society. She once said to her : 'I am quite happy, and have little wish to live but on your account.*' Seeing her mother greatly distressed, she in the tenderest manner endeavoured to reconcile her to the loss of her, by saying, 'Dear mother, do not lay your account with pining after me when I am gone; you have other children who will need your care, and you don't know what trouble you might have on my account if I were to live.' Being asked if she did not feel happy in the thought of meeting her dear departed friends in glory, she replied : 'I do not think of that, so much as of seeing *God* and praising Him.' A few days before she died, she requested her sister to pray for her speedy release. The next day she said to her mother, 'I think I am going, . . . I feel so calm and comfortable.' A short time before, she said she had no desire to live longer, unless it might be for the glory of God, and that she might serve Him. To a friend who was speaking of his trials being so great, that, were it not for his family, he could be glad to leave the world, she said, 'Take care of your *motives*, whether they are to glorify God, or merely to get rid of trouble.' In short, the thoughts of serving and glorifying God, whether in this world or another, seemed to take place of all other considerations. She did not, however, attach any merit to the best of services;

* She was peculiarly distressed at the thought of leaving her mother, confined by the charge of an aged and infirm parent to a house already the scene of melancholy recollections, which must be much increased by her own departure, and prayed earnestly and continually that God would spare her life beyond that of her grandmother, a request which was remarkably answered; her grandmother, who had enjoyed uninterrupted health till within a few weeks of her decease, being interred a few days before the death of Miss Fuller.

and her reliance for salvation was solely on the atonement of the Redeemer. She said He was all her hope, and all her desire.

“When her younger brothers visited her a few weeks previous to her death, her earnestness with them was very affecting. On the morning of the day on which she died, she expressed an anxious desire of speaking to all the young people of her acquaintance (mentioning several by name), in order, if possible, to convey to them the strong impression of the weight of eternal things which filled her own mind, in the near prospect of eternity; and said, if she had a wish to live, it was that she might see them come forward and declare themselves on the side of Christ. Being asked if she was happy, she replied, ‘Quite so; but I feel no raptures: and, if my dear *father* did not, how can *I* expect it?’

“At her request, Mr. Hall was sent for, to whom she spoke with much earnestness, lamenting to how little purpose she had lived, and desiring him, if he thought proper, to improve her death in a sermon to young people; entreating him to be very particular in warning them not to put off the concerns of religion: and especially the children of the Sabbath School; expressing her regret that she had so much neglected speaking to them on that important subject, and her intention, if she had been spared, to have attended more to her duty in this respect.

“This was her last effort, as she scarcely spoke a sentence afterwards, but lay with great composure and serenity of aspect, waiting for her change, which took place between four and five o’clock in the afternoon of June 11th, 1816. Her age was nineteen years.

“She was interred on Sabbath evening, June 16th, when an impressive discourse was addressed to a crowded audience, by Mr. Hall, from Psalm cii. 23, 24.

“To her bereaved mother Miss Fuller had been a wise and faithful counsellor in difficulty, and a sympathising friend in affliction. Mrs. Fuller now removed to a small

house near the residence of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Levet; but subsequently was induced, by several considerations, to remove to Bristol, where, after a residence of two years, she died, October 29, 1825, in the sixty-second year of her age.

“She was a woman of superior mind, and much reading and reflection. Though a constitutional reserve, confirmed by the retired scenes of her early life, rendered her less adapted to that social intercourse which her station required, this defect was counterbalanced by a pre-eminent share of discretion, by which she not only avoided many of those evils which an incautious deportment on the part of a minister’s wife has been known to occasion, but, with the aid of a sound judgment, rendered the most essential service to her husband as a confidential adviser in difficulties. Mr. Fuller, in a passage of his Diary, has recorded the following brief testimony:—‘I have found my marriage contribute greatly to my peace and comfort, and the comfort of my family; for which I render humble and hearty thanks to the God of my life.’

“Though she was peculiarly at home in domestic engagements, her unwearied industry afforded opportunity for the record of her private views and feelings on a variety of subjects, as well as of numerous extracts from approved authors. After the lamented decease of her husband, and amidst various perplexing avocations, chiefly connected with the publication of the first edition of his works, and distressing anxiety relative to her daughter, she transcribed the exposition of the Psalms from Mr. Fuller’s shorthand MS. Her sight suffered from the intense application; nor was it till within a short time of her death that the laborious undertaking was completed.

“Few persons have maintained a more close and devout intercourse with God than Mrs. Fuller. Her exercises of mind were pre-eminently devotional; and the Psalms of David, and the poetical works of her favourite Watts, were a never-failing source of interest and profit. As she was

not accustomed to keep a chronological diary, and frequently committed her writings to the flames, the following fragments are nearly all that can be found, and probably these owe their present existence to an oversight:—

“*That I may be found in Him.*—Oh what a word is that! When any person departs this life, it is usual to say of their friends and relatives, they have *lost* such a friend. True it is, they are lost to this world. They have no more share in anything that is done under the sun; but, if they were believers in Christ, they will be *found* in Him at the last day. Who can estimate the full extent of such an expression as this, or the state of blessedness it includes? To be found in Christ is to be interested in all He has done and suffered—His atonement, His righteousness, His intercession. O Lord, grant that I may thus be found in that day: not having on my own righteousness; but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith.

“‘I have this evening heard of the death of a member of the church, who died full of peace and hope. I desire to feel thankful for the support afforded her, and would humbly pray that I may be so favoured in my latter end. Oh to be a follower of those who through faith and patience inherit the promises!

“‘I have been thinking, this morning, of the privileges the people of God enjoy in *the communion of spirits*—if I may so call it. However distantly they may be situated from each other in person, there is one general place of rendezvous for kindred minds—this is a throne of grace. Oh how much we live below our mercies, and wrong each other and ourselves, when we do not to the full avail ourselves of this distinguishing privilege! Surely this, improved as it ought, would in a great degree compensate for the absence of dear friends from each other. We might here be the means of rendering the most effectual assistance to each other. O my soul! I would now charge thee, before the

Father of mercies and the God of all grace, to be found more constantly and more earnestly engaged in this important branch of Christian duty. O Thou, from whom every good and perfect gift cometh, I look up to Thee for grace and strength to enable me to discharge this and every other part of duty; for all my sufficiency is of Thee.

“O Lord! Thy footsteps are in the deep waters. All things seem dark around me, as it respects Thy dispensations, both in a way of providence and grace. Will light and deliverance ever arise? “To the upright there ariseth light in darkness.” Oh may I be found of that number! O Lord, I have no distrust of Thy veracity and faithfulness to Thy promises, but I distrust myself. May it be my chief concern to seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, both for myself and my children; and then I may safely trust that every other needful good will be added.’

“A continual dread of death was a bar to much of that enjoyment which the consolations of the Gospel are calculated to yield when ‘flesh and heart fail.’ This, however, near the close of her life was happily dissipated, and she met her ‘last enemy’ with composure, in the full possession of ‘a good hope through grace.’

“Her remains, agreeably to her own request, were conveyed to Kettering, and deposited within the same tomb as those of her beloved husband and daughter; on which occasion a discourse was delivered by Mr. Hall from the words above quoted, which had been frequently used by her as indicative of the foundation of her confidence in the prospect of death.”

THE END.

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